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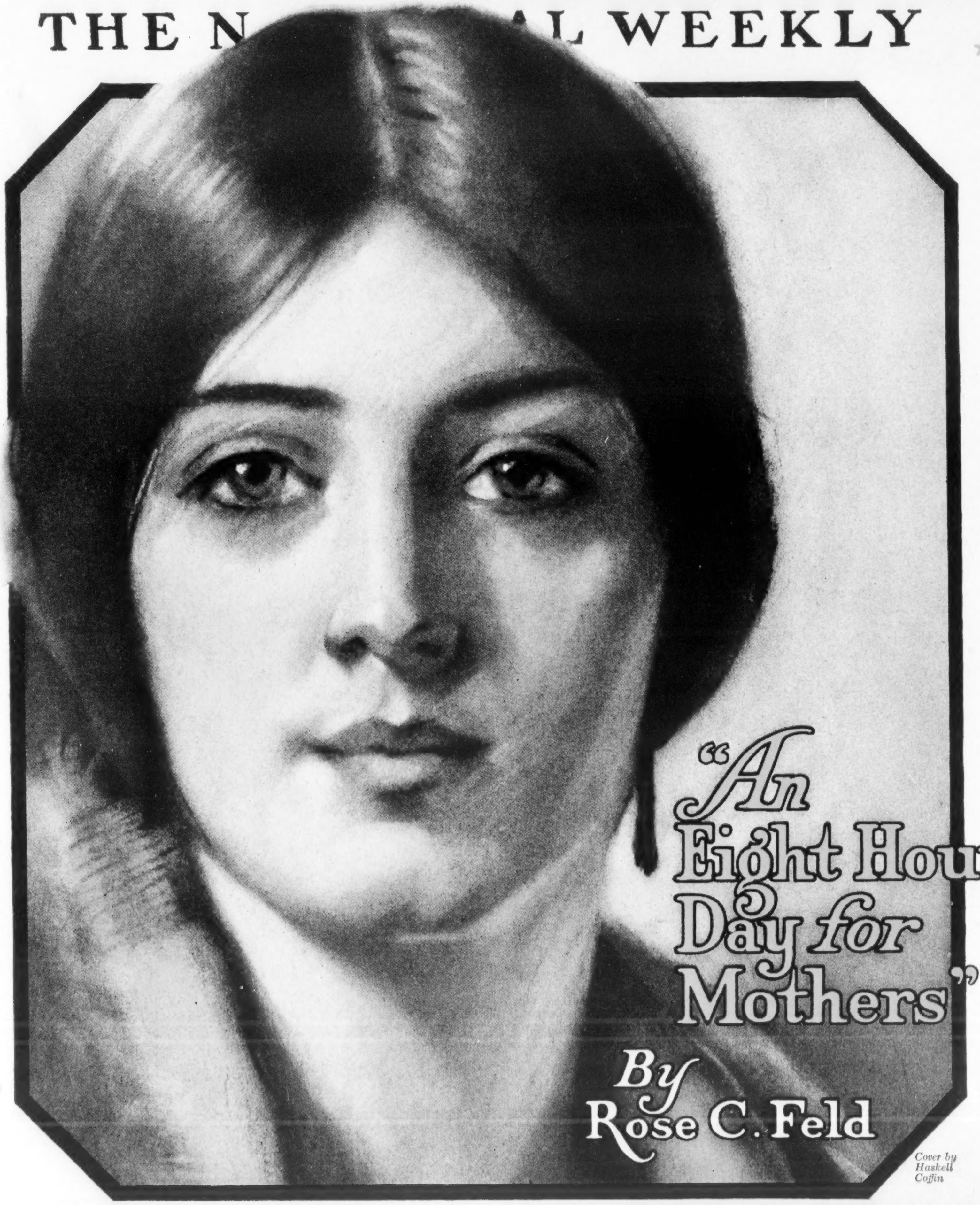
Collier's

THE N AL WEEKLY



"An Eight Hour Day for Mothers"

By Rose C. Feld

Cover by Haskell Coffin

E. Phillips Oppenheim—Grantland Rice—H. G. Wells
Frank Swinnerton—Frederick Palmer

Engine Protection

begins in your own Home Garage

WHEN you drive away from your home garage is the oil supply in your engine always at proper level? It should be. Any taxicab or trucking company which keeps records of operating costs will tell you this.

Do you drive away with genuine Mobiloil in your crankcase? A home supply of Mobiloil assures you of always having the right oil.

Among the many claims made for various lubricating oils the following facts stand out like stars on a clear night:

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard. The Round-the-World Flyers used nothing but Mobiloil throughout their historic flight. Automobile manufacturers almost without exception approve the recommendations in the Mobiloil Chart.

The correct Mobiloil does all that oil *can* do to assure: Continued full compression, freedom from carbon, quiet operation, maximum mileage from gasoline and oil, engine responsiveness, and long life to costly moving parts.

How to choose a high grade dealer

If a man is known by the company he keeps, surely the oil a dealer offers you is a genuine indication of his desire to give you service.

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil recommends low-cost *mileage* instead of low-price oil. On his wall hangs the tabulated experience of the Mobiloil Board of Engineers—the complete Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations. Through this Chart the engineers tell him and you the scientifically correct oil for *your* car. There is no question about what that oil will do for your engine.

The dealer has the several grades of Mobiloil in containers suitable for your home garage. He is at your service—today.

How to buy

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry two or three under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

Look for this sign for engine protection

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-63, 8-63	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chalmers	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB & T	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Cleveland	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dorris 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 4	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dusenberg	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" 6	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal Knight	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" X-2	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Flint	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford (1¼-1½)	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Graham Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Gray	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes 6	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan 6	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Kissel 6	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lex'ton Concord	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com'l)	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
"(Com'l Quad.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" "*(other mod's)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige (Cont. Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com'l)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
" *(other mod's.)*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
Peerless 6	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic (¾ ton)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (1½ ton)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
"(1¼-19W20W	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Stearns Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie (Cont. Eng.)	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Hercules Eng.) (2 ton)	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Westcott D-48	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White 15 & 20	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A.
Wills St. Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

Recommendations for Stock Engines when used in passenger cars only, shown separately for convenience

Continental (Models A-24, W, 5, S, 4, 9K, & 12 XD)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lycoming (C series & Mod. 2S)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

It's great after shaving

TRY Listerine tomorrow right after your morning shave. It has a wonderfully exhilarating effect—sets you up for breakfast and the day's work as nothing else can.

Use it this way: Immediately after shaving douse on Listerine full strength. Then apply a hot towel for several seconds which causes more rapid evaporation and a deeper penetration of the antiseptic, volatile oils.

You will enjoy a brand new sensation. It's as refreshing as a cool, evening breeze after a sultry day.

Listerine is composed of a pure, saturated solution of boric acid, skillfully and uniformly blended with healing, fragrant oils.

Boric acid, itself, as you know, is one of the most healing antiseptic agents known to medicine. When Listerine evaporates on your face, it leaves a film of this pure boric acid. Thus Listerine quickly allays irritation and provides a safe antiseptic lotion for any abrasion or nick your razor may leave.

You probably have Listerine handy in your bathroom anyhow. Once you try it after shaving, you'll never use anything else.

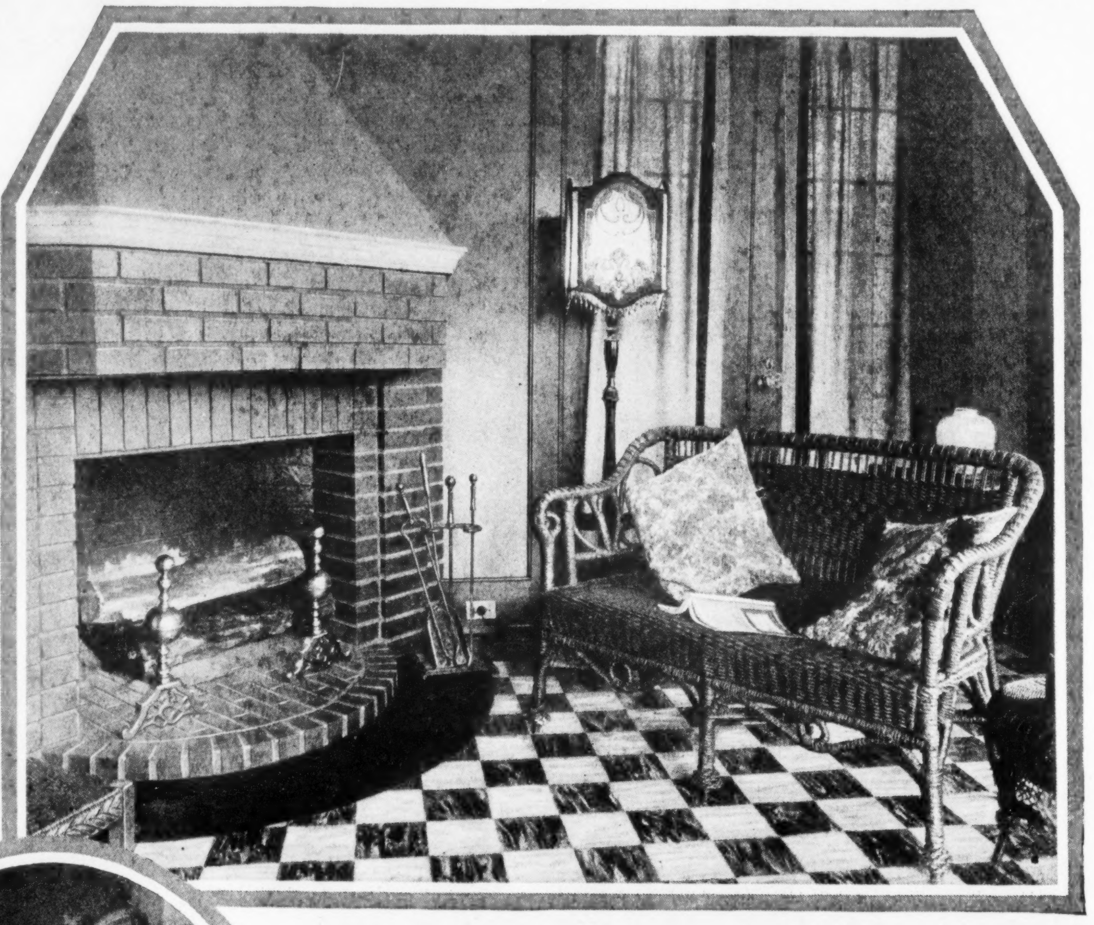
Men who know good things prefer it. It's so pleasing, so safe.
—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations —25 cents.

Remodeling-time gave Mrs. White a chance to have *prettier* floors

Mrs. White's plan for furnishing and decorating her home is such a practical, worry-saving one that I have asked her permission to tell others about it.

Hazel Dell Brown
INTERIOR DECORATOR



The charm of this marble tile floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is enhanced by a mitered border of plain black linoleum. Such a floor serves as a foundation for the decorative scheme, adding vigor and interest to the whole room.

Decoration is never easy. That is why Mrs. White, of New Castle, Pa., wrote to Hazel Dell Brown for decorative suggestions. This picture shows her selecting samples of draperies and pattern floors which Mrs. Brown sent her.

"WHAT an opportunity!" thought Mrs. Robert M. White, when it was finally decided to remodel her Dutch Colonial home at New Castle, Pa. Immediately she saw a vision, not only of a newer, bigger home, but also of a home furnished and decorated as she had always wanted it to be.

Even as you and I would have done, she decided to start her plans that very moment. But where to begin? There were draperies, wall colors, furniture, woodwork, and countless other things to think of. And—yes, there were the floors!

She writes to Armstrong's Bureau of Interior Decoration

Only yesterday she read an article which told that well-planned decoration should begin with the floor. She hunted for the magazine. There it was with a picture of an attractive room whose color plan was built on a pretty pattern floor, and—wait!—here was an offer of decorative advice to help her plan smartly correct interiors.

So Mrs. White wrote a letter to Armstrong Cork Company's Bureau of Interior Decoration. The letter came to—me. Together, with Uncle Sam as our messenger, Mrs. White and I planned color schemes for her solarium, sleeping rooms, breakfast room, kitchen, and sewing room—all based on pattern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Today Mrs. White has modern floors that add a beauty of their own to the beauty of the furnishings of her tastefully planned rooms. These linoleum floors are permanently cemented in place over a heavy lining of builders' deadening felt. They are lustrous, easy-to-clean, smooth-surfaced floors. They will never need refinishing. Waxed and polished once or twice a year, dusted with a dry mop on cleaning days, they should keep their beauty for a lifetime of the hardest wear.

If you are planning to remodel or redecorate any room or group of rooms, and, like Mrs. White, wonder just where and how to begin with your color schemes, write to me in care of Armstrong Cork Company's Bureau of Interior Decoration. It will be a pleasure to offer you suggestions, to submit samples of wall colors, draperies, and pattern floors that will help you create attractive interiors. Of course, there is no charge for this personal service.

I should also like to send you a new book on

Furnishing and decorating homes

Agnes Foster Wright, formerly President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York and a contributor to House and Garden and other magazines, wrote this book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color." It contains decorative ideas for all kinds of homes, all types of rooms. It will be sent to anyone who writes for it, enclosing 25 cents to cover packing and postal costs. (60 cents in Canada.) Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2511 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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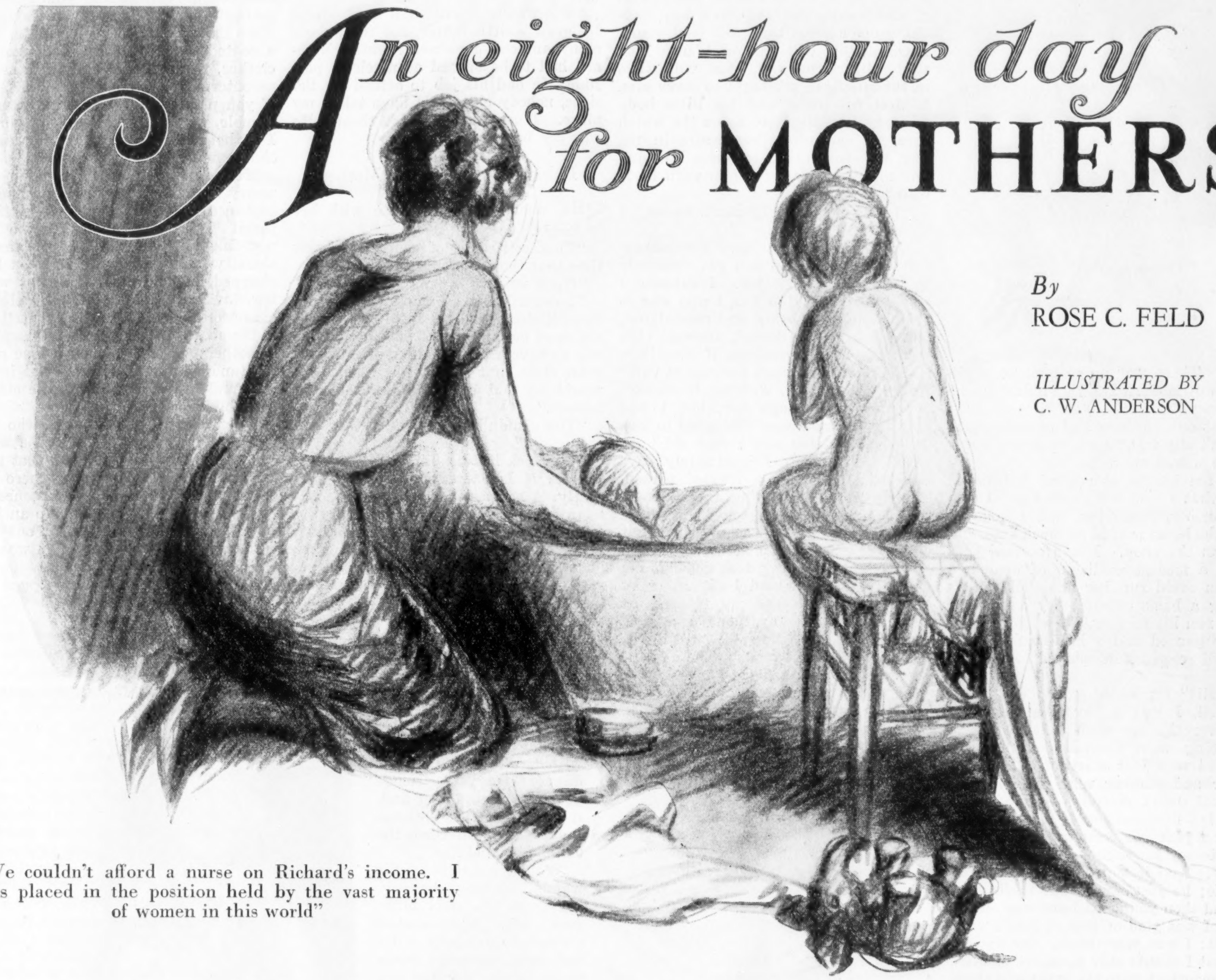
An eight-hour day for MOTHERS



"We couldn't afford a nurse on Richard's income. I was placed in the position held by the vast majority of women in this world"

By
ROSE C. FELD

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. W. ANDERSON

THE "providers" come home at night, stretch their legs under the dinner table and sigh blissfully. Another day done. But Mother's day, which began at dawn, isn't half over. Her boss is Old Dame Nature – a reactionary despot who demands all of a mother's time, all of her mind and all of her heart and strength. It's an outrage which the reformers should have looked into long ago. What about an eight-hour day for mothers?

"WHAT about the eight-hour day for mothers?"

I confess it came as a shock. I had come for dinner to the home of an old friend, a woman who after graduation from law school had made no mean reputation for herself at the bar. At thirty she had married a young architect, exactly her age, who was just starting out in his own chosen field of work. Professionally, she had been miles ahead of him. But love, the desire for a home and additional reasons and purposes that can be adequately covered by the broad, ample skirts of Mother Nature had stepped into the middle of the road she was traveling and had stopped her.

To-day she is the mother of two splendid youngsters, both boys, one three years old, the other barely a year. When I arrived for dinner she had just finished bathing and feeding them. They were exceedingly beautiful with their young sleepy faces peeping out over the voluminous things in which they were put to bed. Small wonder it was, I thought, that she was willing to chuck a career for this. Of the two, she and I, certainly she was the more fortunate. Her years had produced them while mine had given nothing but reams of newspaper columns that were dead the day after they were printed.

After the meal she wanted to hear about a trip of mine into steel mills where workers had been shifted from the twelve-hour day to the eight. I told her of the change, of what it was doing for the men in giving them greater leisure, more time for play, more time for reading, more time for their families, a splendid reform. No human being, I said, should give more than eight hours a day to his work. Civilization, progress, evolution, call it what you will, was a failure if a man's life consisted of nothing but work and sleep. It was then that she had put her startling question:

"Yes. But what about the eight-hour day for mothers?"

I laughed; I didn't understand. But apparently it was no laughing matter with her. She had given it serious thought.

She harked back to the days of her early career. She had helped organize the suffrage workers in her state, she had been a member of labor associations and had lobbied for labor reforms. Ten years ago and more she had used her strength, and of no mean caliber it was, to free men and women of poor working conditions, of long hours at their tasks, of inadequate wages. She was sure, then, oh, so very sure, that all a woeful situation needed was brains, executive power, organization.

"Did you ever think of a mother's job at that time?" I asked her.

"You bet!" she answered with a bit of her old fire. "You see, I used to make house-to-house canvasses to induce women to come out for suffrage. Most of them were married, with families. They gave as an excuse for their civic tardiness—that's what I called it at the time—their children, their babies. They didn't have the time or the strength to take an active interest in outside affairs, they said. It used to make me very angry. I told them that it was carelessness in planning their day's work as mothers that was responsible for their mental inertia. They were backward and lazy. They were doing their household tasks in much the same slipshod way that their grandmothers or great-grandmothers had

done. There was no system, no application of modern rules of industry and efficiency."

"But our mothers and grandmothers weren't slipshod," I interposed.

She waved me aside.

"I am telling you what I believed and what I said ten years ago. I was a reformer, remember, and I believed that the home needed as much reformation as the shop. I was certain that given a modest modicum of brains, a woman could run her household on as strong a basis of efficiency as a man could run his factory."

She paused and a half-rueful, half-amused expression played over her face.

"Well?" I prodded.

"Well, I was a blooming idiot! I wasn't reckoning with facts; I was reckoning with theories. I married. Richard was just starting out on his career and making very little money, but that didn't matter. Nothing mattered but him and me. It was all right the first year. He went to his job and I went to my law office. We shared expenses. I made more money and saved a little; he just made ends meet.

"And then young Richard was on the way. I was glad of that; I didn't want to wait: I was over thirty. We figured out that I should stay home six months, three months before the event and three months after. Then I'd go back to law practice, we'd hire a nurse for the infant, and all would run along smoothly and sweetly. So long had I worshiped at the shrine of efficiency that I had not the slightest qualms about my plans going astray."

"But you didn't go back."

"No. I was sick for a long while. It ate up my savings. We couldn't afford a nurse on Richard's income. That's neither here nor there. The point is that I was placed in the position held by the vast majority of women in this world. I had to tackle the job of housekeeper, cook, wife, mother, the job, if you'll remember, that I was so certain could be systematized so that women could go out and attend meetings and fight and talk and vote."

"Good! You succeeded, I'm sure." I said.

She laughed dryly.

"Succeeded? Succeeded? You know the old adage about pride, old girl? Well, I've had my pride and I've had my fall. I used to be impatient with these women I visited and tell them they weren't taking advantage of modern methods of running a household. Modern methods! I wonder how it was they didn't throw me downstairs. For, listen, you free young creature that goes about investigating eight-hour days for men in steel mills and factories, there is no such thing as modern methods in being a mother. You can, if you have the price, buy a carpet sweeper and do away with a broom; you can get a vacuum cleaner and do away with a dust cloth; you can install a washing machine and do away with a washboard; but you can't buy anything mechanical that will feed young Richard, that will wash and bathe him, that will clothe him, that will wake in the middle of the night to cover him, to feel his pulse and his little body when he is restless, to be on the watch forever for twenty-four hours in the day, lest he be sick, to nurse him day and night and care for him until he is well."

"You can get a children's nurse," I parried.

"You can, if you have the money. But don't think you can get somebody to take a mother's job. I suppose I sound sentimental to you, I who was so ashamed of ever being sentimental; but, old girl, a nurse doesn't answer. It's you who are responsible if you have the least bit of human decency in you." Again she paused, waiting, it seemed, for me to challenge her, but I had nothing to say. I was interested in her.

"When Richard was a year old," she went on, "I thought I could safely leave him in the care of a trained person. The old work was calling, the old work that I thought had taken so much of me and my time in the old days but which had left me a free individual after I had closed my desk and left my office. His father and I sat up many evenings and planned my return. It would be better for everyone concerned, we agreed, to put young Richard in the care of a capable woman. The day for my exodus was set."

"You changed your mind?" I asked, knowing that she had not gone back.

"I changed my mind? No. It was changed for me. Young Richard awoke one night with a snarl in his throat. The usual thing in young children. Croup. But there isn't a mother on this earth I know who can regard it as a usual thing. It's something that puts the fear of wrecked motherhood in her and there is nothing more devastating than that. To have a child and to watch it slipping from you! You can't understand that until you're faced with it.

"We watched with him that night. He grew a little better, but there were many anxious days and nights. Richard had to be spared as much as possible. He had his job to attend to. Besides, nobody else could have taken my place. I couldn't have let them. He was my baby."

Babies Who Call Her Mother

SHE made a final gesture with her hands.

"That settled it, of course. I knew then that the job would wait until—"

"Until when?"

"I don't know. I can't tell. Until they, Richard and his little brother, do not need me any more. We decided he was to have a little brother when it was made clear that my job for a long time would be that of a mother, not of a lawyer."

"You couldn't be both, a mother and a lawyer?"

She shook her head.

"Not if I wanted to do either decently. A mother's job is a twenty-four-hour job, arguments to the contrary by emancipated women notwithstanding. You can't be emancipated on this mother business. You're as primitive and reactionary as is the lowliest peasant in the most unenlightened country. It's not so much that you actually work for twenty-four hours, but you've got to be on the watch during all that time. You sleep, but your ear is cocked open for a strange sound, a warning sound. You rarely play. Either you're too tired at the end of the day or else your friends desert you, no longer finding in you the old enthusiasm for their interests, the old energy and fire."

"You've got to be on the watch." Strange, her saying that. In steel mills, men who had worked through twelve-hour shifts had said the same thing to me. "It's not that you actually work for twelve hours," they said, "but you've got to be on the watch to see that everything is running smoothly."

"Is it a matter of money?" I asked. "And does a woman without a former career take more kindly to this mother business?"

We went over some of the cases we knew: girls we had both known when we were in our early twenties. One of them had been a school teacher and had married a wealthy Wall Street man. She had a house on Riverside Drive, a chauffeur, several servants and a nurse for her three children.

"What about her?" I asked.

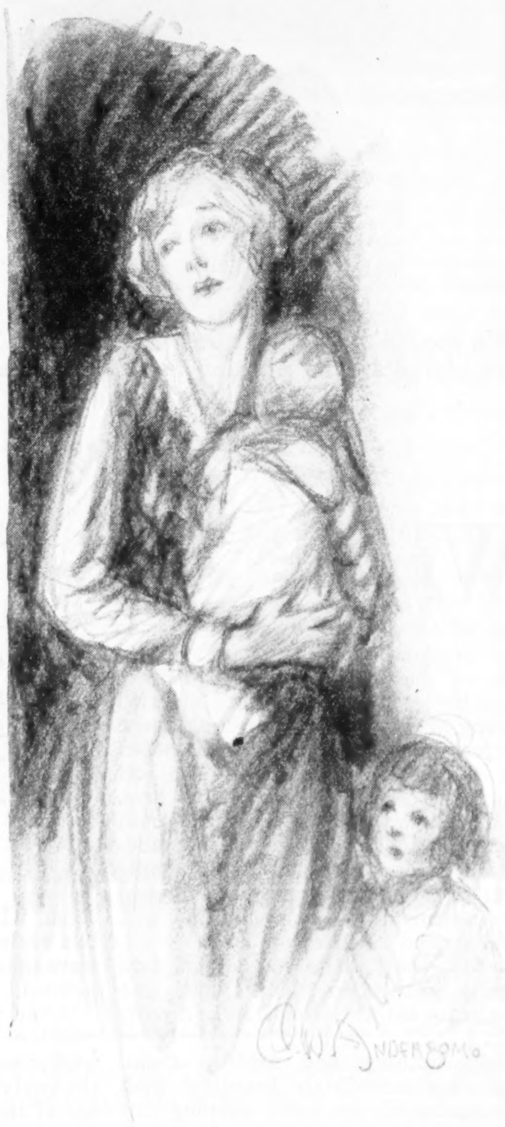
"She's up against the same thing," was her answer. "Money doesn't make any difference. When she wakes in the night and hears her youngster coughing queerly, all the wealth in the world and all the nurses in the world won't keep her from him. Hers is the twenty-four-hour shift even as it's mine.

"During days when her children are well, she rests a little better, perhaps, than I who have other things in the house to take care of; she can go to her teas, her bridge parties, her dances; she can be the fashionable young society matron, but let one of the three youngsters show a bit of temperature, a rash, a coated tongue, and off drop the gay clothes, the fuss and the feathers, the accouterments of wealth, of civilization, if you please, and she stands exposed, humble, worried, suffering, the same as I without her money, the same as my charwoman without my money."

Her hands stopped in her lap in a weary expression of tiredness and acceptance. I could not help noticing them. They were no longer the soft, well-taken-care-of hands of the professional woman. They were red, a little chapped, a little cut. Constant washing, laving, changing of baby clothes, housework, cooking, all had contributed to the change. They were the hands of a mother who has to play a lone game in standing at the head of her household and keeping watch at the side of her child's bed.

We talked about women who had given up no career to take on the one of motherhood. It seemed to me that their lot must be a little easier; there was none of the conscious or subconscious resentment of having given up an individual place in the world for one that was universal. My contention was unceremoniously brushed aside.

"Career has (*Continued on page 47*)



"A mother's job is a twenty-four-hour job, arguments to the contrary by emancipated women notwithstanding. You can't be emancipated on this mother business"

Mrs. BLOCK Contributes

By
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

"THAT horrible woman!" Madelon exclaimed, gripping Mr. Billingham's arm as they sat in a retired corner of the Sporting Club bar.

"She is indeed deplorable," the marquis agreed, from the other side. "Today, at one of the tables in the Casino, before the opening of the Cercle Privé, she created a scene. She plastered the board with plaques. She utterly failed to remember. She claimed everything. Her voice—a horrible memory! The croupiers had no choice. They gave in. She took what she wished. When she departed everyone was overjoyed."

"She carries some of the stuff about her," Mr. Billingham observed judicially. "Fine woman in her day!"

The woman to whom they referred, Mrs. William Block of Leeds, England, stood looking around for a seat and, finding none, scowled. She was florid, fat, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of a world-famed costumier, and vulgar. She swung in her hand a gold bag adorned with precious stones. She wore upon her person two pearl necklaces, a pair of large diamond earrings, a succession of diamond bracelets, and several glittering hatpins. Her costume was white and bulgy. She was a well-known habitante of the Hôtel de Paris. Her friends were sycophants and her acquaintances fugitive, and she was reputed to be the widow of a leather merchant who had made a million pounds in hides.

"She is one of the people," Madelon confided, "who upset all my ideas of conventional morality. I should like to rob her."

The marquis dropped his eyeglass and twirled the corner of his mustache. "It is an idea," he admitted.

Mr. Billingham considered the matter. "If one could hatch out a deal," he confessed, "I guess this is a case where one wouldn't need to be too darned particular. That woman don't deserve to be allowed to go about alive, looking the way she does, and with half a million dollars' worth of jewels missing their opportunity in life."

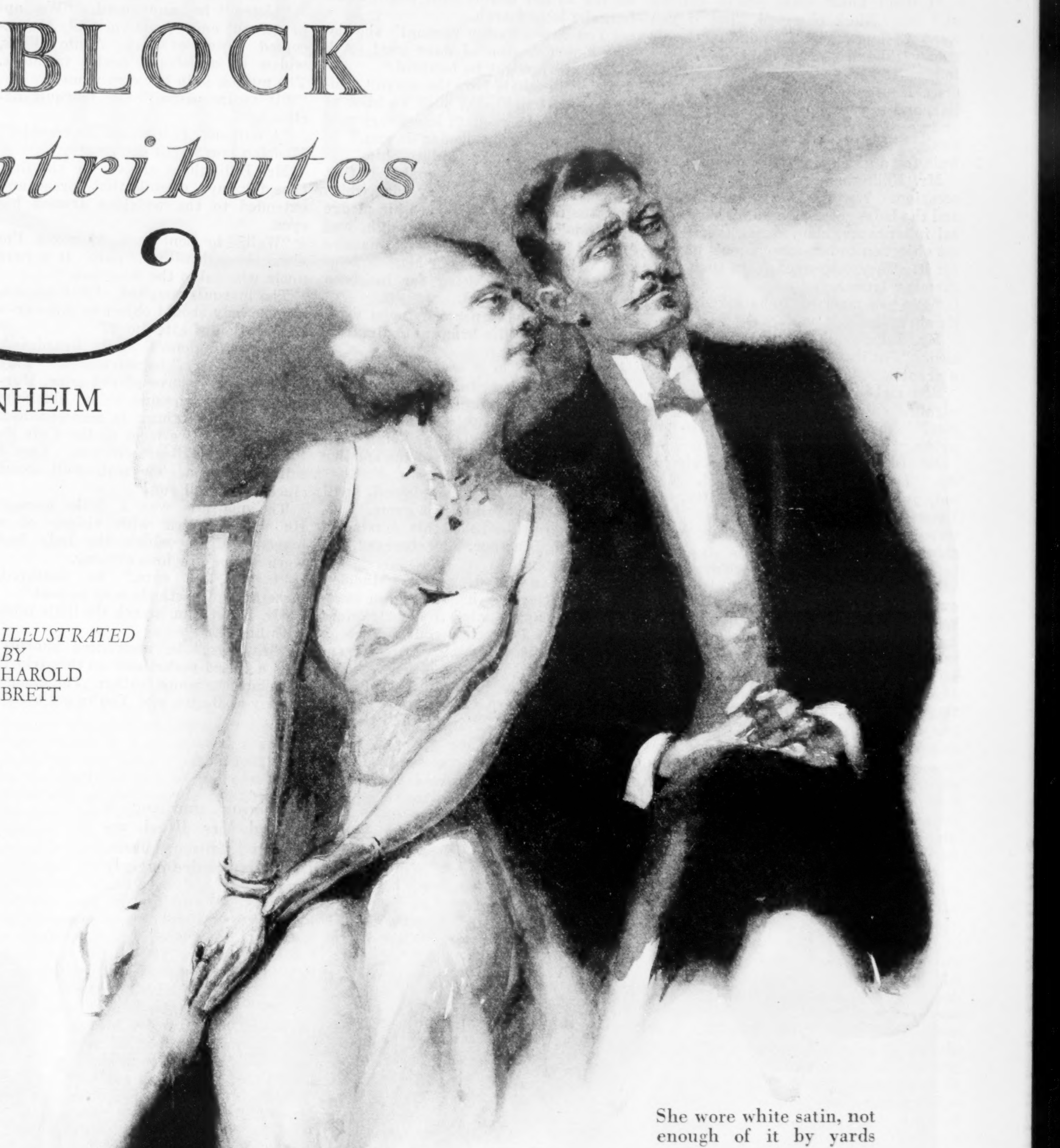
Madelon smiled up at him in intriguing fashion. "Do something about it, Mr. Billingham," she begged. "You are already in favor with her. Do you not remember giving her your seat yesterday evening?"

"Say, that don't count for much," Mr. Billingham protested. "She was leaning over me with a kind of blend of lily of the valley and patchouli scent, pretty well stifling me, brushing my hair the wrong way, pushing her plaques on and shouting out her stakes till I was glad enough to make myself scarce."

"Nevertheless," Madelon reminded him in a whisper, "you gave her your place and she is smiling at you now."

It was an incontrovertible fact. Madelon rose to her feet with a sudden, graceful movement.

"I have an idea that there is a place for me at my favorite table," she confided. "I go to see."



She wore white satin, not enough of it by yards

MRS. WILLIAM BLOCK advanced a few steps and beamed at Mr. Billingham. He rose at once.

"Vous désirez une chaise, madame?" he demanded.

"I'll sit down all right," the lady replied, dropping heavily into the chair, "but I ain't French. Waiter, I'll have a gin fizz."

"An excellent drink!" Mr. Billingham murmured.

"I like a glass of champagne most times," the lady confided, "but I'll have to drink so much for dinner that perhaps I'd better lay off for a while. I'm dining with the Higginsons—Jim Higginson and his wife. You know them, I dare say."

The marquis felt himself included in the query. He shook his head. "I have not the honor," he murmured.

"Can't say that I know them," Mr. Billingham confessed.

"Jim's father made his money in woolens at Huddersfield," the lady explained, "and Jim got into that cotton scheme somehow. . . . Why," she went on, smiling at Mr. Billingham, "you must be the gentleman who gave me his seat yesterday evening."

"I had that pleasure," Mr. Billingham admitted.

The marquis rose stealthily to his feet.

He was fond of his friend, he was very fond of his niece, but like all real aristocrats he was in his way a snob. He did not care to sit next Mrs. William Block.

"I wait for you," he explained, with a wave of his hand. "I have an affair. . . ."

"Jumpy little person, your friend," Mrs. Block remarked. "Never mind! All the more room for us. Where are you staying, Mr.—Mr.—what is your name?"

Mr. Billingham produced a card. "My name is Billingham, ma'am," he said—"Samuel T. Billingham of New York. I was interested in linoleums, but I've sold out."

"Retired, eh?" the lady remarked.

"That's how you put it over here," Mr. Billingham conceded cautiously. "I'm not saying that I'm right out of the game yet."

"My name's Block," the lady confided—"Annie Block. My husband was in hides. Nasty, dirty things, I always thought, but he made a cool million at it."

"Pounds?" Mr. Billingham inquired, in an awed tone.

"Pounds sterling," was the definite reply. "None of your silly dollars!"

"I trust," Mr. Billingham continued, "that your husband remembered to whose inspiration his success was due?"

"I don't know what you're getting at," Mrs. Block observed, "but if you want to know what he did with his money I'll tell you straight: he left it to me. It will cost you one bob at Somerset House to find out that I ain't a liar, and if you happen to know a word or two of French just rub it into that flunky there that a lady doesn't want to wait for a gin fizz half the evening."

Mr. Billingham proved equal to the occasion. The gin fizz was produced and the lady, notwithstanding her colossal inheritance, showed not the slightest objection to her companion's paying for it. They conversed for a time with growing intimacy.

"Are you married?" she asked, a little abruptly.

Mr. Billingham scorned the suggestion. "Put it off till too late, I guess—a great mistake!"

She sighed, and scrutinized him benignly. "What do you mean by 'too late?'" she demanded. "You're in the prime of life."

Mr. Billingham shook his head gloomily. "I am healthy," he admitted. "I'm only just round the corner of fifty, but I guess I'm still a little particular. The women I care for seem to want something younger."

"Rubbish!" the lady asserted.

"Take your own case now," he went on earnestly. "You are a widow, I understand. You are bound to marry again—anyone can see that. You wouldn't care to have anything to do with a man of my age."

Mrs. William Block laid four chubby fingers and a fat thumb upon his arm. So far as her double chin would allow her, she looked arch.

"You are a funny person!" she declared. "Come on—I dare you! Ask me, now. I might be tempted."

Mr. Billingham bore the assault stoically. "If I did make such an idiot of myself," he observed, "I know very well what would happen, and so do you."

"I'd have you," she assured him.

Mr. Billingham contemplated that wonderful array of jewelry with which she was decked, remembered his pledge to Madelon, heaved a deep sigh, and permitted himself to touch the massive arm which leaned against his.

"What are you doing for luncheon to-morrow?" he asked.

"That depends upon what you want me to do," was the brilliant reply.

AT THE end of a week Mr. Billingham had lost half a stone. He escaped one morning from the Hôtel de Paris at an early hour and met his friends, the Marquis de Félan and Madelon his niece, at one of the smaller cafés at the back of the town.

"Someone else," he complained, "will have to take a hand in this game."

The marquis stroked his mustache. "My turn, I gather," he observed, "is to come later."

"What can I do, dear man?" Madelon asked, patting his hand. "I am here. I am anxious to help. I must confess that at first I watched your sufferings with heartfelt sympathy. Lately I am not so sure. You are either getting callous or you are becoming an admirer of the gargantuan in my sex."

Mr. Billingham groaned.

"Listen," he announced. "We approach the end. I am veritably the accepted suitor of Mrs. Annie Block, widow of a defunct dealer in hides. The million is in her own name."

"It is incredible!" the marquis declared.

"A million? Is it worth the trouble?" Madelon murmured inscrutably.

Mr. Billingham smiled for the first time for days, a smile that spread and extended to the wrinkles around his eyes.

"Well," he continued, "I guess I'm about through with my part. It is your uncle who takes the floor now."

The marquis coughed. "But supposing the lady should object to this—er—substitution of attentions?"

Mr. Billingham's smile broadened. "I should worry," he murmured. "Play your part as I have played mine, Marquis—and there must be no shirking, mind—and the thing is accomplished. This morning we meet at the Café de Paris and I shall present you. Then I talk to Madelon. The rest—well—some cinch, I can tell you!"

The marquis was a little uneasy. He was haunted with visions of a magenta dress which the lady had worn on the previous evening.

"I am not sure," he ventured, "whether my methods may appeal."

Mr. Billingham struck the little table with his fist.

"See here," he announced sharply, "it's a closed pocketbook on this trip if you show the white feather. The game's as easy as Boston pie. You've got to sail right in. I come along with the finesse later. Madelon!"

She nodded understandingly. "Uncle," she warned him, "remember that everything depends upon your playing your part properly. You want to have something to take to the Casino to-morrow, don't you?"

THE marquis breathed a deep sigh. He seemed to be able to visualize the moment of suspense, the click of the ball falling into its niche, the croupier's monotonous announcement. He drew himself up.

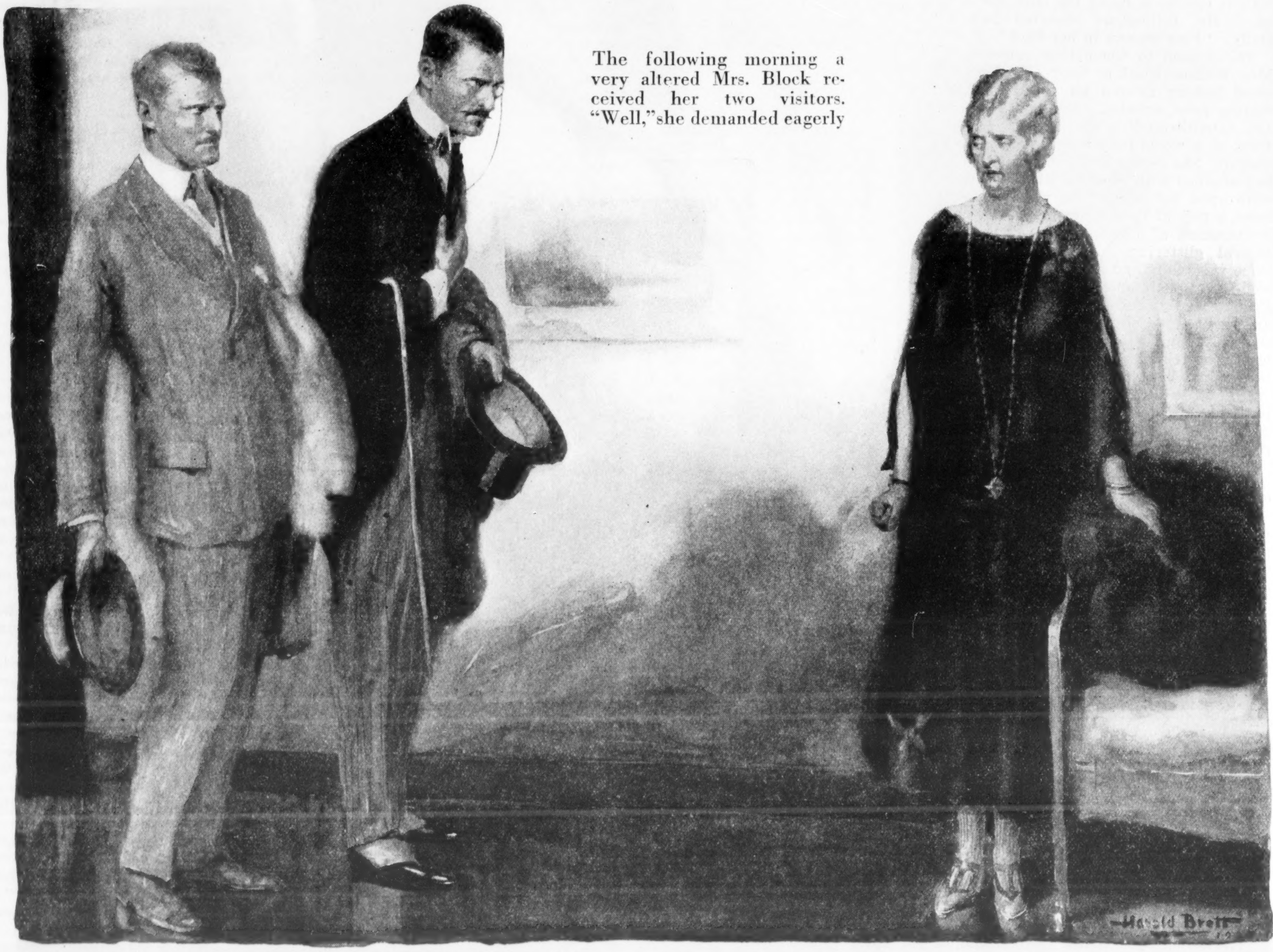
"I am a man of honor," he declared. "I shall not fail you. Let us start."

Outside the Café de Paris, seated before the most conspicuous table and looking larger than ever, they found the lady of whom they were in search. Mr. Billingham marched boldly up.

"Mrs. Block," he said, "my friend the Marquis de Félan has asked me to present him. The Marquis de Félan—Mrs. Block—also Miss de Félan, the Marquis' niece."

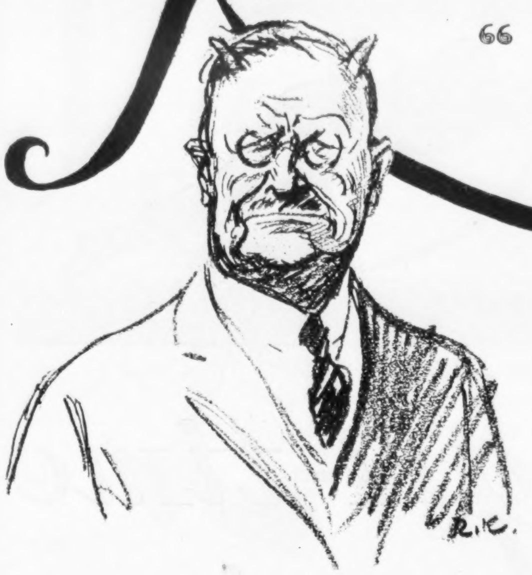
Mrs. Block was fluttered but gratified. The marquis rose splendidly to the occasion. He kissed her pudgy fingers with an air which evoked her wondering admiration and, accepting a chair by her side, he plunged at once into a conversation of a more or less intimate nature. He played the host to the little gathering, ordering refreshments and paying for them with an air of great liberality. After a time Mr. Billingham rose tentatively to his feet.

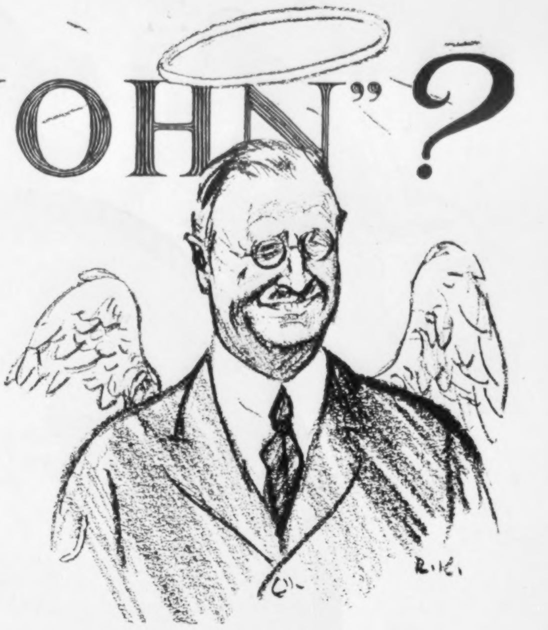
"I guess Miss de Félan and I are going to walk (*Continued on page 42*)



The following morning a very altered Mrs. Block received her two visitors. "Well," she demanded eagerly

"RED MIKE" or "HONEST JOHN"?





MR. SAUNDERS lives 350 miles from Broadway, but he believes New York belongs to the country and that New York's mayor is a sort of national character. So, determined to miss none of the sights of the wicked city, Mr. Saunders went to the city hall. The newspapers had prepared him to meet either a devil or an angel. He found—just a red-headed scrapper enjoying the fray, trying hard not to eat too much.

By W. O SAUNDERS

I HAD been wanting to get a look at this Mayor John F. Hylan of New York. My home is in a little country town in the northeast corner of that Yankee state of the South, North Carolina. I'm 350 miles away from Broadway, but if I were 3,000 miles away I'd still be interested in the mayor of New York, because he's the boss of *my* metropolis. New York belongs to all of us and it is *our* interest in and patronage of New York that make it great.

I have contributed my bit toward and share an interest in every skyscraper on New York's famous skyline. That's why I—and millions of nonresidents like me—are interested in the mayoralty of New York.

Who's mayor of New York interests me mightily because he is usually an influence in shaping the life and thought of New York and making it a decent and inviting place for me to visit and do business with. And so I wanted to give this Mayor Hylan the once-over. I had heard him referred to—by those who feel none too kindly disposed toward him—as "Red Mike." I had heard others speak of him as "Honest John." I wanted to see for myself just what manner of man John F. Hylan is.

Reading the New York newspapers I got a picture of him as a blatant demagogue, a pliant tool of certain interests, a self-praising mouth artist and a jelly-fish. Now that I have seen Mayor Hylan, talked with him, and studied him in my own way, I want to set down here my impressions of the man who is mayor of my New York and pay my respects to that all-too-prevalent vice of Americans: the wholesale indictment of every public officer who has a will and way of his own.

Here then is my low-down on this Mayor Hylan: He may be a demagogue and the all-too-pliant instrument in the hands of certain friends, but he has a simple and wholesome philosophy of life, a definite sense of responsibility and a lot of intelligent pride. With those qualifications I think we can get along with him very well, especially in view of the fact that Washingtons, Jeffersons and Lincolns are not born every day, and then not recognized by us until they're dead.

Mayor Hylan is a typical American product. He was born on a mortgaged farm in the Catskill Mountains of New York in 1868; got only a smattering of elementary education as a boy; came to New York with a dollar and fifty cents in his pockets in 1887; got a job the first day laying tracks on the elevated railway in Brooklyn; worked up to fireman and then to engineer; went to night classes in a commercial school to patch up his meager education; took up the study of law at the age of 27 while still an engineer on the Brooklyn elevated and already married to the girl he had left behind him when he came to New York from the Catskills.

He got his license to practice law in 1897; rose steadily in his chosen profession; saw an opportunity to get an appointment to a judgeship; was made a magistrate in Brooklyn by appointment of Mayor McClellan in 1906; stepped up into a county judgeship under Governor Glynn; aspired to be a state senator and might have gone to the Senate, but relinquished his ambition in favor of another aspirant who had the promise of Patrick H. McCarren, then the Brooklyn leader; won the everlasting gratitude and good will of McCarren; ran for mayor of New York City in 1917 and was elected by a plurality of 148,000 votes; ran again in 1921 and won by a plurality of 420,000 votes.

That in tabloid is the history of Mayor Hylan.

Now he couldn't have made the grade all the way from that mortgaged farm in the Catskills to the office of chief executive of the world's biggest city if he didn't command the confidence of the great masses of the people in his city. And he has successfully cultivated and held that confidence against the most formidable opposition because, as I see it, he brought something with him from that old-fashioned home back in the Catskills that he never let get away from him. That something was a simple, old-fashioned moral code suggested by a plain, old-fashioned Methodist mother.

"Be truthful, John," she said; "be honest, be upright and do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

And when Mayor Hylan tells you that he attributes his success in life to the advice of that mother he reveals the big secret of his remarkable rise in life and his popularity. I don't know how closely he has followed the advice of that mother, but the big fact is that at the age of fifty-six and in the midst of the busiest of busy lives he never forgets his mother's words and you find them cropping out in most of his important speeches.

Now we Americans are a sentimental lot and one of those sentiments that never fail in their appeal is the mother sentiment. Most of us old-fashioned folks will overlook a lot of things in any fellow's life if he never fails to reverence the mother who brought him into being and cherishes her teachings. That one thing Mayor Hylan has done in a beautiful and inspiring way.

Another thing, Mayor Hylan has always taken the plain people seriously and the plain people—the great majority of us—like that. The plain people have no fine-spun theories of government and haven't the mind or the heart to cope with involved issues; but they do think in terms of household dollars and cents and personal comfort, and about their children.

And, say what you please about Hylan—let worthy capital say what it pleases about Hylan—Mayor Hylan has fought the fight of the plain people for five-cent car fares, for cheap gas, for cheap light, and for cheaper food.

They Can't "Whimwham" John

AND Hylan is having a deuce of a lot of fun out of it; he is red-headed and half Irish; he thrives on a scrap and he has mastered the business of keeping fit. Somehow, he discovered early in his political career that the fleshpots are more potent destroyers of political strength than all the money bags.

"The servants whom the people elect to office to-day are not so much in danger of being corrupted and side-tracked by the influence of money as by rich food," Mayor Hylan said to me. "There are always many favors being extended a fellow if he is in a receptive mood, but the interests are very wise; even Wall Street has enough moral perception left to know that any sensible man in public life values the esteem and confidence of his constituents above dollars and cents. I wouldn't trade the confidence and good will of my people for all the money in Wall Street; so Wall Street and other big interests don't go at a fellow by way of his pocketbook half so strong as they go after his digestive tract. What the mayor of New York and every other notable public servant has to guard against is overfeeding.

"The business of being mayor of New York is a big job calling for a clear head and a cheerful heart all the time; I have direct or indirect control over thirty-seven city departments and am the chairman of a number of important committees. I have to keep my staff constantly in a good humor, as well as keep my wits about me. If I permitted myself to be lionized and wined and dined, the morale of my organization would be destroyed by my own grouchiness and fat-headedness.

"Suppose I came down to my office any morning with a bad head, a fuzzy tongue and a sour stomach as a result of much stuffing at a banquet the night before: the probabilities are I would have a nasty disposition and offend the head of some department or make an everlastingly bad impression upon some loyal helper before the morning was over. And I certainly would have to neglect many important details of my administration in order to continue to indulge in the sport of social climbing.

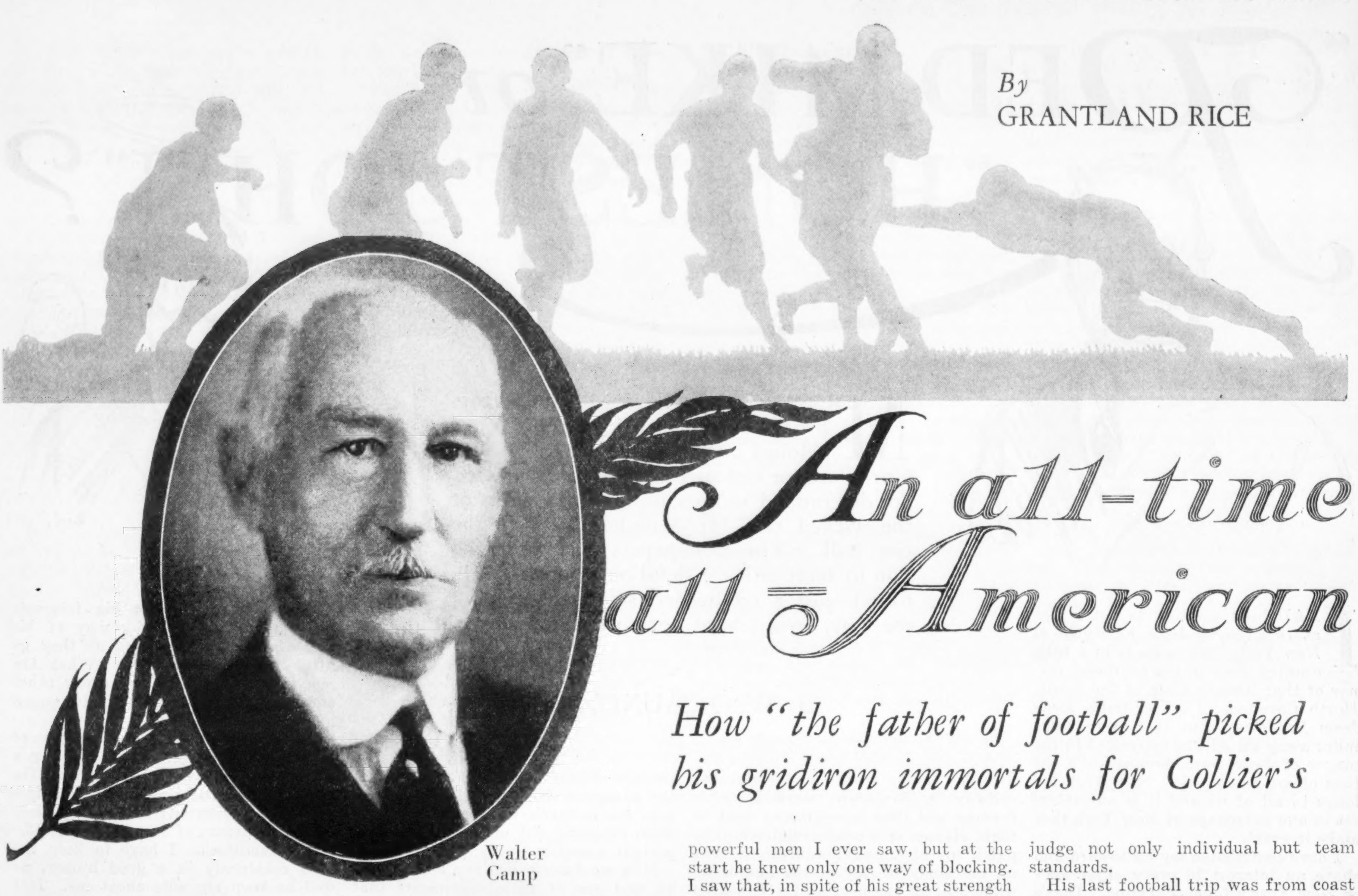
"I don't let them stuff me with food until my buttons pop off and burst from a strained waistcoat; I don't let them egg me on to speak until the cows come home; they don't whimwham, flimflam, and wheedle me into digging my grave with my teeth and, like a bagpipe, gas while my belly is full.

"My great ambition is to keep fit and robust for another twenty years and keep on working for the children of New York, because the future welfare of the city of New York, the hub of the American nation, must at all times have a healthy and intelligent citizenship to carry on its manifold activities in private and official life."

And so there you have that side—and an important side—of Mayor Hylan. I don't think the other side of him matters much to those of us outside New York City; we're too everlastingly immersed in the petty business of criticizing and condemning our own town, county, and state officials.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for us to go back home and search a little more keenly for the good in our own elected servants on the theory that "there's so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it ill behooves the best of us to speak ill of the worst of us"?

By
GRANTLAND RICE



An all-time all-American

How "the father of football" picked his gridiron immortals for Collier's

Walter Camp

NOW and then, silhouetted against the skyline, a ghostly parade passes by. The vanguard has drifted on into the mists of memory. The rearguard is still in college. In that list are all the great names of American football from Snake Ames and Frank Hinkey to Red Grange and Harry Stuhldreher.

As one sits in revery and watches them pass, the glory of old days on the gridiron comes again. They are names that will not be soon forgotten—Snake Ames, Frank Hinkey, Pudge Heffelfinger, Truxton Hare, Willie Heston, Brink Thorne, Frank Butterworth, Ad Kelly, Hogan, Hillebrand, Woodruff and Wharton, Dibblee, Campbell, De Saulles and Brown, Daly, Glass, Brooke and Eckersall, Thorpe and Coy, Mahan, Brickley and Hardwick, Grange and Koppisch.

There are nearly three hundred college football stars who have joined the eleven immortals in moleskin who began their march just thirty-six years ago. Most of them stepped out before the public through the pages of Coltier's, where year after year a vast army of football followers waited impatiently to see the names of those Walter Camp had cited in this magazine.

These citations for skill, courage, speed and brains upon the gridiron ended with Walter Camp's recent death. So those whom he honored have become a select group in competitive history with the last name entered and the book closed.

It was in the winter of 1889 that Walter Camp named his first All-America team. There must have been an unusual stir in football circles when this first list appeared.

At any rate, it caught popular fancy from the start and grew in favor through the years. It was a great idea, and what is still more important it was handled by the right man. The right idea and the right man don't always meet and travel together, but on this occasion they did. For Walter Camp had been one of the great athletes of his generation. At Yale in the 70's he had been a football and baseball star, an oarsman and a track competitor. He had brought to the game a great and lasting love for amateur sport, based upon clean play and the highest standards. He had seen, back in a day when sport was under a cloud, the importance of physical development and the lessons to be learned from playing the game.

It made no difference what amateur sport might be down upon the program, this sport held Walter Camp's affection and interest. A track meet, a golf championship, a tennis tournament, a crew race or a football game—one of the first upon the scene always was Camp, usually surrounded by a group of admiring friends. Last year I ran across him at the Pennsylvania relay races of 1924, the Olympic try-outs, the tennis and golf championships and the first of the football games, before he started his final football journey through the Middle West to the coast.

Walter Camp was a great player. He became an equally great coach. He has been called "the father of Yale football." More than that, he was also "the father of American football." Under the Camp system the blue flag of Eli was lifted to greater heights over a span of years than any college flag has ever reached.

In those days under Camp's direction Yale was steadily victorious and the Bulldog was king of the gridiron. He knew plays and organization and he knew how to develop material.

Here is an incident which he related one day when we were returning from a Syracuse-Pittsburgh game. "Pudge Heffelfinger," said Mr. Camp, "was a great prospect when he first stepped upon the field. He was one of the most powerful men I ever saw, but at the start he knew only one way of blocking. I saw that, in spite of his great strength of arm and leg, some experienced guard would give him trouble. So I told Pudge one day that he had to learn at least three different ways to block a man or he would be of no use in a big game. I showed him what the three ways were and told him to let me know when he had worked them out.

"Just six days later there was a knock on my door late one afternoon. It was Heffelfinger. 'Well, have you learned those three ways of blocking?' I asked. 'Three ways?' said Heffelfinger, 'I've worked out *seven* ways.' And they were all good. What a marvel he was!"

"What was the secret of your system at Yale?" I asked him once.

"It was no secret," he said. "It was teaching fundamentals, organization where every minute of the allotted time was used in the right way without waste, certain types of plays for certain types of material—and all the inspirational methods needed."

In addition to his inside knowledge of the playing and the coaching end, Walter Camp brought to his selection of the annual All-America Football Team for Collier's keen judgment without bias or prejudice, a broad national viewpoint and the friendly assistance of the leading coaches from coast to coast.

There was nothing hit-or-miss about it, no guessing, no intrusion of personal likes or dislikes. It was a stupendous undertaking as the game began to grow and spread over the country—one of the most interesting stories in the history of sport.

In the first place, Mr. Camp saw as many big games and as many leading teams in action as one pair of eyes could cover from September to December. His range was from coast to coast. There is something dramatic in the fact that in his last season on the trail he saw the East, the Middle West and the Far West in action, so that he could judge not only individual but team standards.

His last football trip was from coast to coast, one of the most extended journeys he had ever taken. But this was only part of the story. Through New England, Pennsylvania, the Middle West, the South and the Pacific slope football coaches and officials in whose judgment he trusted were constantly sending him their opinions of the season's leading stars.

Only a magnetic and attractive personality could have commanded such willing assistance from every authority who invariably made it a point to give him a fair and accurate rating of the players seen.

"In twenty-four years of football at Michigan," says Fielding H. Yost, "I recommended only eleven Michigan men, less than one to every two seasons. I recommended only men of the type of Heston, Schulz, Benbrook, Craig and others who were outstanding stars, men of unusual ability and character."

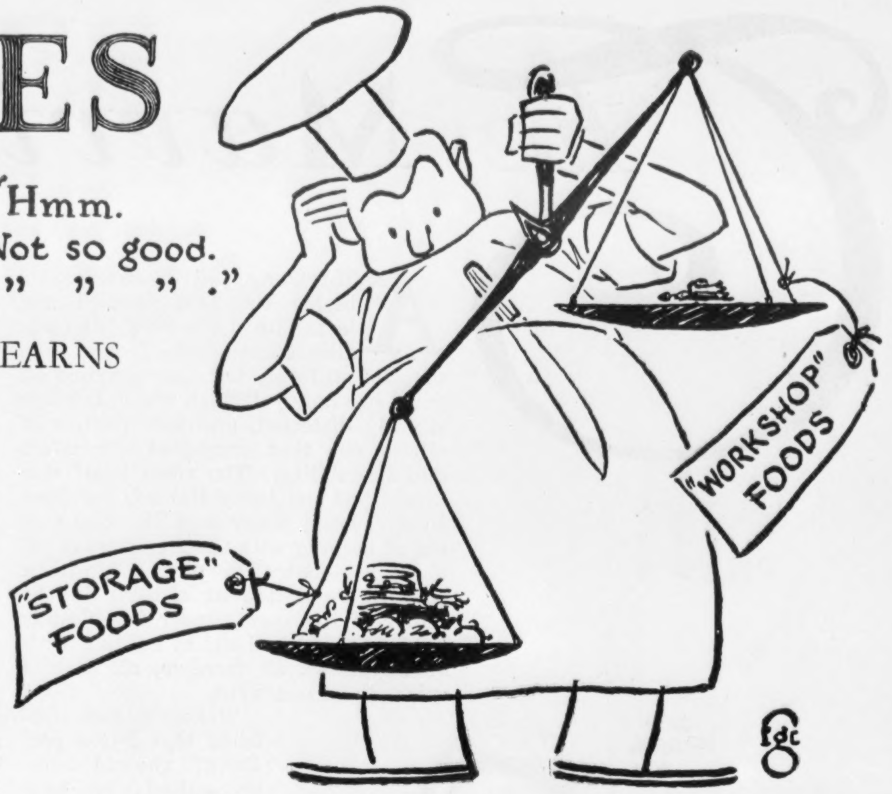
Mr. Camp's correspondence through the football season was enormous. There was a tidal wave of recommendations from almost every college and university in the country; and wherever it was possible to receive any verification each candidate was given due consideration. The letters of recommendation ran into the thousands. As the game spread itself over 3,000,000 square miles of territory, those who know the frenzied ardor of the football fan can understand how many written words of laudation were rushed to his headquarters before the chill of winter and the final game came on together.

A colder personality or a biased mind could never have received the help and welcome that were always his from Berkeley to Cambridge, from Minnesota to Alabama.

The story of the growth of Walter Camp's All-America team is the story of the growth of American football. Between his first and his final selection one can read the story of the progress of the game (*Continued on page 46*)

THREE TIMES a Day

LIST OF "WORKSHOP" FOODS
COOK BOOK
fgc



By MYRON M. STEARNS

EIGHTY-SEVEN persons in every hundred, Mr. Stearns tells us, choose the wrong things to eat. How about *you?* Where do *you* belong: among the eighty-seven or the correct thirteen? Read this and you'll be able to answer the question.

A FINE, upstanding beefsteak, an inch and a half thick. Oh, nearly two inches. Porterhouse. Broiled on the coals—exactly right. Fresh garden peas, and potatoes, properly mashed.

A well-balanced meal? Many of us think so. But you should hear the diet scientists talk about it. All three—muscle meat, potatoes, peas—the same kind of food! That's by the new classification they've come to, in trying to find where civilization is still going wrong on the food question.

Three times a day you sit down and eat the food that keeps you going. Examinations show eighty-seven persons out of every hundred choose the wrong things. In nearly nine cases out of ten, evidence that the blood stream at one time or another, instead of getting everything needed for health and growth and strength from the food that came in, had to turn around and get some necessary thing from the supply already in use in the system. Lime, perhaps, from the bones and teeth, leaving them more subject to decay or disease.

One American out of ten, in round numbers, enjoys the perfect health and strength and vigor and vitality that only the right food can give. The rest of us stagger through life on the border line of malnutrition, ready to fall into the doctor's hands every time we sit in front of an open window or give a germ his chance.

Amazing, when you stop to think of it. Here we are, all of us yearning for health, all of us wanting more work, more song, more dance than we have—and only one in ten eating the food that can give it to us.

The main reason is ignorance.

One of civilization's most tragic mistakes in recent years has been in the matter of food. A quarter of a century ago, in our desire to place our finger on the panacea of all human troubles, we decided that we had the food question solved. We went off half-cock; men burst into print, and onto lecture platforms, with rules for perfect feeding. Pure food sanitariums blossomed into being. And the rules were wrong.

It's the old story of the boy who cried had been solved; we gobbled up the in-wolf. We heard that the food question formation gladly. But gradually we realized, as our enthusiasm died away, that we were no better off than before. The rules hadn't worked. The folks who hadn't tried them out had the laugh on us.

So that to-day, when the scientists are at last crawling towards the right solution, we're merely bored by their announcements. "We bit, that time. It's the bunk," we say. And we yawn.

But it's not the bunk. It's the real thing, at last.

It puts within our reach a degree of health we've hardly dared to dream about. It's going to make eating much more satisfactory too. It doesn't point to another miserable bran-muffin and dog-biscuit régime, but to regular food, with lots of gravy. Instead of an unending list, with mathematical problems alongside and all our favorite foods crossed off, it gives us a chance to go ahead on a simple, satisfying program of Bigger and Better Meals, for Bigger and Better Appetites.

Big Cats Scorn Choice Cuts

ALL food, it seems, falls into two divisions—"workshop" and "storage," if you like. Eat "workshop" foods and prosper. Eat only "storage" foods, or too great a proportion of them, and hurry the way of all flesh.

This way: What we eat is broken up in the laboratory, the workshop, of our system—the stomach and all its works. The digestive juices, the liver—all the assorted "soft parts" that in later life lead so many stout men to golf for the sake of their profiles—all have their work to do. They take the food that comes in and manhandle it until from the resulting particles the ingredients necessary for health and strength can be sorted out and sent along as needed, to make blood or bone or nerves or clean new muscle tissues.

Our systems need a certain amount of mineral salts. There's usually plenty in the foods we eat. But unless our workshops are in good order we don't get it. In a year, for instance, we ordinarily take in almost enough lime to make a stone man; but, unless our laboratories can turn the trick of extracting from our food as much of it as we need and turning it over to the system, it does us no good.

In the same way we need balanced proteins that we can reconstruct into the particular protein for our own system; but unless our laboratories are in good shape we can't do the reconstruction work, no matter what we eat.

The leaf is the workshop of the plant. It does the digestive work, and sends along the required particles to be stored in stalk or seed or pod or bulb as required. Eat leaves and thrive. Your workshop is fed. But potatoes? The potato is a "storage" part of the plant. Peas, beans, wheat, rice, fruit—all "storage."

Fresh meat? Ordinarily we eat mainly the "choice cuts" of beef or mutton or pork that are just as much "storage" foods as the stalks of plants.

The big carnivora, the lions and tigers and panthers and leopards, have better gastronomic sense. When a black panther drops neatly on the neck of a deer he doesn't waste time hunting for the "choice cuts" we humans have come to prefer. He makes a meal on "workshop" glands and all the rest, and ends up by gnawing a bone. He takes a whirl on a sirloin or flank steak only if all the chinks aren't already filled. Then, his workshop all replenished with nice new parts, he goes off to sleep and grows strong for his next kill.

All this new food knowledge started in Wisconsin fifteen years ago. Before that, the old-idea food faddists tried to make out that a human being and an automobile ate the same way: So much gasoline, so many miles. So much poor gasoline, not so many miles. Humans same way: So much food, so much pep. So much poor food, not so much pep. Which was all wrong.

The Wisconsin experiment that put them on the right track was made with cows. A cow, it seems, is even more like a human being than an automobile. That was along about 1910. At the agricultural experiment station they fed a small, select group of cows on corn. Another group, equally genteel, was offered only wheat. And so on.

The corn cows did well. That was quite satisfactory. All according to Hoyle. But the wheat cows, and oat cows, and so on, slipped up. They got thin. Their fur became rough. They looked half-starved, and wild, and unkempt, and generally unhappy.

Nobody knew the answer. According to the old gasoline theory one of the foods was as good as the other. There should have been as many cow-miles in a bushel of wheat or oats as in a bushel of corn. But there were not.

That cow experiment brought on the discovery of vitamins. If the cows weren't themselves the ones that revealed that corn contains what is now called "Vitamin A," they were at the very least accessories before the fact.

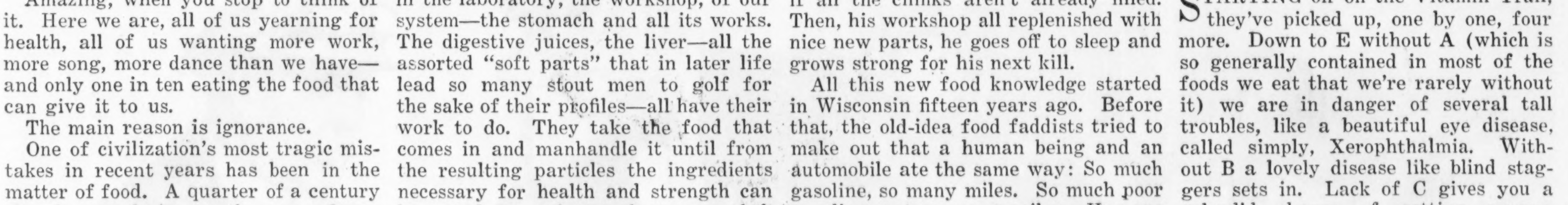
Nobody yet knows what vitamins are. They refuse to be classified. It's not known whether or not they're even a real substance; some of the deeper food scientists call them "principles." But, whatever they are, we must have them. Without them, we can't get the necessary mileage out of our food. You and I need vitamins just as much as cows and all other animals do.

Leaves, Milk—and Long Life

STARTING off on the Vitamin Trail, they've picked up, one by one, four more. Down to E without A (which is so generally contained in most of the foods we eat that we're rarely without it) we are in danger of several tall troubles, like a beautiful eye disease, called simply, Xerophthalmia. Without B a lovely disease like blind staggers sets in. Lack of C gives you a splendid chance of getting scurvy. Without D you can have a nice bone-deficiency trouble, called rickets. Lack of E causes sterility.

Out at the University of California you can see about the nearest thing to a live vitamin that has yet been segregated. It is a small vial of thick, rather oily substance that, they say, contains ether extract of wheat germ, or some such *(Continued on page 45)*

Puzzle: find the two wise eaters in this procession



The Marriage arranged

AN OLD woman, sitting in her chair beside the fire, yawned and looked up at the clock. She was almost immovable, from a kind of solid stiffness, her face a yellowish gray, her hair yellowish white, her lips slightly distorted, and her manner of sitting one that suggested discomfort and irritability. The room itself was bright and not badly lighted, but Mrs. Burge looked dingy and ill. She was out of keeping with the freshness of all about her—out of keeping, too, with a neat figure seated at a table in the center of the room, under the electric light. She seemed out of keeping with all happiness, all freedom, all that is spirited and iridescent.

"Haven't you finished that letter yet, Edna?" the old woman asked, in her hoarse old voice. And, before the girl at the table under the electric light could answer, her mother yawned a second time, upon this occasion audibly. The yawn was long drawn out. Edna, in her haste, made a blot of ink across the crowded page upon which she was bent.

"Nearly finished, Mum," she breathed, it seemed, imploringly. "Last few lines."

She was not a very pretty girl, and yet she looked extremely charming as the light and the reflected freshness of the room caught her hair and face and brightened them. The little smile, too, that she shot at her mother, apologetic and ever so slightly alarmed and impatient, was delightful. She was, however, very pale. Her mouth was larger than it should have been, and her eyes were dark with something that was not so much sorrow or unhappiness as an almost spiritless acceptance of dreary life.

Mrs. Burge grunted. She again yawned.

"Time I was in bed," she murmured. Her feet fidgeted upon the hassock where they rested. "Oh, dear." In the silence that followed she fixed her eyes upon a drowsy fly which crawled and rested halfway up the wall to her right. Her hand moved feebly, as if she had been going to point and had found her strength inadequate for the gesture. "Oh, dear." It was not a sigh; it was a stifled yawn.

Hastily Edna scribbled. So swiftly that, without knowing that she did so, she framed the words with her lips. She was very near the end of her letter.

"With much love to you and Alec and Benjy and little Pokey. . . ." An instant later Edna was finished, and was reading the letter through. "There!" she cried at last, sealing the envelope, stamping it with a postage stamp which she took from her purse, and looking sidewise at the clock. "Mercy; it's quarter to eleven! The last collection at the pillar box is ten-fifty!" She started to her feet. "I must run!"

"It's a wonder to me you find so much to say to Eleanor," grumbled Mrs. Burge. "I never could."

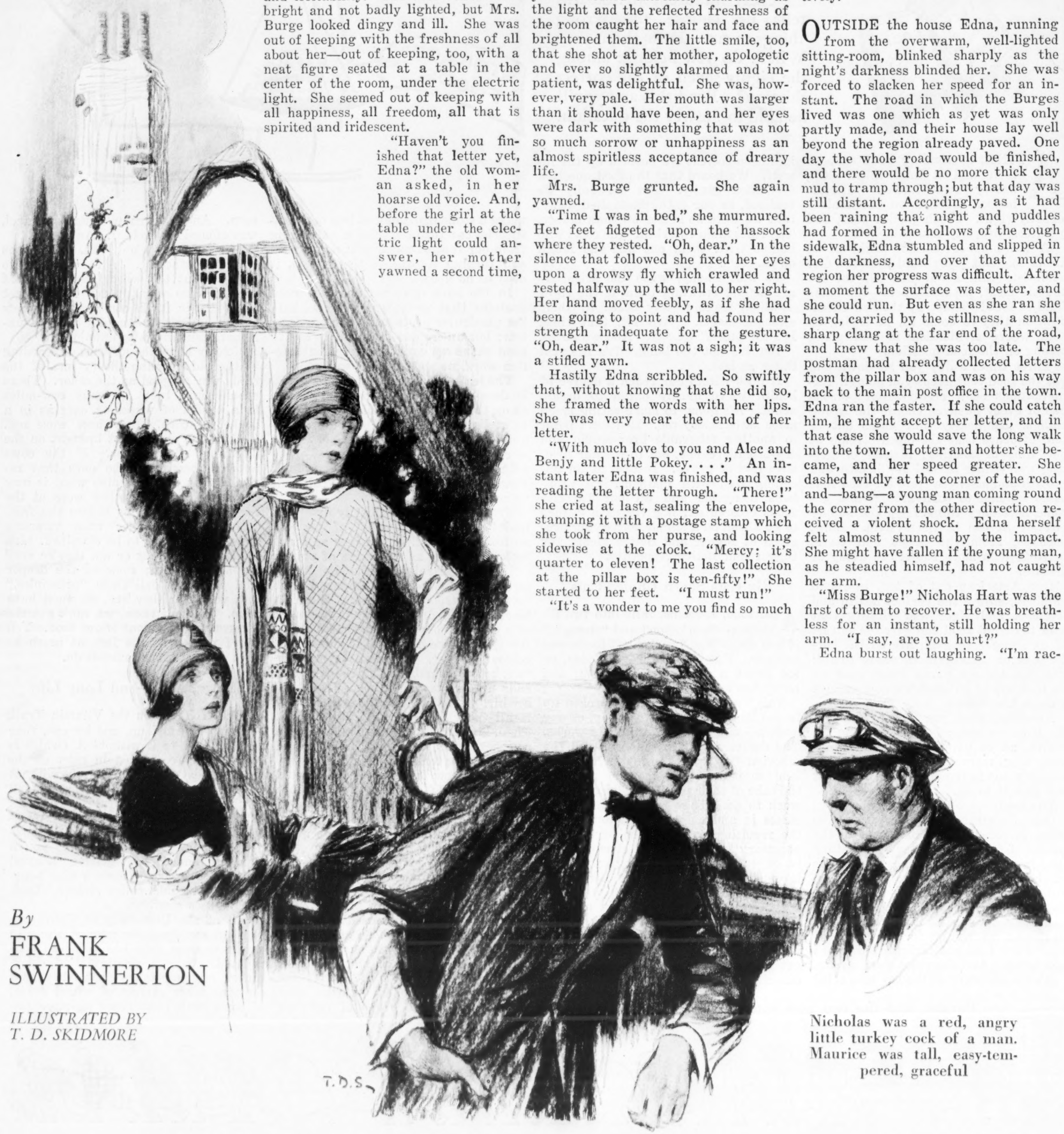
Edna smiled, and hurried out of the room. An instant later she was back again with a hat upon her head. "Shan't be a minute, Mum," she cried. And was gone.

Mrs. Burge yawned again, meditatively.

OUTSIDE the house Edna, running from the overwarm, well-lighted sitting-room, blinked sharply as the night's darkness blinded her. She was forced to slacken her speed for an instant. The road in which the Burges lived was one which as yet was only partly made, and their house lay well beyond the region already paved. One day the whole road would be finished, and there would be no more thick clay mud to tramp through; but that day was still distant. Accordingly, as it had been raining that night and puddles had formed in the hollows of the rough sidewalk, Edna stumbled and slipped in the darkness, and over that muddy region her progress was difficult. After a moment the surface was better, and she could run. But even as she ran she heard, carried by the stillness, a small, sharp clang at the far end of the road, and knew that she was too late. The postman had already collected letters from the pillar box and was on his way back to the main post office in the town. Edna ran the faster. If she could catch him, he might accept her letter, and in that case she would save the long walk into the town. Hotter and hotter she became, and her speed greater. She dashed wildly at the corner of the road, and—bang—a young man coming round the corner from the other direction received a violent shock. Edna herself felt almost stunned by the impact. She might have fallen if the young man, as he steadied himself, had not caught her arm.

"Miss Burge!" Nicholas Hart was the first of them to recover. He was breathless for an instant, still holding her arm. "I say, are you hurt?"

Edna burst out laughing. "I'm rac-



Nicholas was a red, angry little turkey cock of a man. Maurice was tall, easy-tempered, graceful

By FRANK SWINNERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

ing for the post!" she pantingly exclaimed. "I'm so sorry."

The young man adjusted his hat, which had been jerked to the back of his head.

"Oh," he said, rather stupidly. "Oh, I'm afraid you've lost it."

"I know. I was trying to catch the postman. I'll have to go now to the post office."

"You'll catch cold."

"Never. Thank you." She moved onward. "Only the post."

The young man turned also. He did not recognize her jest. He was a little serious.

"I'll come too. Yes—" For Edna had protested. "I—I'm glad to," said the young man, and walked stubbornly by her side. "It's a fine night."

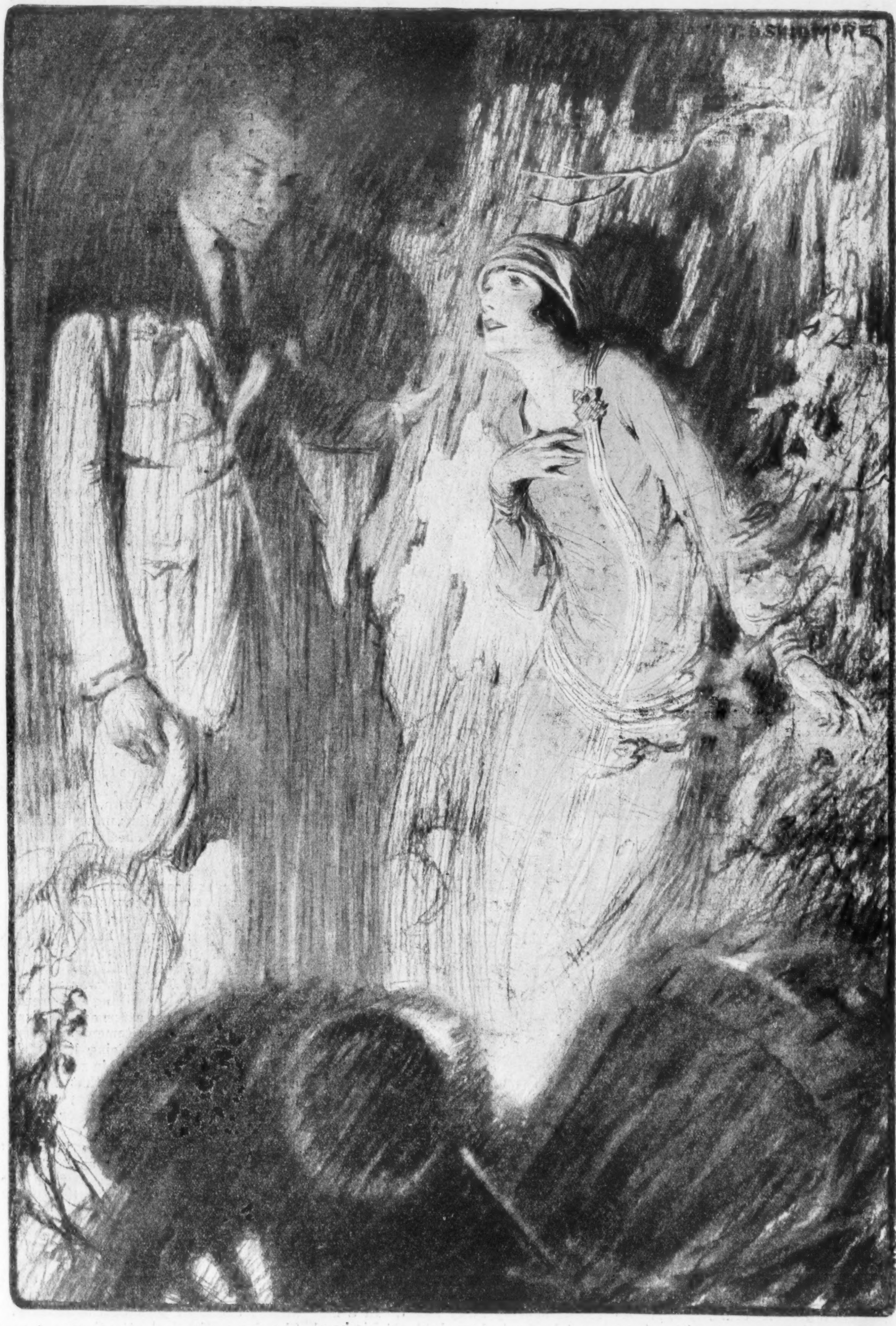
He was not a tall young man, but was rather short and stoutly built. She knew him only as an acquaintance, who lived with his parents in one of the houses near her own home. But to have the company of any young man was a strange experience to Edna, whose days were spent almost wholly at home.

"It's taking you out of your way," she protested. "And there's no sense—" At that moment, realizing that she was being ungracious, she stopped. "It's very nice of you," concluded Edna. "I hate going alone."

"Not at all," said Nicholas. "It's not nice to go alone."

Edna did not know if he smiled as he said that. She thought he did not. They walked together to the post office, and then back again to Yerbury Road; and during the whole walk they did not exchange above a dozen remarks. They were both as demure and tongue-tied as any young strangers of the two sexes could possibly be. At the Burges' house Nicholas raised his hat and retired into the darkness. Edna had successfully avoided his half-offered giant hand. She ran indoors, to receive a scolding from her mother, to put the invalid to bed, to go to bed herself, and to lie awake for half an hour thinking about the encounter, and laughing, and marveling over the whole occurrence. Nothing more strange had ever happened to Edna. She relished the meeting as an adventure without parallel.

That was how it began.



She had no notion of how woebegone she looked in the merciless light of those head lamps

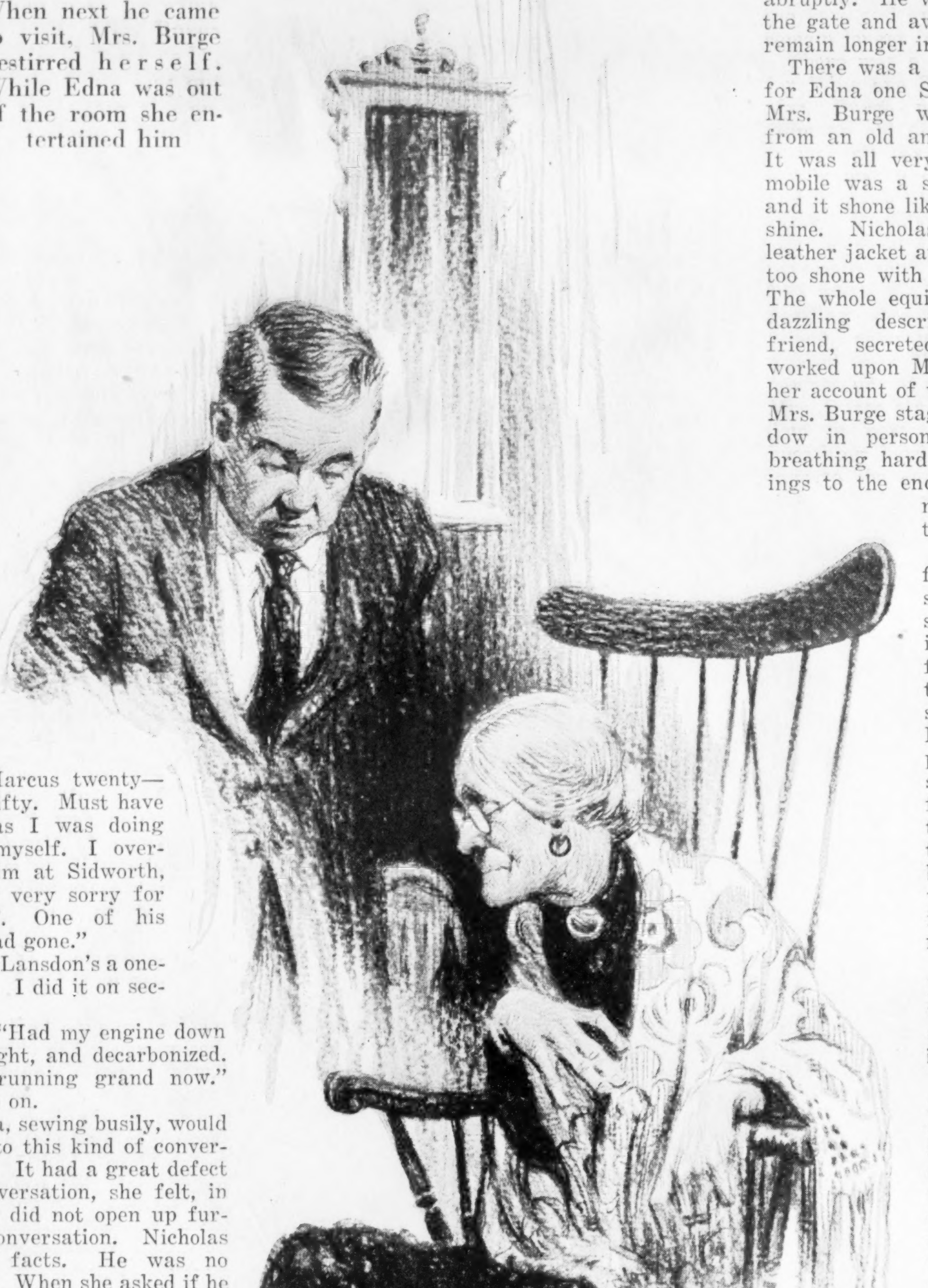
MR. BURGE was a man who had once made some money by chance. He had made several thousand pounds, and he had thriftily invested his profits so that they should yield safe and ample interest. He continued also to work, and left the house in Yerbury Road each morning at nine o'clock, and returned to it at night. But his family saw little of him. They knew if he was indoors, because his room door would in that case be periodically slammed. If all was silent, Mr. Burge was out. He was a miserable man, with a liver and a grudge against life. He was also very mean. Mrs. Burge was miserable, but she was less mean than her husband. They had two children—Eleanor and Edna, of whom Eleanor, the elder, was married and the mother of two children. Edna, younger by three years than Eleanor, and now three-and-twenty, was the sole domestic of the house, assisted, on one day in each week, by a charwoman. And so Mr. Burge saved heavily upon his profits, but the house was cheerless. Mrs. Burge, ill and dissatisfied and irritable with an incurable disease, was a strange mixture. Her great quality was that beneath all her abruptness and her yawning boredom she loved her children. Most of all she loved Edna. Her love took strange forms, but it was true. It never occurred to Mrs. Burge that Edna needed a wider life than the one she led. Mrs. Burge, owing to the fact that Edna had an uncomplaining nature, supposed her daughter to live the gayest and most exhilarating of lives. She loved her daughter, and wished to keep her always at her own side.

Edna, twenty-three, inexperienced and gentle, occasionally felt other impulses. She did not mention them to her mother. Into her face stole gradually that spiritless expression that has already been mentioned. She knew that if she were to speak of leaving home her mother would be ill. So she stayed, and probably would have stayed forever if she had not one night written to her sister and run out in a great hurry to post the letter she had written.

The following evening Nicholas Hart called at the house. It gave Edna quite as great a shock to see him at the door as Nicholas had received upon the previous night when her flying self had plumped suddenly round the corner and into his arms.

Nicholas was not a handsome man. He was well-intentioned. He had a great deal of self-confidence and a rather loud voice. He was short and square, and he had a reddish face with reddish hair above it and a pair of eyes which were rather reddish too. His one interest was in automobiles. After that evening he came several times to the house, and sat for a long time without saying much. Then he would jump up suddenly, shake hands, and leave Edna and her mother. Whenever he spoke, it would be to say something about his own car or about somebody else's car, or about a new make of car, or a car that he had seen upon the road or at a show. He would say:

"Fellow passed me on the road Sun-



When next he came to visit, Mrs. Burge bestirred herself. While Edna was out of the room she entertained him

day—Marcus twenty—doing fifty. Must have been, as I was doing forty myself. I overtook him at Sidworth, looking very sorry for himself. One of his tires had gone."

Or: "Lansdon's a one-in-five. I did it on second."

Or: "Had my engine down last night, and decarbonized. She's running grand now." And so on.

Edna, sewing busily, would listen to this kind of conversation. It had a great defect as conversation, she felt, in that it did not open up further conversation. Nicholas stated facts. He was no talker. When she asked if he had helped the driver of the Marcus twenty which had lost its tire, Nicholas at first looked blank and then answered shortly, "Oh, he had a spare." And with that a possible topic was ended. She herself ventured a remark or two, although, as she never went out, there was little enough for her to say. To her efforts Nicholas returned a silence that was almost self-conscious. It was as though he listened against his will, and thought her speeches a little bold, not quite modest. Yet he came again and again, until Mrs. Burge began to look at him furtively with a bright eye. One day she put a number of questions about him to a caller.

THE result of the questions was to be seen in a greater cordiality to Nicholas when next he came to visit. Mrs. Burge bestirred herself. While Edna was out of the room she entertained him with an account of her own ill health, and said what a good nurse Edna was, and how she would miss her.

"Edna's such a good nurse," repeated Mrs. Burge. "I shall miss her."

"She's not going away, is she?" asked Nicholas.

"She will some day," said Mrs. Burge.

There was a long pause. Nicholas nursed his knee and looked into the fire as if he had never before seen such a thing as a fire.

"Oh, yes," he presently responded, as if he had been thinking. "Yes, I s'pose she will."

When Edna returned to the room she found Nicholas gazing at her in such a way as to be almost disconcerting. He was quite owlish, she thought, with his round eyes. Irresistibly she was forced to smile, but her smile was so sweet that it seemed to be a smile not of amusement but of kindness. Nicholas looked sharply away again. In a moment he jumped up, held out his hand energetically to Mrs. Burge, and was accompanied by Edna to the front door.

"What about coming out in my bus one day?" asked Nicholas, at the door, in the semidarkness of the unlighted porch. Edna could not see his face, but the sound of his voice was fierce.

"For a drive? Thank you. If I could leave Mother—"

Edna hesitated. She was fascinated at the notion of going for a drive because she had never been taken out motoring. But she was brought up against her customary problem—of Mrs. Burge's comfort.

"See what you can do," said Nicholas abruptly. He was immediately out of the gate and away, as if he feared to remain longer in her company.

There was a drive. Nicholas called for Edna one Sunday afternoon when Mrs. Burge was receiving a visit from an old and domesticated friend. It was all very exciting. The automobile was a small one, painted red, and it shone like a lobster in the sunshine. Nicholas, as chauffeur, had a leather jacket and a leather cap. They too shone with unmistakable newness. The whole equipage was of the most dazzling description. Mrs. Burge's friend, secreted at the window, so worked upon Mrs. Burge's feelings by her account of what she could see that Mrs. Burge staggered over to the window in person. The two of them, breathing hard, watched the proceedings to the end, making the curtains move about in their agitation.

Very excited, and muffled in her cloak, Edna stood beside the red monster. Nicholas stepped into his place and she followed. From within that red body came a shuddering pant of life. It was quieted, it expanded; and the red lobster moved gently away from its position outside the Burges' house. A trail of smoke was left behind it, which rose and was slowly dissipated as its reek penetrated the neighboring houses.

"All right?" asked Nicholas, with one hand upon the wheel and the other free to signal his intentions to other cars.

"Lovely." Edna snuggled down, her eyes sparkling, unwonted color in her cheeks. She looked quite pretty. She longed that she might meet an acquaintance, so that she could bow from within the lobster. What news she would have for Eleanor when next she wrote! It was thrilling.

But that was not the only thrilling occurrence of the afternoon. It was the first of several excitements. For the lobster was an enterprising little fellow, and sped upon the main roads with a beautiful quiet ticking that seemed to Edna perfectly enchanting; and he rushed up to and past larger automobiles with the utmost ease and grandeur, puffing his smoke in their nostrils as if he defied them. There were times when danger seemed to threaten, when Edna instinctively put out her hand and pressed her feet hard upon the lobster's floor with the object of stopping him and averting an accident. And other times she saw beautiful trees and meadows flying past, and cows feeding, and all sorts of hitherto almost unknown joys of the country. She drew Nicholas' attention once or twice to these beauties, but he never raised his eyes, which were fixed sternly upon the road before him, diverging only occasionally to look at his speedometer.

"Forty-five," he shouted once, and indicated the speedometer. Edna felt afraid. And upon another occasion, as a large shape approached them from the opposite direction, "Rolls-Royce."

Upon the return journey they came more slowly and by a different route. At one point Nicholas stopped his engine, leaped out of the car and walked twice all round it.

"Anything wrong?" asked Edna brightly. He shook his head. Only when he was back again, beside her, did Nicholas say anything. And then, as they were once more bowling along, he made an electrifying remark.

"Like it?" he shouted.

"Very much."

"Ought to come often."

"I wish I could."

There was a little pause. Edna was still smiling and content, and saw the road coming toward her in a gray, gritty ribbon; and her mind was absorbed and her eyes were shining. And then the electrifying remark was made. It seemed to arise out of nothing. It just came, like a sudden fusillade.

"Will you marry me?" shouted Nicholas.

Edna felt stunned.

FROM the moment Nicholas' proposal was mentioned to Mrs. Burge its acceptance became a matter of course. She was full of enthusiasm. Edna seemed to have nothing to do with it. She was bewildered, dubious, horrified and amused.

"But oughtn't I to *feel* different?" she demanded of her mother.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Burge. Her counter-question was unanswerable.

And so Edna was given a half-hoop of diamonds, and Nicholas kissed her upon the mouth and held her very tightly; and she tried hard to feel romantic, and did in fact feel a queer interest in this little man who talked incessantly of his bus, of carburetors, cylinders, gas, exhausts and other matters which were entirely puzzling to her. As to a stronger feeling, it never occurred to Edna. She supposed that a girl always submitted to the kisses of her sweetheart. And as Nicholas knew very little about these matters, and was used to having his hand upon the wheel and his foot upon the accelerator, he supposed all was well.

He sometimes took Edna out in the lobster, and brought her back to tea with his stodgy parents; but not as often as he wished, owing to the difficulty Edna found in getting somebody to stay with Mrs. Burge while she was away.

There was as yet no talk of marriage or a home or furniture or any of those things which go with short engagements. They were pledged to one another, and that seemed to be sufficient. If Nicholas ever thought of changes, he kept his thoughts to himself. For him the great thing in life was that he had secured Edna and that he already possessed the enchanting lobster. The trips for which he took Edna were usually short ones. They consisted in the race along the main road which she had previously experienced, and the more leisurely return by less-frequented byroads. It did not appear that Nicholas ever went any other journey. His pleasure lay in proving week after week that the lobster was in good condition, that he could spin along over a good surface and obey the steering wheel in the narrow lanes with their sharp corners. More than that he did not desire. He never used the lobster as a means of going from one interesting place to another.

Edna quickly became more ambitious. She suggested one day that they might visit a distant town. Nicholas, slightly frowning, pointed out that the amount of fuel at present in the tank would not take them so far. But the next time they went out he had plenty of petrol, and this was the first of a number of longer jaunts. Under Edna's command, they went farther and farther from home. And it was one of these journeys which made the whole difference to the future life of both Edna and Nicholas. It did not seem to promise as

(*Continued on page 36*)

APRON STRINGS never break

Uncle Henry says any mother is the ten greatest men in the world

"NO QUESTION about spiritualism bein' a pleasant way to pass an evenin'," said Uncle Henry, "if you don't mind tambourines, but I don't believe in it an' never have. Take it from me, 'Lonzo, if there was any way for the departed to get back to earth, mediums would still be pagin' Napoleon, Cleopatra an' Queen Elizabeth, for you'd find every inch of exit space taken up by mothers.

"An' if one did manage to manifest herself, are you fool enough to believe she'd waste time ringin' bells, shakin' curtains, rattlin' banjos an' askin' if there was anybody in the audience with a name like Pm-m-fy? Why, she'd knock over the cabinet an step square in the center of Little Laughin' Eyes' whiskers in the rush of gettin' to her children so she could put her arm about 'em an' let 'em warm their fingers at her heart.

"Small wonder the average man makes such a poor husband, for from the cradle to the altar he's wrapped in the cotton wool of a mother's love an' devotion. His faintest groan rings through the house like thunder, any loss of appetite is catastrophic, an' the deluded wretch enters matrimony fondly convinced that his wife is goin' to take up where his mother left off. As though it were yesterday I can remember my own rude awakenin'.

"'I don't feel very well this mornin',' I remarked to my bride this day I'm tellin' you about.

"'Yes?' she answers, kind of absentminded an' tappin' her teeth with a pencil.

"Convinced that she had failed to grasp the full import of my announcement, I repeated it in a louder tone.

"'Perhaps you'd better lie down,' she said. 'What's seven times six? I never did have a head for figures.'

"An icy fear clutched my heart, an' I felt as though I'd been marooned on an ice floe in a union suit. At the mere intimation of a headache my mother would've sprung forward with herb remedies in one hand, compresses in the other, lowered the blinds with her teeth an' called a doctor, all in one motion. An' my *wife*, the weddin' vows not yet dry on her lips, sat there foolin' over sixes and sevens.

Little Velvet Pants

"DON'T think that I'm gettin' sentimental jes' because this is Mothers' Day. They're wonderful, to be sure, but they have their faults like all the rest of frail humanity. For instance, take their sinful pride in the matter of names? Many a boy who might have gone through the world in peace an' happiness has found life a constant battle on account of bein' called Claude or Harold or Algernon.

"An' fancy clothes! Mine had a passion for puttin' me in little velvet pants, an' though I lived only a block from school it always took me three hours to get home, an' even then I had to crawl the last two miles. An' the way they kept smoothin' your hair back before company? An' their consumin' curiosity as to whether you'd washed behind your ears! An' always makin' you come back an' pick up somethin'.

"A lawless lot too! The more I look back the more I wonder that my mother ever kept out of jail. You know how strict the law is about practicin' medicine without a license, yet she never paid any attention to it at all. Instead of callin' in a doctor when I got a bump or bruise or splinter in my foot, she'd probably pick me up, kiss it an' make it well. Pretty barefaced, 'Lonzo. Pretty barefaced.

"Nor can it be said that mothers always played exactly fair. When your father took you out in the woodshed an' laid into you with a strap, it was man to man with no quarter asked. You never felt that you had to quit doin' the thing, but only to be more careful an' not to get caught. But when the female of the species would put her arms around you an' say, 'Honey, honey, do you want to break Mother's heart?'—why, what chance did a boy have?

"An' what a joke they made of our so-called democracy with all its boasts about freedom an' independence! I've seen men race the wind until they stood on the rim of the world, an' go down until their backs were against the gates of hell, an' never yet did one of 'em break the clasp of his mother's hands or wrench his heartstrings away from her clingin' fingers.

"Bill Devore was before your time, but you remember about him, of course. Well, I went to school with him, an' even as a youngster he was a desperado. Never an evenin' went by that a procession of indignant mothers didn't march up the lane to his home, leadin' boys with their faces more or less scrambled, an' I can still hear Miz' Devore sayin', 'I'm sure Willie must have been picked on.'

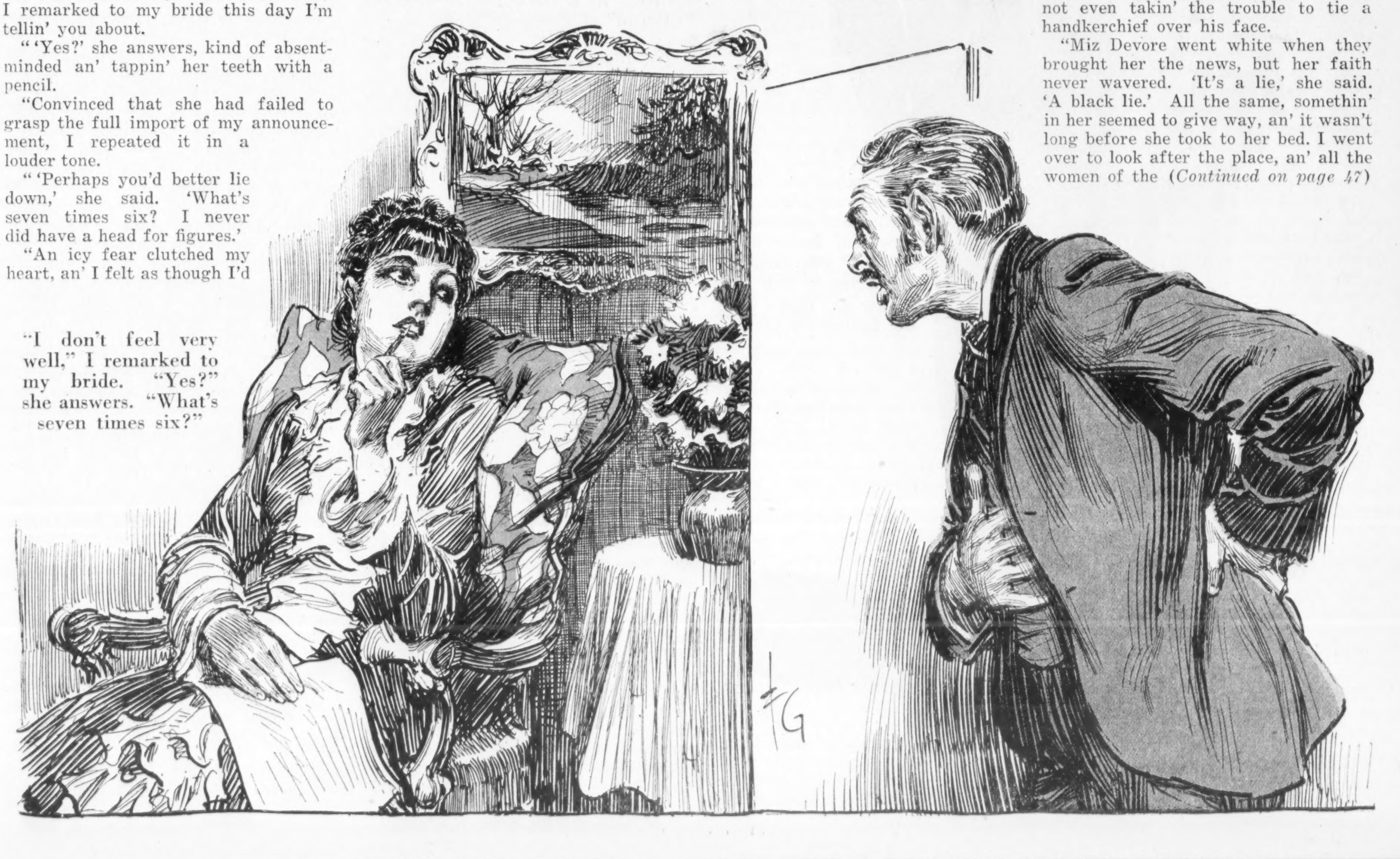
"She was a wispy little widow who sold milk an' took in sewin', an' the meekest soul that ever drew breath, that is, unless anybody laid tongue on her Willie. No boy had a better raisin', but there was wild blood in him that no love could tame. Lord knows how he kept out of jail, but though he was suspected of everything from arson to burglary they never got him with the goods.

"One night, however, a train was held up at the mouth of the Glendale cut. There had been a lot of that kind of stuff goin' on, an' the railroad people were watchin' for it. Instead of a scared mail clerk, the express car was full of men with sawed-off shotguns, an' two of the bandits went down at the first fire. The third man was wounded, an' as he dragged himself to the top of the cut his mask fell off an' the moon shone full on the face of Bill Devore.

Her Heart in Her Eyes

"FOR days they hunted him through the hills, trackin' him by the blood he dripped on leaf an' grass, but they never got him. He must have denned up in some cave like the wolf he was, lickin' his wounds until he got 'em well, for the next we heard of him he'd robbed a bank a hundred miles away, not even takin' the trouble to tie a handkerchief over his face.

"Miz Devore went white when they brought her the news, but her faith never wavered. 'It's a lie,' she said. 'A black lie.' All the same, somethin' in her seemed to give way, an' it wasn't long before she took to her bed. I went over to look after the place, an' all the women of the (*Continued on page 47*)



"I don't feel very well," I remarked to my bride. "Yes?" she answers. "What's seven times six?"

Clemenceau
Herriot
Lloyd George
Baldwin
Page
Harvey

LOGAN *sees it*

By FREDERICK PALMER

This champion unofficial "sitter-in" carries our foreign relations under his hat

Ever since the reparations squabble began, the great and powerful have been saying, "Ask Logan." He'll never tell all he knows; that's why he knows so much

FOR the first time in many moons I am going to use the word unique, the most misused, overused and abused word in the language. A man's career is unique when it has no counterpart. This may happen to one man in ten million or so. It has happened to Col. James ("Jimmy") A. Logan, who has just finished triumphantly a ten-year job in the thick of the cross-word puzzle of the nations.

No one knows better the world's famous and near-famous than he. All our relations with Europe are under his hat. He is the champion unofficial "sitter-in" of European conferences, a walking history of war and post-war negotiations. If he were able to tell all he knew!—but he never will. The fact that he never will is why he knows so much.

"There is Logan waiting," said Pershing when he started for France. When Pershing had finished his job Logan's had only begun.

"If there is still a reparations question in 1950, you will still be on hand," said Lloyd George to him.

"I am not sure that the reparations question will not be kept open so we shall always have Logan with us," flashed the wit of Poincaré.

Governments changed, but Logan was still there. Through the French premierships of Viviani, Clemenceau, Briand and Poincaré to Herriot; through the British premierships of Asquith, Lloyd George, Baldwin, MacDonald to Baldwin again; and through all the fluctuations of European politics and home politics Logan has smiled his way. Dealing with foreign Tory or Radical his part was clear. He knew where the Soviets got off and the German Republicans got on. His foreign policy has continuity; it's wrapped up in his personality.

"Meet Logan!" was the word to the eminent senator who went to Europe to study conditions, or the eminent banker who had in mind floating a European loan in America.

"Ask Logan," was the advice to the heads of American commissions who went abroad. He was always accessible as the Who's Who and What's What of the baffling European situation. Under the ambassadorships of Page, Davis and Harvey to Kellogg in England and under Sharp and Wallace to Herrick in France, Logan was acting his own ambassadorial part, whose fascinating stretch was completed when he and Ambassador Kellogg signed the reparations agreement.

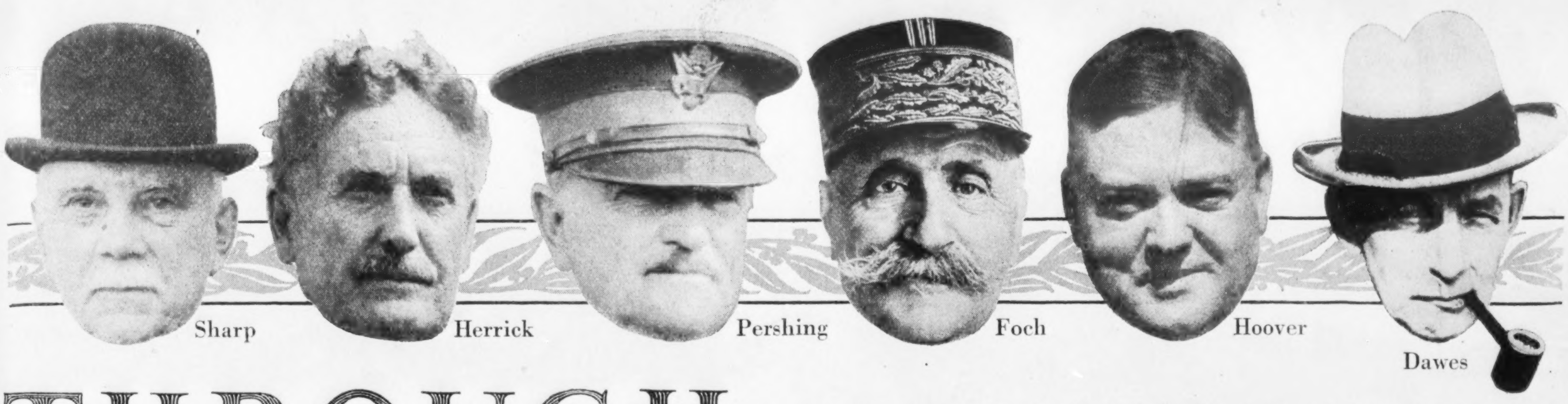
Why should this happen to "Jimmy" Logan? Better, how did he make it happen? In his young army days no one would ever have prophesied such a career for him. Destiny opened a door and he walked right in and kept on going.

A student of Haverford College who enlisted as a private in the Spanish War, he won a captaincy before the Philippine rebellion was over. Then he became an officer in the regular army. Physically he was so far from slender that he was sometimes referred to as "fat Jimmy Logan." Another adjective was usually placed in front of "fat." It was smiling.

I had not seen him for years when one day in 1915 the sight of him approaching on a Paris street gave me that infectious thrill of cheer which is inseparably associated with some blithe and wholesome souls in this world. How did Jimmy get overseas in those days when restrictions were so tight? But, then, he was just the kind who would find a way. What was he doing? Why, he was chief of the American Military Mission.

That was a little surprising considering his youth and that he was but a recent graduate of the Army War College. It would seem that a grave, gray-haired general of more rank and experience would naturally have been chosen for the place.

The business of the mission was to collect and coördinate military information. That was a tough job. At the time America was neutral and disliked for being "too proud to fight." The Allied hand was open to anything to get us into the war, but closed at the first signs that we were interested in how the war was being fought. The politer a general was the tighter he held onto his military secrets. No American officers were allowed at the front except on tours from luncheon at



THROUGH

one headquarters to dinner at another. A neutral might be perfectly informed on the cuisine of officers' messes.

As much as they liked him some of our regular military attachés of the embassies did not relish the presence of Logan and his mission. I even heard one intimate that the rubicund Jimmy had arranged to give himself a junket abroad. But officials on the spot are inclined to make that intimation about extra officials who arrive. It was thought that Jimmy would only make it more difficult for the regulars to gain the little information which they were securing.

So Logan was left to his own resources. This suited him. He had set up an office away from the embassy and was running his own show in his own way. And nobody ever accused Jimmy of being deskbound. He does not wait for orders to be volunteered by mail. He goes out after them.

His French, which he was improving fast, might not be as smooth as that of some of the regular attachés. At any rate, he could make it understood, even over the French telephone. And the French enjoyed hearing him talk it. His smiling optimism was welcome to French officers and officials in the midst of the wicked filth of a stalemate trench warfare which supplied sufficient gloom without importing any from America. This generously proportioned American had *bonhomie* and *élan*, which is another way of saying that he was a good "mixer" with plenty of "pep," not to mention that he was a delightful host at the dinners he gave.

Every day he was broadening his circle of acquaintances and capitalizing his fondness for human associations. When I looked over his data I was amazed at their thoroughness. He knew about everything that was going on at the front and behind the lines. As I was then with the British army and somewhat on the inside of things I was the object of his keen questions.

Some day, although he was too strictly neutral to say so aloud even to himself, Logan thought we should have to enter the war if it were to be won. Upon our entry he was the man on the spot with connections established. His reports were texts of opportune information for our staff in Washington.

It was he who made a headquarters ready to house Pershing and his little group of staff officers upon their arrival in Paris. Their transport total was six automobiles; they had no supplies except typewriters and army forms.

The French spring offensive had been a bloody repulse. Russia had collapsed in a Bolshevist colic. France was begging us for soldiers when we had only just begun to train soldiers; begging us for planes when we had no planes; begging us for more food when there were no ships to bring it; begging us for loans—and we did have the money.

It was an agonizing time. The French public was too discouraged to be told the truth. In face of the agony Logan was cheerful and a frank exponent in council of the heavy part we had to play. An "associate" in the war Mr. Wilson called us. If anybody ever had experience in how to personify "associate" it is Logan. Under the censorship the war relations of the Allies seemed to be honeyed. In fact, they mixed with salt and pepper and much wrangling.

"Send for Logan to fix it!" was heard for the first time soon after our headquarters was established when some problem of relations had become especially difficult. He knew whom to approach, what to say and, what was more important, how to say it in dealing with the French temperament.

Very young for his position and his new rank, he was chosen to be colonel in charge of the staff division which had to do with transport in forming the great organization which was eventually to care for two million men.

After the armistice, while President Wilson was arguing with victorious Allies, who were no longer in pleading dependence upon American military force, Logan had his office at the Hotel Crillon, the headquarters of the American Peace Delegation, where he was assigned to work under Hoover.

This gave his education a new angle. He was in touch with economic Europe through its hungering populations in after-war chaos; indeed, it was his way to be in touch with everything that was going on in the swiftly changing drama. When nationalistic selfishness grew more rabid, quarreling over the spoils of victory, when the torment of little wars in Central Europe was in prospect and broken-hearted idealists foresaw the devil taking the hindmost in an anarchistic break-up of civilization, the lively serenity of Logan's smile and his generous build acted as an antidote to gloom.

"It'll come along," Jimmy would say. The world's future lightened when you passed the time of day with him. Sad Poles, Rumanians and Serbs, asking him for succor, gained a certain content in meeting him. He acted promptly when he said "yes," and did not prolong suspense by delaying his "no." He was never given to writing memoranda or reports. His was the personal method. He would rather have five minutes' talk with a man than take an hour in reading an argument.

Europe would recover because it had to and he would be in on the process of recovery.

While the Senate belabored the League of Nations there was the fact that we had an army on the Rhine whose costs must be paid; we had other bills of damages against Germany which must be settled. We were still in Europe with a hostage of all kinds of interests.

So we had to be represented on the Reparations Commission in some way. The logic of Logan's experience naturally attached him to that. He was close in on all the political changes abroad rung on the gamut of after-war moods.

He Circumvents the Senate

ANY little desk in the offices of the Reparations Commission was good enough for him. His real office was under his hat. Never was it his place to stand on the front steps giving out interviews. He was back in the works keeping abreast with production or out making new friendships or strengthening old ones.

We had no official part in the Reparations Commission or in any of the great conferences where premiers, foreign ministers and their coteries of diplomatic, financial and economic experts foregathered. Mr. Boyden, who was Logan's chief, sat in unofficially at the meetings of the Reparations Commission. He had no authority except to look on. But, by the very nature of his position as a neutral amidst the warring elements, he was a useful arbiter, while Logan was always on the sidelines.

Increasingly, his name crept into dispatches home; for he could not altogether keep off the front steps.

"Who is this Colonel Logan, anyway?" came the question from under the dome of the Capitol of Washington to the Department of State.

At the time the Senate was in a very "irreconcilable" mood. Let Europe stew! Keep out! And this Logan was an army officer on the regular list! That was not unofficial. It was official. The War Department was told to transfer him. But Logan knew that if he could be of any service to his country it was right where he was. He resigned from the army. He was up in the air for a while.

Logan out of touch with reparations! "Ask Logan!" would not have an answer. The continuity of expert information on the most vital of subjects was broken. The State Department, the President and all on the "inside" of international relations at home and abroad realized how valuable he was. Europeans, too, wanted him back. He was reattached as a civilian and again on his old job. It was not for him to quarrel about salary, as he had an inherited income of his own.

"It'll come along!" he kept saying. And it was coming.

America might politically keep out of Europe, but economically she was always in. She wanted Europe's markets. The economic interests of the whole world hungered for a stabilizing settlement of the question to which both France and Germany could agree. How could France and Germany ever be led to agree upon anything?

Obviously, as no one knew so well as Logan, guesswork must end and Germany's exact capacity to pay must be established. Then she must pay what she could after the mark had been stabilized. But no plan worked out by the experts of any European nation would be trusted by the others. Together, they could agree on no plan.

With the mood at last ripe for his coming, as our State Department knew through its channels of information, Europe must turn for an arbiter to that old neutral and "associate," America. Our political detachment now served a good world end. And the Americans who came to the task must be the right kind. We sent Dawes, whom Europe already knew; we sent Owen Young, a genius of industrial organization. Diplomacy must go hand in hand with technical ability.

By this time our reparations delegation had become so "associate" that Logan was about all there was left of it. He was the bat-boy on the bench whence all the batters had fled; the caretaker on the premises after the evacuation. That really made his position so much the stronger. The more he had under his hat and the less in the offices and on the front steps, the better. If the Dawes Committee failed, the last resort had failed. How long it would take them to resolve the European economic muddle into order no one cared to guess.

"It will come along!"

At his service Dawes had in Logan the walking text of information of all that had happened since he had left Europe. Young, who was new to Europe, had all Logan's nine years of experience at his command.

Yet to be settled was the payment of the costs of our army of occupation and the damages Germany owed us. When Logan, with Ambassador Kellogg, signed an agreement on this with the other powers he was undeniably on the front steps and under a spot light of personal triumph. Some senators are worried lest that agreement ties us up to enforcing the provisions of the Dawes plan. Secretary Hughes said not. As for Logan, even when on the front steps, he does not talk for publication.

During the war, when Logan was asked to put down at the end of every day his actions and his policy for the day as source material for the future war history, he replied:

"If I took the time to tell all that went on in my mind I would have no time to do my work." The answer expressed the man.

How could he or anyone express all that has been under Logan's hat for the last ten years?

Heaven DOES protect the working girl

By
CATHARINE BRODY

MISS BRODY wanted to know how our working girls live. So she visited twenty cities. In each she got a job. She met and studied hundreds of young women. And she learned many things you won't find in the textbooks. There's the question of morals, for instance. "If anyone has conventional morals," she tells us, "it is the low-wage working girl." But those dreadful "perils of a great city"! If she has to travel she is, as you shall see, under the wings of Heaven's ministrants.

ON A CERTAIN midnight during those recent days when I was learning at first hand how girls live and work in twenty large cities, I was awakened in the Y. W. C. A. dormitory at New Orleans by a light and the walking on tiptoe which betokened a new roommate.

She was a plump little girl, not a day over eighteen. The moment I opened my eyes she overflowed with verbal sugar and honey, and in the gay little gasps of the Southern girl she began to tell me the story of her life. It lasted far into the morning, but I didn't mind. She aptly illustrated the most important of my theories about the poor working girl.

She had come that night all the way from Lafayette, a town some distance from the city. She was an orphan and had been brought up by an aunt.

"But me an' mah aunt don't gee-haw atall. 'Pears like Ah don't gee-haw with none o' mah kin. 'Spec yu'll think Ah'm silly, but shoot! Ah couldn't stand that l'il ol' town."

So she had answered a "blind" advertisement, against which all small-town girls are warned, in a New Orleans paper and secured a high-class pub-il-icity job (her pronunciation) at $60 a month. Her aunt had bidden her Godspeed, and she had taken the first train light-heartedly and light-headedly to the big city, where she knew no one.

"An' a ladies' aid society met me," she went on, "an brought me heah. Shoot! Ah don't remember, 'pears like it was some kind o' aid society. She asked was Ah alone, an' Ah said, Yes'm. Ah jes' came heah to work, an' Ah had no kin heah. So she brought me heah, an' in the mo'nin' Ah spec' she'll come fo' me again. Ah spec' she's from some chu'ch? Shoot! Ah'm all wo'e out. Good night, honey."

In about five minutes she was sleeping the sound sleep of that proverbial working girl of the old ballad, Neuralgia, who shared the belief which her trusting mother sang so truly:

From temptations, crimes and follies,
Villains, taxicabs and trolleys,
Heaven will protect the working girl.

Heaven rose nobly to the task of guiding the little Southern girl. Next morning the worker from the Travelers' Aid Society, who had met her at the train, investigated, approved of her job and found her a room. It was just a routine day's work in the life of this deputy of Heaven, but it helped a little Southern girl alone in a big city to reverse, with a toss of her honey-colored head, a popular "situation" in fiction.

If this were a play, you would now have a peep into the abode of another poor working girl on the second floor of a girls' home in Cleveland. You would see my roommate Seena, the seventeen-year-old usher in a vaudeville theatre, practicing a dance step in front of the mirror. She is wearing an old black satin dress cut off at the knees. (On $14 Seena managed two dancing lessons weekly, through the nominal charges of her dramatic club.) From upstairs and downstairs come various sounds of girl habitation, girls shrieking over some confidence, a girl strumming on the piano, a girl gurgling over a date in the front hall.

Seena stops the monotonous count of "one-two" and spits like a little firecracker as she describes the visit of a girl friend from her small home town that day.

"Ol' kid, that girl's got a good job bein' a movie usher. Livin' at home, it don't hardly cost her a cent for board. She got the rest o' her money to tog herself out on and whaddye suppose she sez to me? She asked me if I go out on stew parties! She goes out on stew parties, ol' kid! I said, 'Why, Katherine Stuyler, y'oughta be *ashamed* o' yourself! What's gonna become o' you, I'd like to know; y' ain't got a brain in your toe!' 'N' she said, 'Ain't nothin' else to do; ain't no fun in that dump of a town. What do the girls in this house do?' 'N' I said, 'Do? Why, we work, we eat an' sleep an' live; we make our own money; we get ahead.' 'N' she said, 'Gee, that sounds pretty slow to me!'"

Bang! goes another situation of fiction. Seena had come to the city without prospects, without friends, and with five dollars in her purse. A vocational adviser had found her work. A dramatic club was sponsoring her ambition to become a dancer. She lived in a home planned by a national association and far superior to the shanty by the railroad tracks in which she had grown up. Here she was, happy and safe in the big city because of the agencies which looked out for her at every step, giving good advice to her not so safeguarded and evidently not so pure little sister from the small town.

There were thirty girls like Seena in that Cleveland home, all units in the migratory army of girlhood which each year moves restlessly and optimistically from village to city. The Y. W. C. A., the first refuge of these girls, reports taking care of 522,704 guests in one year in its 267 transient and permanent residences, of which the largest proportion was sheltered in seven metropolitan cities and sixty cities of over 100,000 population. Not all, of course, were girls coming to look for work, but half that number, or a quarter of a million girls, according to the residence secretaries, is not too high an estimate of the number of girls annually foot-loose.

But their wanderings aren't fraught with danger. No sooner do they step off a train than twenty national organizations now vie for the honor of protecting them.

There are the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Girls' Friendly Society, the Travelers' Aid, the National League of Girls' Clubs, the Bureau of Vocational Information for Women, the Women's Trade Union League, the Girls' Protective League—and many others. We do not have the number of local societies that do everything from providing work for a girl to finding her a room or putting her up for the night, or collecting her salary from a recalcitrant employer, but any national organization in any city acts as a sort of clearing house (*Continued on page 46*)

SARGON, *King of Kings*

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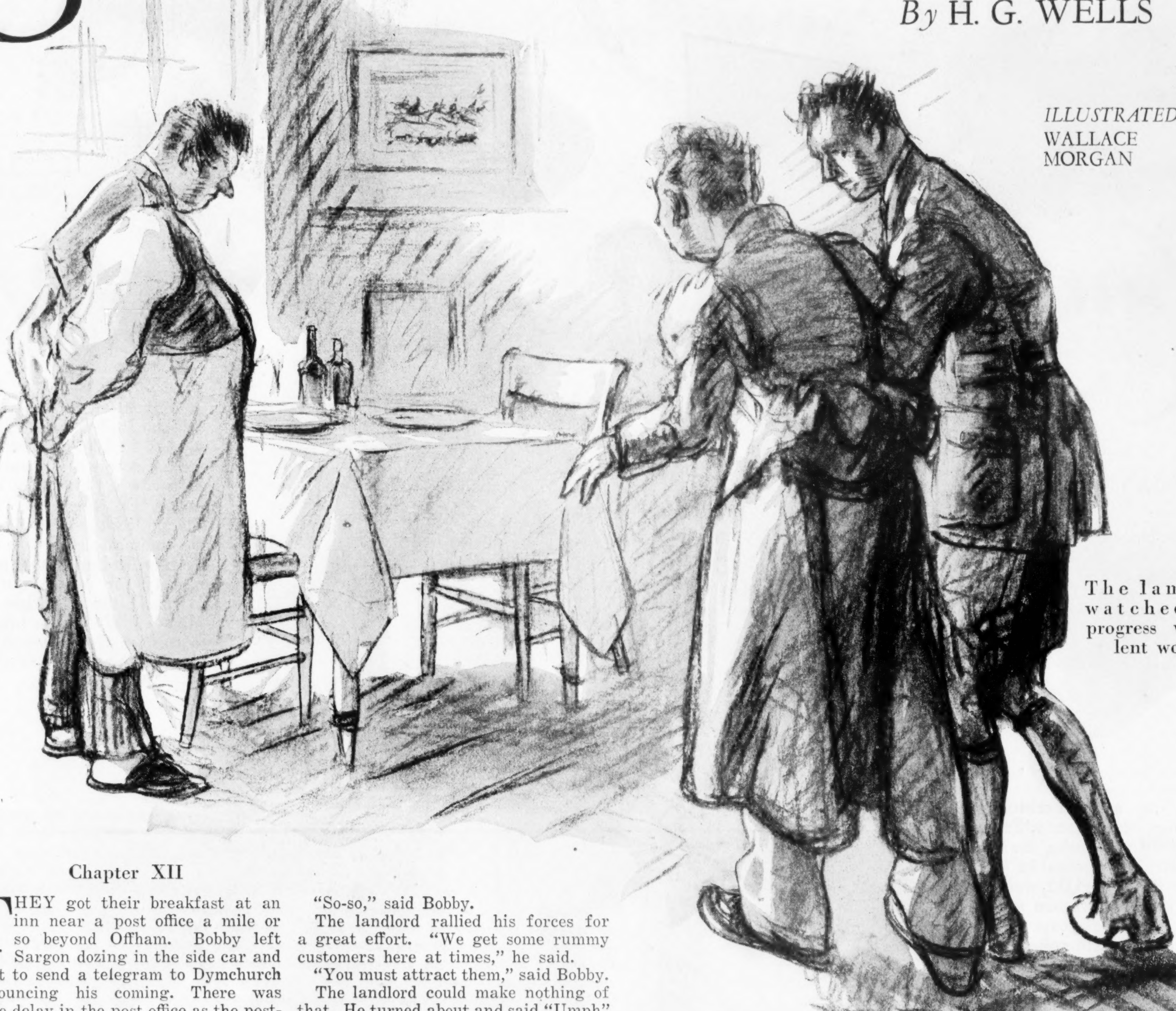
By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE
MORGAN



The landlord watched their progress with silent wonder

Chapter XII

THEY got their breakfast at an inn near a post office a mile or so beyond Offham. Bobby left Sargon dozing in the side car and went to send a telegram to Dymchurch announcing his coming. There was some delay in the post office as the postmistress had mislaid her spectacles. Bobby returned to find the breakfast nearly ready and to assist Sargon out of his sack and into the little room of the inn. The landlord was a short, stout man with a grave, observant face. He watched this emergence of Sargon and his progress to a chair behind the little white tablecloth with silent wonder. Then for a time he hid. Then he came back into the little room where the table was set. For some moments he stood regarding Sargon. "Umph!" he said at last, and turned about and went slowly into his kitchen, where some sort of wife seemed to be cooking things. "'E's a rummun," Bobby heard him remark and so was prepared for discussion.

The ham and eggs and coffee were served and received with eagerness. The landlord stood over them scrutinizing their reception of his provisions. "Hain't 'ad no breakfast, then?" he said.

"Having it now," said Bobby, helping himself to mustard.

"Come far?" said the landlord after a thoughtful pause.

"Fairly," said Bobby with judgment.

"Going far?" the landlord tried.

"So-so," said Bobby.

The landlord rallied his forces for a great effort. "We get some rummy customers here at times," he said.

"You must attract them," said Bobby.

The landlord could make nothing of that. He turned about and said "Umph" —meaningly.

"Umph!" said Bobby, just saturating with meaning.

When they had finished and gone on Bobby told Sargon he had decided to buy him some socks and a jacket and trousers at the next shop they saw. "As it is," he said, "you are ambiguous. And then we'll put that hat and jacket and the sacking by the wayside for anyone who wants to use them. And I'll have to send another telegram. I made a mistake."

Bobby's mental state became more febrile as the day wore on. He developed a wonderfully circumstantial lie about a cottage and a fire and how his friend had only escaped with just a few articles of clothing hastily put on. "Everything else," said Bobby, "practically incinerated." They were going down to take refuge with a variable relation, a brother, an uncle, a maiden aunt. As the day progressed the circumstances of the fire became richer and more remarkable and the particulars of the escape more definitely thrilling. Bobby told such lies with great sincerity and gravity; they were a form of freedom—from reality.

Sargon himself said very little. For him this adventure was a severer endurance test than Bobby realized at the time. For the most part he was either cramped up and boxed in under the hood and wind screen and being jolted and jumped along the hard highroad or he was hastily changing some garment by the roadside or he was sitting still in the side car taking refreshment and being lucidly but perplexingly and usually quite unnecessarily explained. . . .

Mrs. Plumer of Maresett Cottage, Dymchurch, was an anxious widow woman. She had a kind, serviceable heart, but it was troubled about many things. She saved and eked out almost too much. She let most of her rooms in the summer and some even in the winter, but she hated to think of the things careless lodgers might do to her furniture. She liked everything to be in order and lodgers better-looking and better-behaved than Mrs. Pringle's lodgers or Mrs. Mackinder's lodgers. She had taken a fancy to Bobby because he had fitted in nicely when she had had only one room to spare and because he had shaved in cold water instead of calling down as every other man lodger did—there was no bell in that room—for hot. Also he talked agreeably when he came in and out and didn't want more at meals.

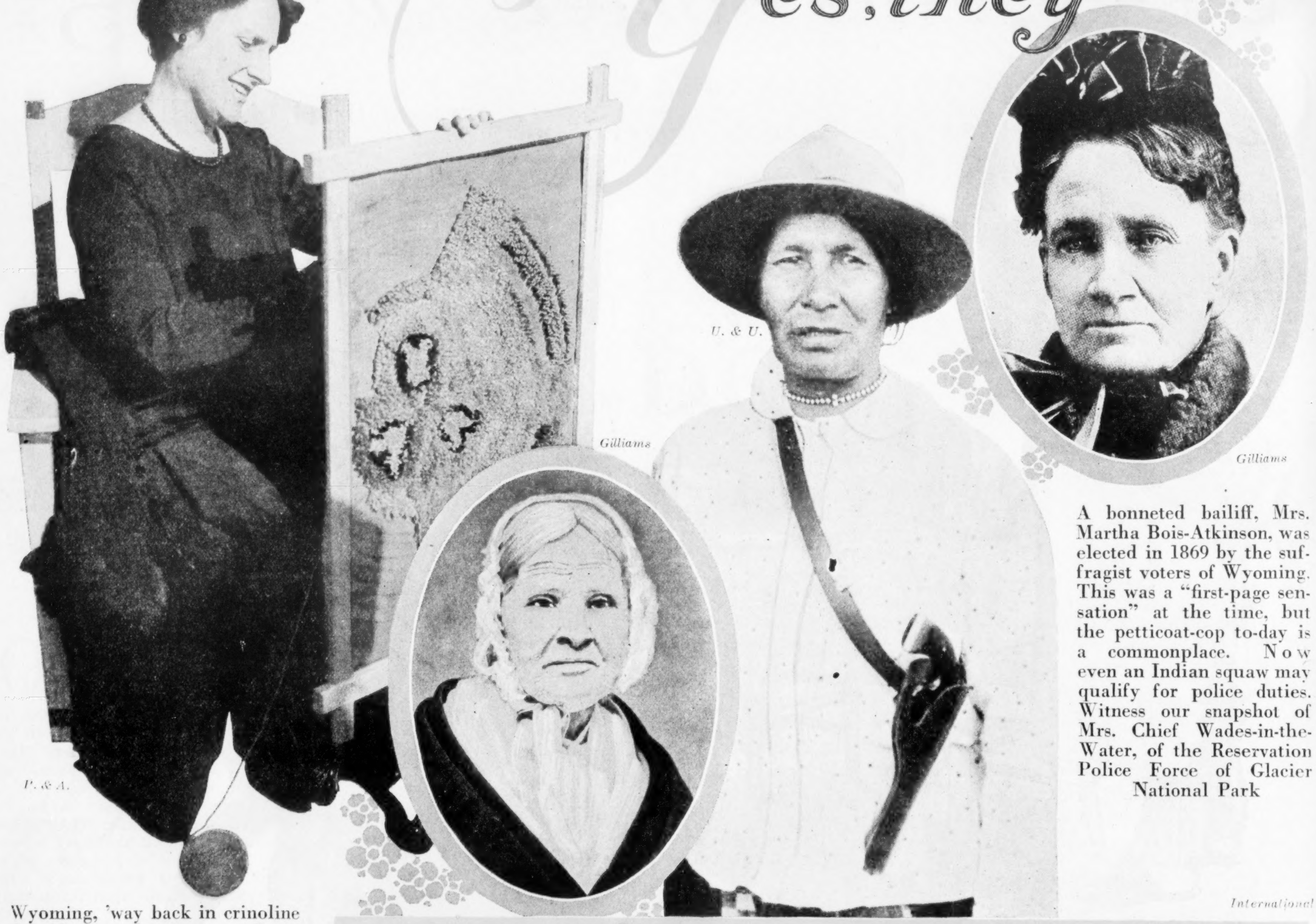
She was very pleased when he wrote to take her downstairs living-room and two bedrooms for himself and a friend for a fortnight. There were few people in Dymchurch who got "lets" in November. They might come "any time" after Tuesday.

She told Mrs. Pringle and Mrs. Mackinder that she was expecting two young gentlemen and left them to suppose that her guests might stay on indefinitely.

On Wednesday she was excited and rather perplexed by a series of telegrams from Bobby. The first said plainly and distinctly: *"Arriving with aunt about four Roothing."* That disappointed her. She would have infinitely preferred two gentlemen.

But within an hour came another wire and this (*Continued on page 28*)

Yes, they



P. & A.

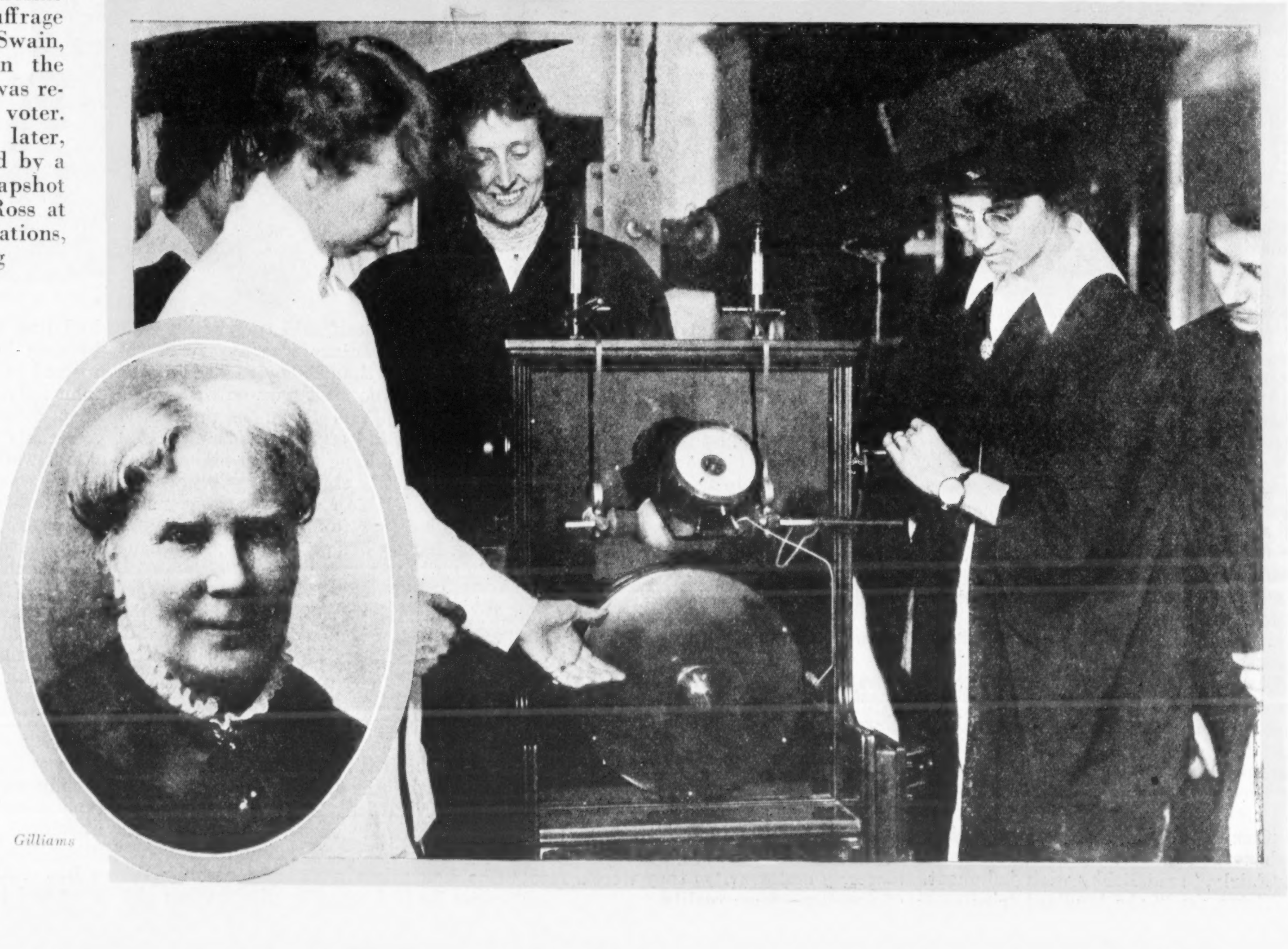
Gilliams

U. & U.

Gilliams

A bonneted bailiff, Mrs. Martha Bois-Atkinson, was elected in 1869 by the suffragist voters of Wyoming. This was a "first-page sensation" at the time, but the petticoat-cop to-day is a commonplace. Now even an Indian squaw may qualify for police duties. Witness our snapshot of Mrs. Chief Wades-in-the-Water, of the Reservation Police Force of Glacier National Park

Wyoming, 'way back in crinoline days, became the pioneer suffrage state; and Mrs. Louisa Swain, whose portrait appears in the cameo above, to the right, was recorded as our first woman voter. Wyoming, fifty-five years later, became the first state ruled by a woman governor. The snapshot above shows Mrs. Nellie Ross at one of her favorite recreations, making a hooked rug



International

Gilliams

Heroic battle had to be waged in America in the early fifties to open the profession of medicine to women. Colleges refused to enroll them. Even women in other professions declined to back them. As when Fanny Kemble, the actress, exclaimed in horror to Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, America's first woman physician: "Women doctors, never!" Here, in the oval, is Dr. Blackwell's portrait—and, in the square, a present-day scene in a woman's medical classroom

STARTED *something*

These valiant pioneers for woman's rights cleared the road and a host of modern followers "carry on"

A bobbed-haired "Little Minister" —Miss Marguerite V. Pohek—has been heartily welcomed of late in Boston M. E. churches. A token of changed times! In 1853 even a laymen's temperance convention expelled the Rev. Antoinette Brown, our first ordained woman minister (directly to the right), with the rebuke: "Your place is as an efficent helper in the home"

Wide World

Gilliams

Gilliams

From 1869, when Wyoming elected Mrs. Esther Morris (above) a J. P., until 1925, when Governor Pinchot appointed Mrs. Violet E. Fahnestock a city magistrate of Philadelphia, objection has been raised to women judges. "Objection overruled"

Wide World

With a hatchet, Mrs. Carrie Nation (below) made things hot for John Barleycorn. Her modern successor is Mrs. Mabel W. Willebrandt (at right), who travels by airplane and as Assistant U. S. Attorney General brings before the Supreme Court all cases concerned with enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment

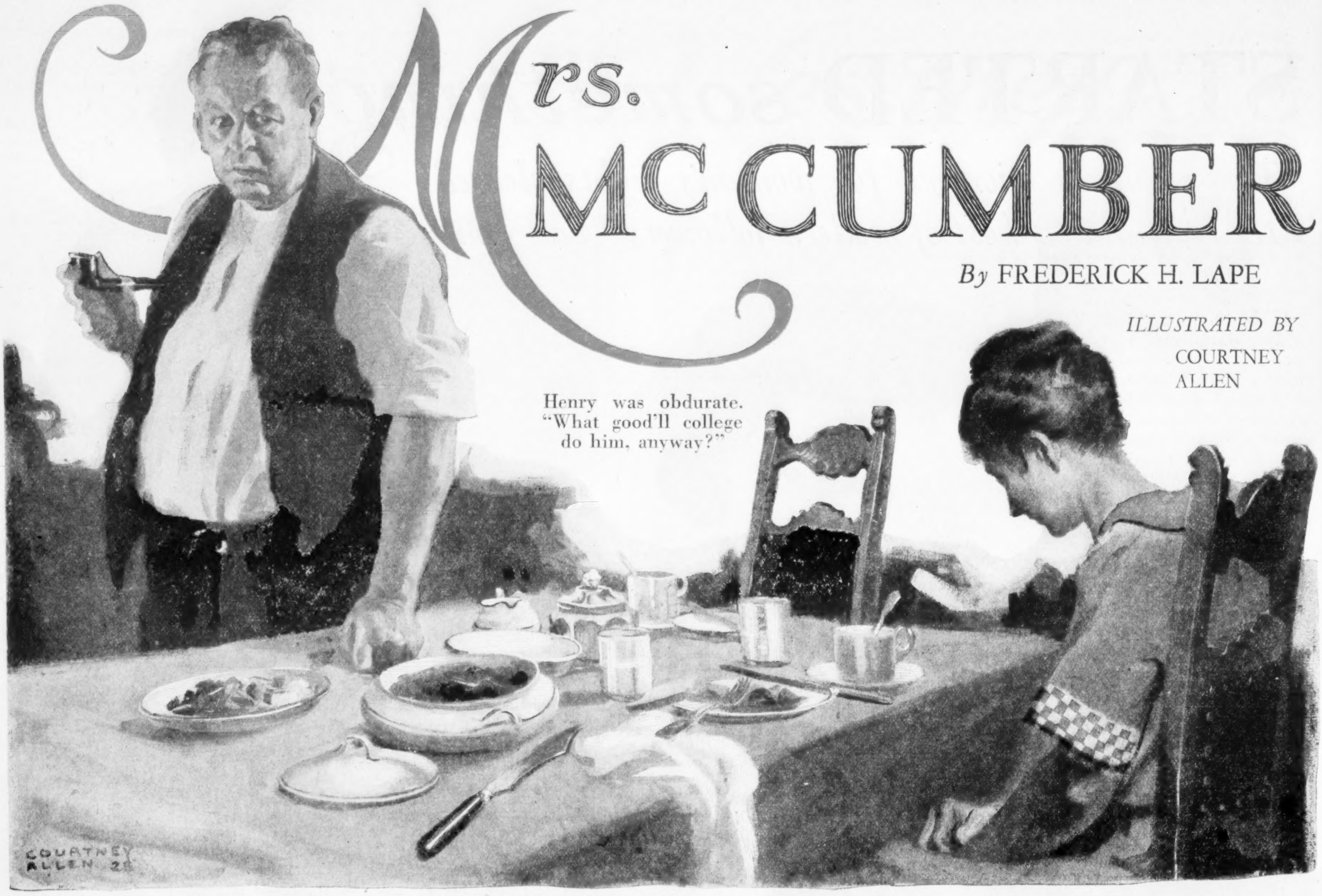
Brown Bros.

Wide World

Mrs. McCUMBER

By FREDERICK H. LAPE

ILLUSTRATED BY
COURTNEY ALLEN



Henry was obdurate. "What good'll college do him, anyway?"

"YOU'VE a bright boy there, Mrs. McCumber," the fifth-grade teacher said. "He takes to his school work. He'll do something some day."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said little Mrs. McCumber. "Kennie says he likes school real good too."

All that day she sang as she did her housework; her hands played lovingly over the silver as she set the oilcloth-covered table; her eyes shone. Little shivers of happiness pulsed through her. She wanted to go to the window and shout out that she, Mrs. McCumber, was going to have a brilliant son. Little Kennie! Why, maybe he would be a great man. Of course he would be—the first in the line!

For there had never been any great men in Mrs. McCumber's family, nor in her husband's. Their grandfathers and grandmothers had come over in sailing vessels not so long ago—vessels with a good many of the dangers but none of the glory of the Mayflower. Common workmen they had been, all of them, earning their meals day by day with the strain of their hands, sometimes storing by enough to rest out their old age comfortably and be decently buried. Her husband was like the rest; he worked his ten hours a day in the textile factory. But Kennie! Kennie would be different.

Those were the days when neighbors often spoke of "that lovely Mrs. McCumber who lives in the little house on Court Street." Her cheeks were full and rosy-red then, the lines that stroked her face were soft and pleasant, and her beautiful brown hair was piled in a great wave over her forehead.

Her cares were few and her dreams great. The months went swiftly and happily. Did she care if there was no money to buy the chair they had wanted for the little living-room? What was a chair, anyway? Did she not have Kennie?

"Oh," she would murmur as she squeezed him to her, "I wouldn't take all the money in the world for my little boy. He's better'n it all."

She had not realized yet that a brilliant boy is a responsibility as well as a treasure. But a few years passed, and then she began to understand. Kennie was in his second year in high school. He was worrying over Latin.

"Foolish stuff," he complained. "I don't see why anybody has to take it. There isn't any sense in it."

Mrs. McCumber smiled. She had never finished grade school; for all she knew Latin might be a language of Central Africa. But she liked to hear Kennie talk about those things which were already so far above her.

"Why do you take it, then?" she asked.

"Oh, because you have to have it to get into college," said Kennie, "so Mr. Marshall says I better take it."

COLLEGE! Mrs. McCumber caught the word and was suddenly silent. Her son go to college! She had never thought of that possibility. Why, none of her relations had ever gone to college, none of her friends even. She thought only rich people sent their sons there.

A chaos of thoughts swept through her mind as she did her work. Had she not been planning for years what her son would do? Kennie was born for great things; his report cards were always good; his teachers were always mentioning his cleverness. And in these praises she had been happy and dreamed of the great future of her boy, never realizing how it must be accomplished, never thinking that it required anything of her.

But college meant money, untold sums to them. Could they do it? They must. She would talk it over with her husband that night. Henry would see that it was necessary.

The result was the first great quarrel of her married life. Henry was a small, close-knit, round-faced man, practical and sturdy. He saw no reason why his son should go to college, at least no reason why he should work his fingers bare to send him there. Henry's father had worked in the textile factory before him; Henry expected that Kennie would work there after him.

"What good'll college do him, anyway?" he argued. "Only make him stuck up! He'd come back thinkin' he was too good for his folks. No, sir, he's got better'n you or me ever had now, and he can be thankful he got that."

"But, Henry, he's different than you and me. Hasn't his teachers always said he was so good in his work? And don't you want him to have something better'n us?"

"I don't see why he should have. Ain't you satisfied with what you got? Don't I give you enough? Is that it?"

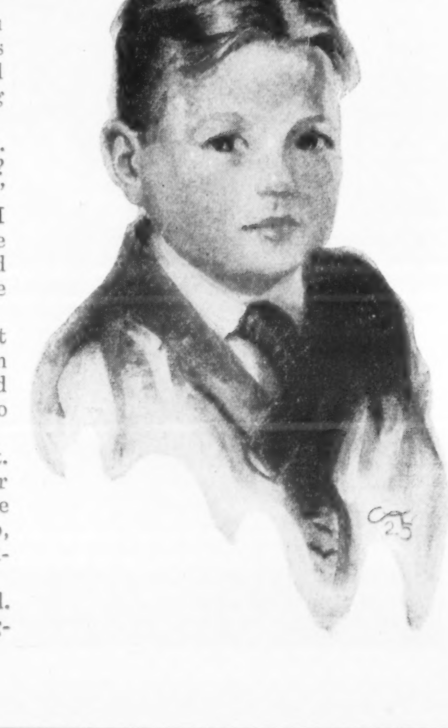
"Henry, you know that's not what I mean. But suppose our boy should be a great man. And think if he could have been and we didn't give him the chance. That wouldn't be fair."

Henry was obdurate. "Well, I ain't goin' to rake and scrape to send him to college; you can make up your mind on that. I guess he won't have no trouble gettin' on without it."

And that was as far as she ever got. To all of her arguments, to all of her pleadings, Henry came back with the same answer. At last she gave it up, shed a few bitter tears over her failure, and said no more.

But the regret stuck in her mind. A few months later she read in a magazine an article about the benefits of a college education. The days were over, said the writer, when a man could step out of a log cabin, as Abraham Lincoln did, and rule a nation. A good education was invaluable to the modern youth. Without it he was helpless, chained to his environment.

FOR the next few days Mrs. McCumber cooked her meals and washed her dishes vacantly, mechanically. She stood long moments, looking out of the window, lost in thoughts and plans. And then one morning, with a set look on her lovely face, she put on her best hat and started up the street.



Straight to the high school she went, and found Mr. Marshall's office. Her timid knock on the door gained her entrance; then, a little overawed, she waited timidly in the chair which was offered her until the principal was ready to see her.

"I'm Mrs. McCumber," she began rather breathlessly, when he finally turned toward her, "Kenneth McCumber's mother. I want to find out about Kenneth, whether you think he ought to go to college. We were wonderin' what to do, an' I thought I'd come and see what you said."

"I see, Mrs. McCumber. I'm glad you came." Mr. Marshall looked up some records from his desk, and then sat a moment in silent thought over them, while Mrs. McCumber's hand trembled in her lap. Then he looked at her and smiled.

"I should say that by all means you should send him, if it is possible. Kenneth is far above the average in intelligence, and although he might be a little more industrious he certainly shows good material. With proper training he ought to have a future ahead of him."

Then he went on to tell her how much a college education meant in these times, how necessary it was for advancement.

"How much would it cost to send him, Mr. Marshall?" she asked at last. "Can you give me any idea?"

Mr. Marshall considered. "Well, I should think it might be done for seven hundred dollars a year, altogether. At least there's a possibility that that would do it. It might be more. A lot would depend upon where he went. Then, of course, he might help himself some. There's quite a probability, too, that he will get a state scholarship. That will give him a hundred dollars a year."

Mrs. McCumber's face was impassive, but her throat contracted sharply. "Thank you," she said, and slipped softly out of the door.

Seven hundred dollars a year. They had five hundred in the bank now, and they had been fifteen years saving that! Twenty-eight hundred dollars!

THE next day at lunch she announced her decision. "Henry, I'm going to work."

"Well, what room needs cleaning now?"

"No, I don't mean at home. I'm going to work out."

"Oh, what's the joke? What do you want money for now?" He put his hand in his pocket for his purse. She shook her head.

"No, it's no joke. I want Kennie to go to college, and I'm going to have him go."

"Don't be foolish, Lucy. Good Lord, you couldn't make money enough to send him to college. You're crazy to think of it."

"All right, then, I'm crazy." There was a little irritation in her voice. "But I'm going to try it just the same."

"What do you think you can do?"

"I'll get a job at the factory. They need new women for the sewing machines. I saw the sign the other day."

Henry snorted. "Why, it would take you six months before you could begin to make anything out of that work. Besides, you couldn't stand it, with all the housework too."

There were bright spots in Mrs. McCumber's cheeks. Her eyes were hard.

"Let it take six months, then," she said. "And you needn't worry about the housework, either. It'll be done all right."

He tried to argue with her, to persuade her to be sensible. But when he found her fixed he became stubborn.

"All right," he muttered. "Go ahead, then, if you're so set on it. And when you've wore yourself out and got sick trying to get money to send him to college, 'member I said you 's a fool before you began."

So she began. They set her to an old machine on which to learn. Having never done such work, she was inexperienced and clumsy. Her back ached from bending over the machine; her fingers grew sore from handling the cloth. At night she came home, weary and lame, to clean up her house and get dinner; early in the morning she got up to do her work before she left for the shop. When she had worked for four months she was making fifteen dollars a week. This she began to save.

Two years later Kennie went to college. He took it all as a matter of course, as he had always taken things from childhood up. The struggle that went to sending him he never then appreciated. His mother had said she went to work because she wanted something to take up her time. He never took the trouble to question her statement.

ALL the time he was in college he never thoroughly realized his mother's efforts. He thought he had done his bit in making his way by winning a state scholarship. He never offered to go to work, and Mrs. McCumber never suggested it. Her boy should have every opportunity. It would take too much of his time to work while he was studying.

In the summers he had a job in town, but what he saved from it was laughable. Mrs. McCumber never blamed him. She remembered how hard it had been for her to save when she was young.

So she wore away her days bending over a machine, the clatter of the shop in her ears, the smell and dust of it in her nose. Her hands coarsened and hardened; the color dwindled out of her cheeks; the lines around her mouth deepened. She had no time to dream now, and there was little to make her smile except the letters Kennie sent back home. Her husband and she lived together in lives of cold isolation. But she had no time to worry over that. After a day in the shop and the work of keeping the house, she was ready to sink down in the sheets to a deep slumber that seemed to have just begun when morning came.

But one thing did worry her: she began to be afraid that college was drawing Kennie away from her. "It'll only make him stuck up, anyway," Henry had said. Was he right? She noticed that Kennie did not confide in her as he used to do. And then little things disturbed her. Sometimes when he was home she saw him watching the way she was eating. Was she doing something wrong? She did not know, but his glance seemed to accuse her. Once she caught him staring intently at her hands as they lay in her lap; his eyes were faintly disapproving. She drew her hands awkwardly out of sight. She could not help it if the work did not leave them more beautiful. There had been days when they were not so rough.

The second summer he was home she began to notice this separation more and more. Kenneth—he insisted on being called that now; Kennie was too kiddish—was growing more faultfinding with her. He was put out because she had not bought a new hat. He caught her up sharply when she mispronounced words. Once, after some friends had left from an evening at their house, he turned to her angrily.

"Why did you say that about the Ruggleses?" he asked. "I don't think that was very nice of you!"

The tears came to her eyes, but she held them back.

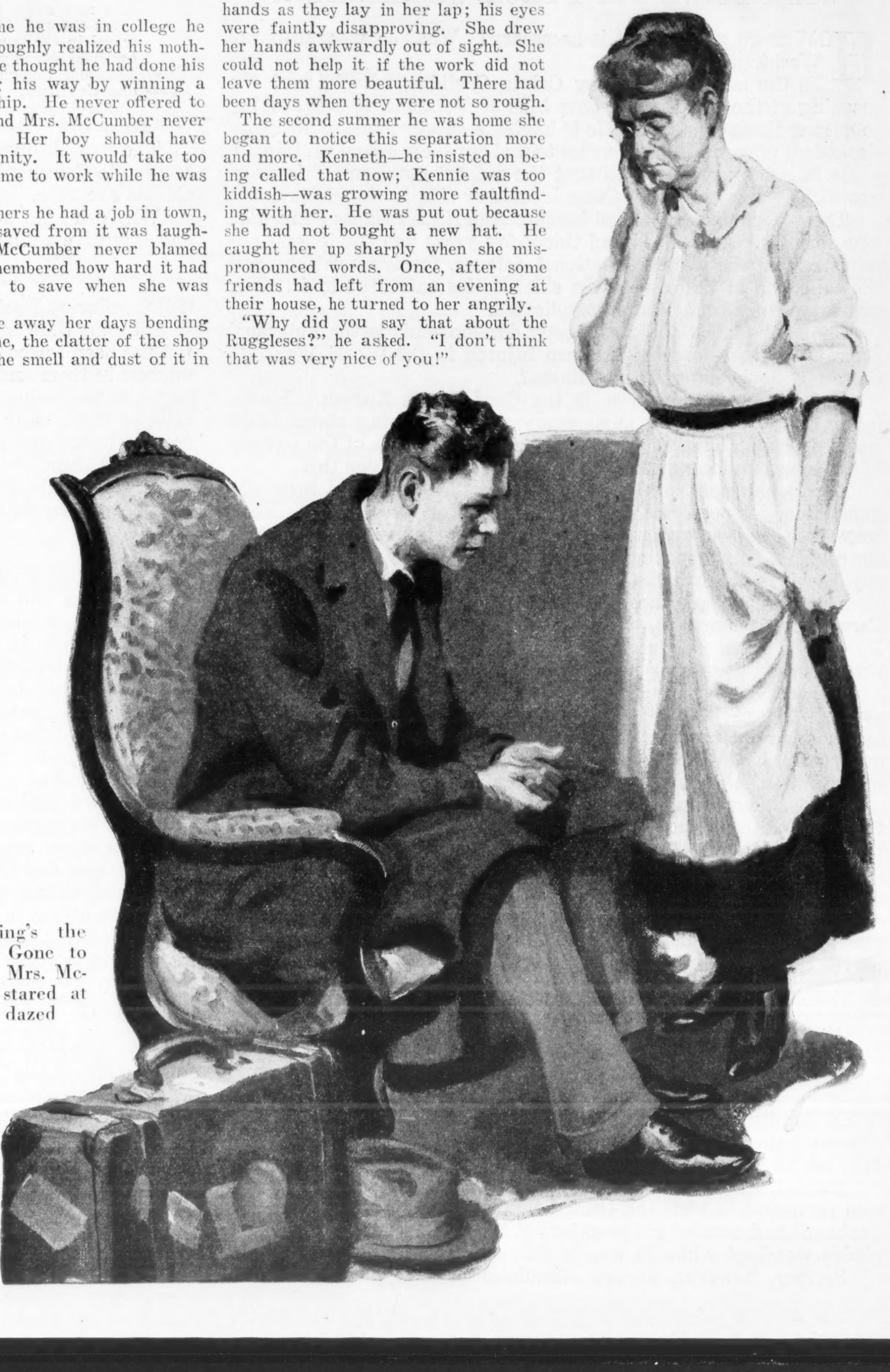
"I'm sorry, Kenneth," she said. "I didn't know I said anything I hadn't ought to."

"Well, I didn't think it sounded very nice."

When he was gone she threw herself on the lounge and cried it all out. She did not want her son to be ashamed of her. Was it all worth the effort? Was this what she had gone to work for? To lose her son? Was this the price of his greatness? Well, if it was, she would have to pay it. But if he would only be a little more considerate with her! Couldn't he forgive her for what she didn't know?

Now it was the Easter vacation of his junior year. They were sitting at the table after the meal was over. Mrs. McCumber was happy in having Kenneth home, in feeling him near, hearing his voice, and supplying his wants.

"Let's see, how long is it before you come home (*Continued on page 34*)



"Everything's the matter. Gone to smash." Mrs. McCumber stared at him, dazed

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WHAT DO WE WANT FROM WASHINGTON?

HOW much government is necessary? What do we want from Washington?

In the name of economy Calvin Coolidge, who learned the meaning of the word in the bare hills of Vermont, is endeavoring to answer these questions. He is having a survey made of forty independent governmental agencies to find out their actual usefulness.

It is easy to say offhand that the federal government is overgrown. Perhaps it is, but there is another side to the picture.

The government expanded because American citizens demanded new services. A hundred and thirty-five years ago the federal administration was simple. National defense, foreign relations and the collection of taxes were the chief duties entrusted to it. The present picture is far more complicated.

One of the latest and most costly developments is the Veterans' Bureau. It takes care of the men injured in the World War. Is there any doubt as to its usefulness?

Another large enterprise is the Good Roads Bureau. Washington spends enormous sums every year in helping states build roads over which automobiles can travel. The votes of the owners of seventeen million motor cars would doubtless favor this.

The Department of Agriculture is another large and lusty organization. It performs a number of services for farmers. Year by year it has been expanded. Its county agents now cover most of the country. Much money is expended. But let any Congress try to cut its wings, and what a howl would go up from the countryside!

For business men the Department of Commerce, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Bureau of Standards, the Pension Bureau, to recite only a few, render services which in a simpler time men did for themselves.

The meat sold the housekeeper is certified as sound by federal agents. The purity of the drugs prescribed for the sick is certified by chemists on the national pay roll. The government may be overgrown, but a cyclone of popular indignation would be aroused by any attempt to cut off these services.

The bootlegger would doubtless be glad to abolish the Prohibition Enforcement Unit. The exporter who values highly the reports of Secretary Hoover's commercial representatives abroad might argue that the farmers' county agent was a waste of public money. Everyone is inclined to think that what he doesn't use is unnecessary. But this large and various nation demands and uses many things from the government at Washington and elsewhere.

So while it is desirable to take stock from time to time to see what savings can be made, it is a safe guess that the services rendered by the government will not be shortened. Bureaus may be rearranged and economies effected, but in the long run the government will do what the voters expect of it.

To Advertise, Try Suppression

THE futility of suppression has never been proved more clearly than in the recent effort of the State Department to muzzle Count Michael Karolyi.

Karolyi, who was the first president of the Hungarian Republic, was permitted to visit the United States only after the State Department had exacted his promise not to talk for publication. The pledge was kept while he was in this country.

Secrecy, however, always stimulates curiosity, and the fact that he was under a pledge of silence increased enormously interest in what Count Karolyi might say. Consequently when he arrived in Canada, where he was free to speak his mind, nearly every American newspaper was eager to print his story.

Karolyi had little to say which was not already known. He is a republican, while the present government of Hungary is monarchist. He prefers republican to monarchical principles. This surely is not a dangerous doctrine in America, however revolutionary it may be in Europe.

The interesting thing about the affair is that the attempt to suppress Karolyi actually advertised him. Had he been at liberty to speak, very few would have cared to listen to him. Hungary is a long way from Main Street, but when the Hungarian was muzzled an American audience of millions was assembled for him.

The men who laid the foundations of America knew that suppression must defeat itself. Their descendants are not always so wise.

"Air Travel is Safe"

HERE'S an advertisement from the London "Punch" that ought to set American travelers, shippers and business men thinking:

> *Airway travel is safe* . . . The recent decision of practically all the Life Assurance Offices, whereby ordinary life assurance policies now cover all risk of fatal accident to travelers on British Cross-channel Airways, is a convincing tribute to the safety of travel in the machines of Imperial Airways, Ltd. . . . Travel by Imperial Airways between London, Paris, Basle, Zurich, Ostend, Brussels, Cologne, Amsterdam, Hanover, Berlin, Southampton and Guernsey. Passengers are allowed 30 lbs. of baggage free. Excess baggage, including cabin trunks and luggage in advance, is carried at moderate charges.

The British lines are part of a network covering Europe from London to Constantinople. Fares are not extravagantly high. Accidents are rare.

Why can't we achieve as much in America? We have capital and inventive genius. The air mail has shown the way.

The Power of a Good Book

THE jailer at Pueblo, Colorado, who established a library in his jail some time ago, reports: "The morale of the Pueblo County jail has been raised 50 per cent. Prisoners now believe we have an interest in them and that their detention is for their benefit. Good books make prisoners stop and think, and thinking eventually unveils to them their present status as regards society. Thinking does no harm, and in the majority of cases makes better men and women of them when they are released."

Most all of the decency—and progress—in the world is concerned in some manner with the use of books.

Tossing the Bull

WE AMERICANS have no monopoly on hero worship. Our Dempseys and our Ruths gather a considerable pocketful of change for their labors, but Dempsey is "Jack" to the gaping throngs which greet him in public, and Ruth is "The Babe."

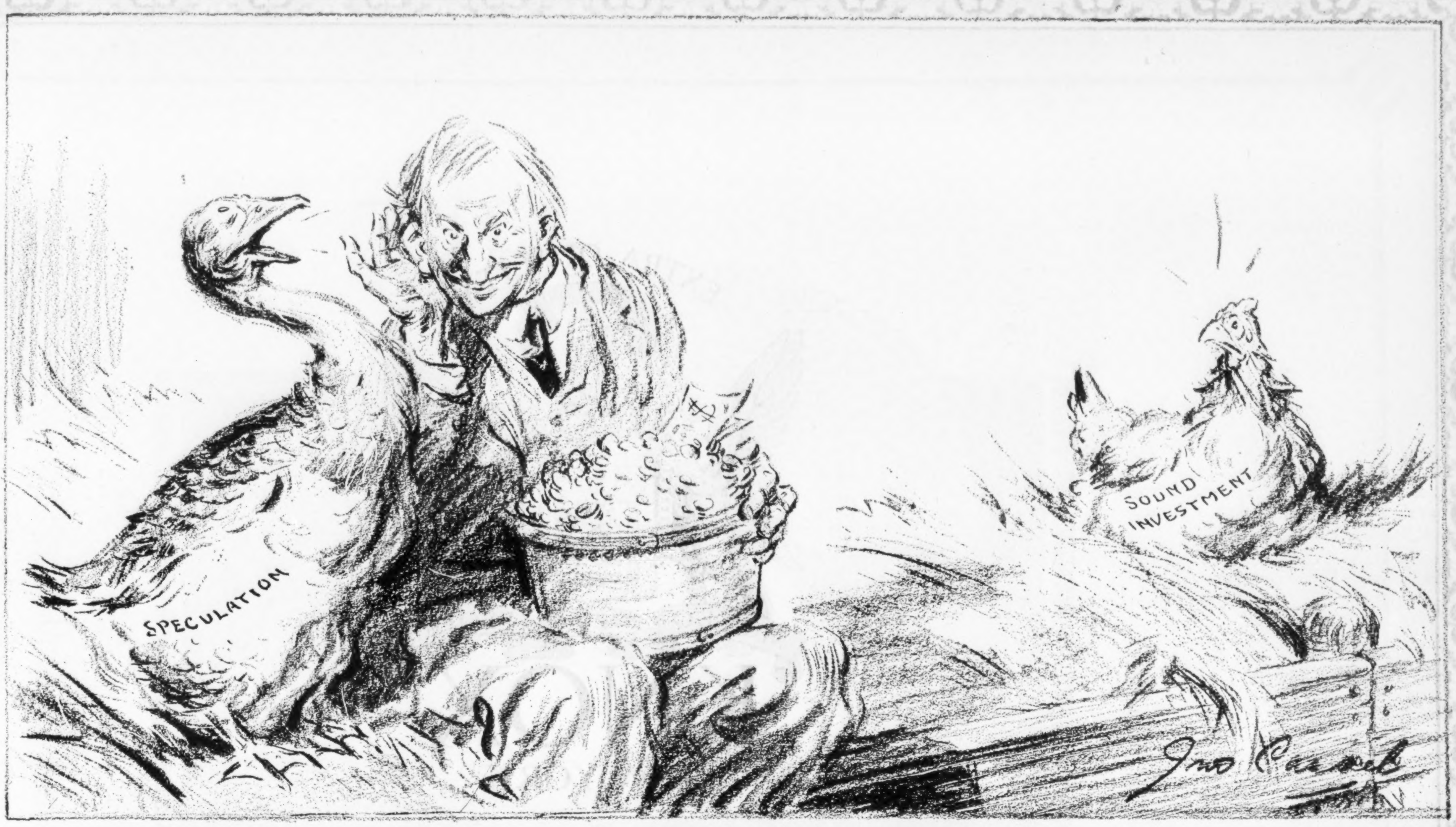
But consider Señor Gaono, Mexico's master bullfighter, who retired the other day at the age of thirty-six, with a million dollars to cheer his declining years. Of course Dempsey has more money than that, and Ruth might have if he were to restrain his gustatory enthusiasms. But the señor has an edge on our boys when it comes to dignity.

No crowd jostles his perfect form when he appears among mere mortals. No eager idolators rush to grasp his mighty hand. No, sir! The señor gracefully reclines in an open carriage, and nods benignly now and then. The respectful populace lines the streets, cheers and strews flowers and confetti in the way. The Cæsars out for an airing in Rome were not more splendid and regal.

Looking at the señor in our practical American way, we must say that in twenty-four years he has killed only 1,093 bulls. Any one of Mr. Armour's bright young men would sneer at that record. But perhaps we are not quite civilized enough to appreciate him.

Dig Out Your Own Beauty Clay

MUD from a Utah volcano, mixed on Fifth Avenue and packed in a Paris jar, is worth five dollars an ounce. If you pay, it is. But there's better earth for your looking around the roots of the shrubs in your own home lot. Dig there in pleasant weather and see where the flowers bloom. And when you get it done, if the pests are not too unkind, you'll have roses in both your face and your vase. Perhaps Venus did rise in all her beauty from blue depths of sea, but there's rather a fishy look to that tale. Likelier she came from the pleasant earth of a well-loved garden where innumerable flowers added their own magic to the power of sun and rain.



The Goose Promises Golden Eggs

WHERE ARE OUR MANNERS?

By Elisabeth Marbury

THERE is an old saying that "boys will be boys." I am inclined to think that "girls will be girls" all the world over. Periodically we lash ourselves with protesting indignation as we contemplate the young woman of to-day, insisting, as we waggle our heads, that she is falling from grace at top speed. And yet, if we are honest enough to remember our own youthful tendencies, we shall be amazed at how little radical difference there is. Superficial differences if you will, but the Eve of half a century ago was basically very much like the Eve of to-day.

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In the early years of the nineteenth century the fashionable heroine encouraged hysterics, gasping fears and facile swoonings, just as she wore flounces and frills, because her admirers looked for these outward indications of femininity. Yet none of these manifestations were really taken seriously, nor were they any evidence of sincere womanhood.

To-day it is no longer the fashion for a girl to do any of these things, and possibly in her frank indifference to such nonsense she indicates no inconsiderable progress in integrity. Of course we must allow for the swinging of the pendulum, which never pauses midway until it stops when the clock runs down, yet whether it swings to the left or to the right little matters.

The trouble with many of us is that our eyes get so fixed upon one side or the other that we assume that our side is the only one. I sometimes think that parents and guardians do not use much common sense in dealing with the youngsters of to-day. They deplore their morals when, after all, it is merely a matter of manners.

Take, for instance, the question of cigarette smoking. It is no more sinful for a girl to smoke than it is for a boy, yet it is infinitely more unlovely. Why? Because tobacco stains and tobacco smells; and a girl's mouth and teeth and breath and finger tips are more attractive when she does not smoke than when she does.

The other day in a fashionable club I chanced to run into a bevy of débutantes who were having a luncheon, and as these young misses were circulating from the dressing-room to the dining-room there was hardly one of them without a cigarette in her mouth. How unattractive they looked, for the cigarettes became the accent of their appearance, and as they passed it did not in the very least suggest "the passing of exquisite music!" Frankly, I believe that there isn't a normal boy, if he dared to tell the truth, who wouldn't prefer to have the girl of his heart "cut smoking."

Now most certainly there is a standard of speech, of grace and of breeding which has not wholly been lost to the human race. It has been absorbed and if allowed expression would again find utterance. What we seem to need just now is schools to revive it, dead language though it may have become to many of our youth.

The girls these days do not walk; they lope. They do not sit; they wriggle. They do not talk; they chatter. The lack of conversation is not because cultivation is obsolete, but the word "highbrow" has become a term of reproach. To be tough and mannerless is up to date. As for the primary laws of common courtesy, what of them?

Last summer I noticed young men lolling in automobiles, too indolent and too indifferent even to open the doors of the cars so that their girl companions might get out. I watched them sit while the young women stood. No, I insist that what we need most is to restore manners in the community. The undesirable morals are to a great extent the result of the very bad manners.

The girls and boys of to-day have not been taught polite behavior. The parents and the schools are chiefly to blame for this. Guardians have been following the line of least resistance. It is ever so much easier to ignore faults than to correct them.

I remember a mother once whose boys were ten and twelve years of age. They were both inclined to scrape their feet and to slop along when they walked, but never were these defects glossed over. The result was that when these boys grew up they were noted for their distinguished carriage, thanks to their mother's training.

What young people to-day suggest even incipient distinction? I ask you. They "hike" through the drawing-rooms, and they do not seem to have the slightest idea of what values still lurk in the virtues of charm and deportment.

I believe myself that, if these poor neglected children were once made to understand what they are missing, a real revival of good manners and of agreeable conduct would speedily follow.

I wish that classes in common sense could be opened in every school throughout the country, because I believe that these would go far to drive out common manners.

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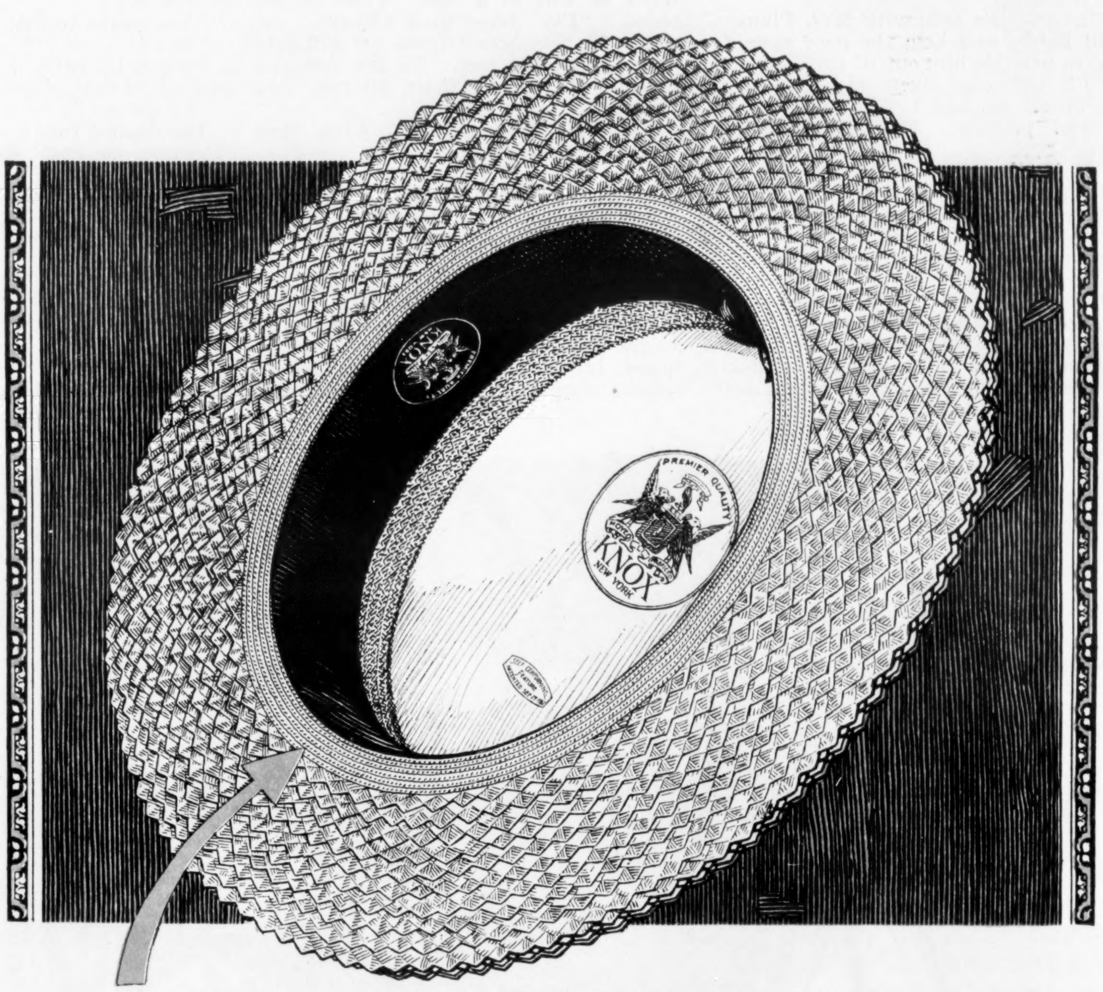
The distinguishing feature of the KNOX "*Comfit*"★ straw hat is the extra rows of flexible braid next the crown —not to mention *the* KNOX *label*

★ *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Knox "Comfit" Straw Hats have the unique feature of conforming to the exact shape of every head. Always correct, always smart, with the authenticity of Style borne out by the Knox label.*



These extra rows of finest flexible straw braid make the brim soft where it touches your head.

KNOX HATS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Agents in all principal cities: In leading stores throughout the country, wherever the Knox coat-of-arms is displayed, you are assured of style, unusual wearing quality, and courteous attention.

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452 FIFTH AVENUE
(at 40th Street)

161 BROADWAY
(Singer Building)

ROOSEVELT HOTEL
(Madison at 45th)

SAN FRANCISCO, 51 Grant Avenue

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 19

said: *"Error in telegram not aunt uncle sorry Roothing."*

Now, what was one to make of *that?*

Presently the child from the post office was back again. *"Uncle catching cold fire hot water bottles whisky."*

The next sensational telegram announced a delay. *"Tire trouble not so soon later Roothing."*

Then came: *"Sixish almost certain good fire please Roothing."*

"It's very good of him," said Mrs. Plumer, "to keep me informed like this. But I hope the old gentleman won't be fussy."

The fire in the downstairs sitting-room was burning brightly at six, there was a kettle on the hob, there was not only tea things but whisky, sugar, glasses and a lemon on the table and a hot-water bottle in both the beds upstairs when the fugitives arrived. Mrs. Plumer's first feelings at the sight of Sargon were feelings of disappointment. She had allowed her mind to run away with the idea of a warm, comfortable uncle, with at most a whisky-drinking cold—an uncle who would be, if not absolutely golden, at least gilt-edged. She had, if anything, exaggerated her memories of Mr. Roothing's geniality.

As Sargon came into the light of the living-room Mrs. Plumer's disillusionment deepened. She had rarely seen so strange and weatherbeaten an outcast. His blue eyes stared pitifully out of a pale face; his hair, beneath an unsuitable black felt hat, was greatly disordered. He was clad chiefly in an excessive pair of trousers which he clutched nervously to keep up.

WHEN Bobby saw the swift play of Mrs. Plumer's expression he realized that their foothold in this pleasant, restful, firelit apartment was precarious. Happily a reserve lie he had thought of but not hitherto used came aptly to his mind:

"Isn't it a shame! They went off with his clothes. Even his socks."

"They seem to have," said Mrs. Plumer, "whoever they were."

"Pure hold-up. This side of Ashford. My big bag too."

"And where did the gentleman get the clothes he's wearing?" she asked. Her tone was unpleasantly skeptical.

"They exchanged. I'd gone back along the road to see if I could see anything of the tire pump I'd dropped, never thinking anything of the sort was possible on an English highroad. (Come and sit by the fire, Uncle.) And when I came back they'd gone and there he was—as you see him. Imagine my astonishment!"

"And you never sent a telegram about it!" said Mrs. Plumer.

"Too near home. I'd have got here first anyhow. Well, we've had adventures enough to-day, anyhow. I've never known such a journey. Thank Heaven, we've had our tea. I think the best place for Uncle is bed—until we can arrange some clothes for him. What do you think, Mrs. Plumer?"

"After he's had a good wash," said Mrs. Plumer. She was still doubtful, but a sort of kindliness was struggling to the surface. "Weren't you afraid when they jumped out on you, sir?" she asked Sargon directly. His blue eyes sought Bobby's for instructions.

"It was a great shock to him," said Bobby; "a great shock. He's hardly got over it yet."

"Hardly got over it yet," said Sargon in confirmation.

"Took all your clothes off, they did. It's shameful," said Mrs. Plumer. "And you with a cold coming on."

"We'll get him to bed. Of course if you've got anything for us to eat we might have it first here. Perhaps just a bit of toasted cheese or Welsh rarebit or something of that sort and a good hot grog. Eh, Uncle?"

"Don't want much to eat," said Sargon. "No."

"I haven't forgotten that Welsh rarebit you made for me, Mrs. Plumer, after I got caught in the rain on the way from Hythe."

"Well, I daresay I could get you a Welsh rarebit," said Mrs. Plumer, softening visibly.

"Famous," said Bobby. "Make a new man of him. And meanwhile I'll run the old bike round to the shed. If I may put it in the shed? You'll be all right here, Uncle?"

"It's safe?"

"Everyone's safe with Mrs. Plumer," said Bobby and held the door open for her to precede him out of the room.

"I'll tell you about him to-morrow morning," he said to her confidentially in the passage. "He's a wonderful man."

"He's all right?" asked Mrs. Plumer.

"Right as can be."

"He looks that distraught!"

"He's a poet," said Bobby, "besides playing on the violin," and so satisfied her completely.

But he did not feel that he had brought the wonderful day to a completely successful end until he had got Sargon washed and brushed and tucked up cozily in Mrs. Plumer's bright little best bedroom. "Now we're anchored," he said. He went into his own room and sat down for a time to invent things about his uncle in case Mrs. Plumer was desirous of more explicit information when he went downstairs. He decided to say "He's eccentric," in an impressive, elucidatory way. "And very shy." The chief difficulty he encountered was her conviction that the police ought to be told of the highway robbery this side of Ashford at once.

"H'm," said Bobby, and for a moment he was at a loss. Then he decided. "I've done that already," he said. "I telephoned from an Automobile Association box. To the Ashford police. It will be their district, you know."

She took it beautifully. After that everything was easy.

THE next morning found Sargon developing an evil cold in his throat and chest. His chest was painful, and he was feverish, red-cheeked, bright-eyed and short of breath. Bobby did not care to consult a doctor about him. He believed that all doctors formed a league for the reincarceration of escaped lunatics. He imagined secret notices about escapes being circulated throughout the profession. He motored to Hythe and got ammoniated quinine, several sorts of voice jujubes, two iodine preparations for the chest, and suchlike trifles that the chemist recommended.

When he returned about midday the patient looked better and seemed in less pain. He was able and disposed to talk after Bobby had administered quinine and rubbed his chest and made a generally curative fuss.

"The pillow all right?" said Bobby.

"Perfect."

"You ought to doze for a bit now."

"Yes."

Sargon thought. "I shall not have to go back to that place again?"

"I hope not."

The flushed face became very earnest. "Promise me not. Promise me not. I couldn't endure it."

"No need to be anxious," said Bobby. "Here you are quite safe."

"And there will be no need to get into that side car again?"

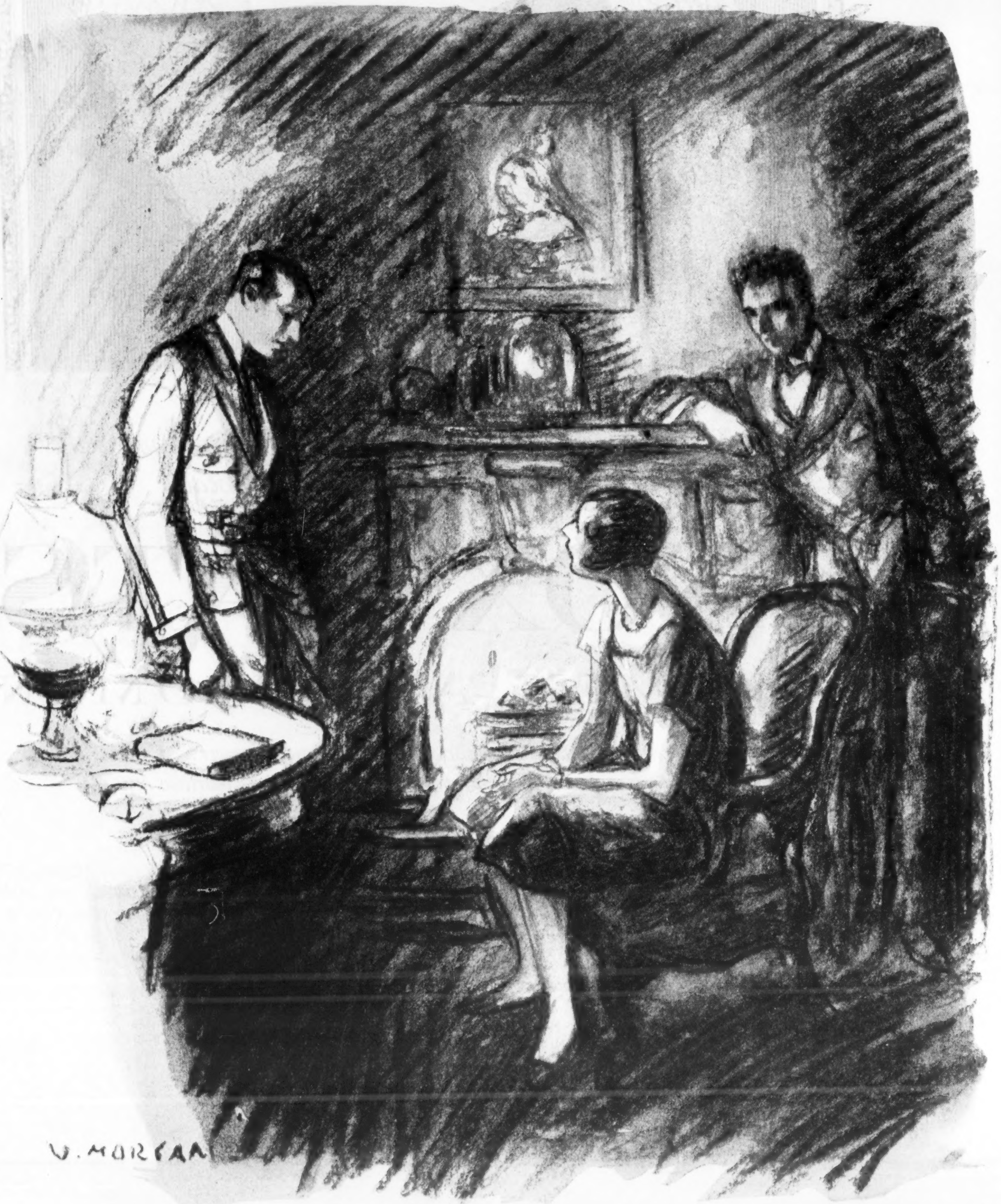
"None."

"Never?"

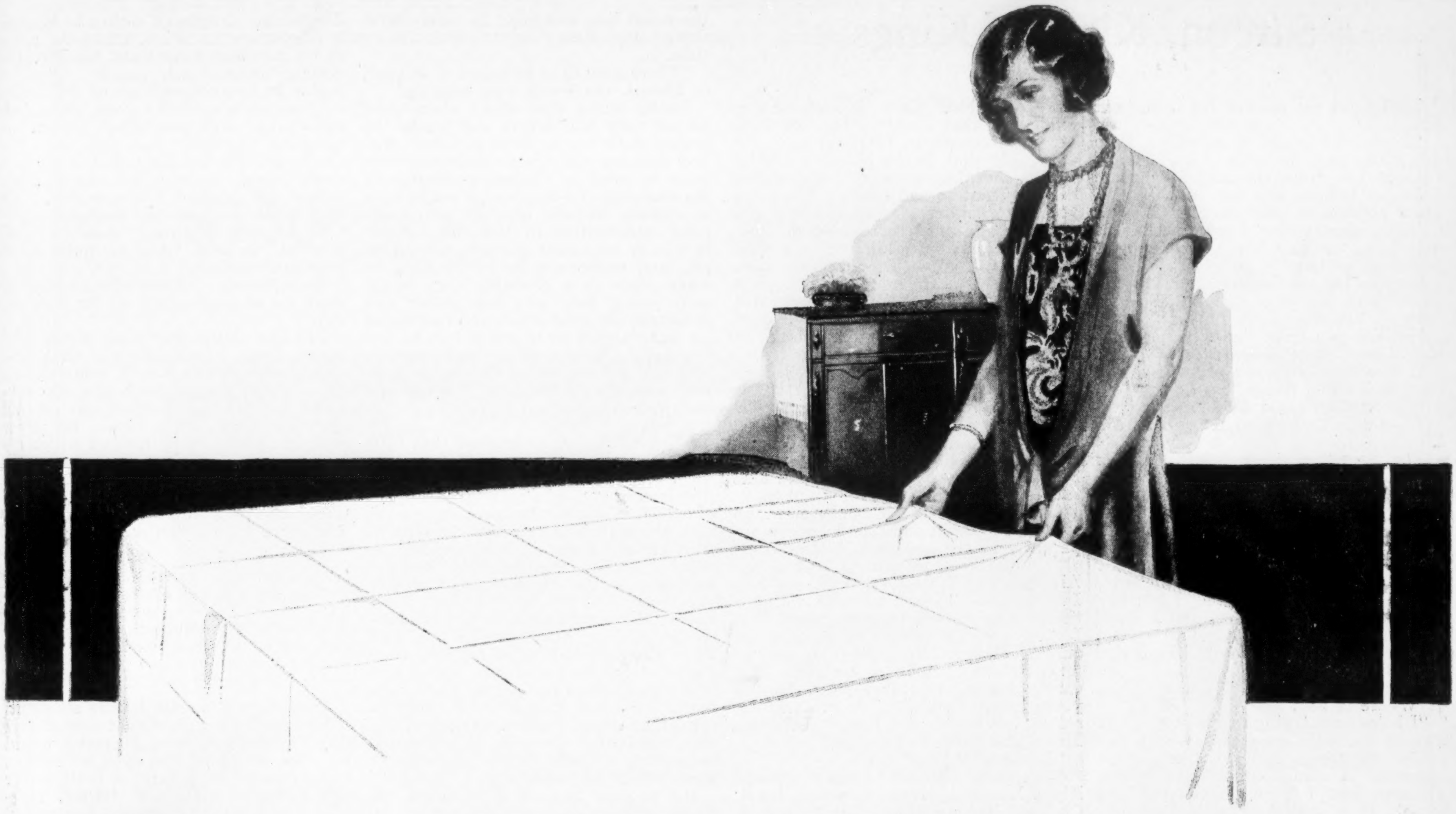
"No."

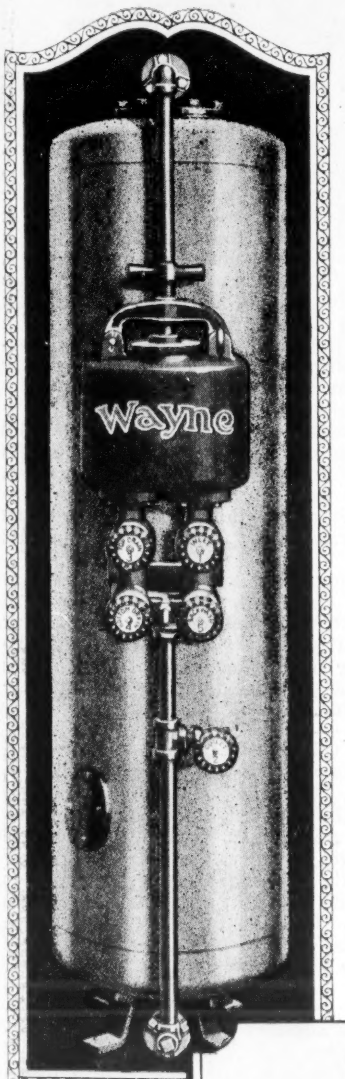
"It bumped—horribly. . . . Where is Christina Alberta?"

(Continued on page 30)



Bobby, with an instinct given to young people, perceived that he interested Christina Alberta





To Keep Linens Snowy White—Use Wayne-Soft Water

If your linens come out gray, instead of white, and if they wear out much too quickly, don't blame the soap or the laundress, for the damage is really caused by hard water.

Hard water contains lime and magnesia.

These destructive elements combine with soap to form a curd which settles in linens, and besides turning them a drab gray also destroys the fabric.

These elements waste soap and washing supplies. They clog up plumbing and water heater pipes.

Hard water is unpleasant for bathing and shampooing, and it is not so suitable for drinking and for cooking.

In cooking, the lime and magnesia toughen meats and vegetables, and destroy the flavor of tea and coffee.

The way to free yourself, once and for all, from the nuisance and damage of hard water, is to install a Wayne Water Softener.

The Wayne Softener contains a bed of Wayne mineral, which by a natural process takes out the lime and magnesia as the water flows through it under regular city pressure, and so turns hard water into Wayne-soft Water, which is softer and cleaner than cistern water. No chemicals are added to the water.

Wayne-soft Water is ideal for washing, bathing and shampooing.

The Wayne Water Softener is built and guaranteed by the largest manufacturer in the world building water softeners. Thousands of Wayne Softeners have been in successful use for years.

The Wayne Water Softener is recognized today as an essential of the modern home. It is built in four sizes and priced low enough for even the most modest homes. For those who desire it, a convenient payment plan is available.

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Water Softeners

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 28

Bobby did not answer for a moment or so.

"Perhaps I ought to explain. I do not know who Christina Alberta is. I rescued you from the asylum because I do not believe you are mad. But I know nothing of your family. I know nothing about your circumstances at all. I just couldn't bear the thought of you in an asylum."

Sargon lay in silence for a little while with his blue eyes on Bobby's face. "You were sorry for me?"

"I liked you from the very first moment I saw you in Midgard Street."

"*Liked* me? But you believed I was Sargon, King of Kings?"

"Practically," said Bobby.

"You didn't. Neither, I suppose, did I."

The vague blue eyes left Bobby's face and stared out of the window at the sky. "I have been very much confused in my mind," said Sargon. "Even now I am not clear. But I realize I am confused. Christina Alberta is my daughter. The Princess Royal I called her. In Sumeria. She is a very dear, bold girl. She is all I have. I left her and came away from her, and I must have distressed her greatly."

"Then she may not know where you have been?"

"She may be looking for me."

"Where is she?"

"I have been trying to remember. It was in a studio somewhere—with peculiar pictures. I never liked those pictures. A studio in a Mew. It had a name, but I cannot remember its name. It is stupid of me. Probably Christina Alberta is there with her friends—still wondering what has become of me."

"At the—at the *Place*, they told me your name was Preemby."

"Albert Edward Preemby. . . . I wonder."

HE LAY reflecting for a time. "I remember that for a long time I thought I was Albert Edward Preemby, a small creature, a little man living a mean life in a laundry. A laundry with large blue vans. The swastika. You cannot imagine what a small, insignificant life it was that this Preemby led. And then suddenly I thought I could not possibly be Preemby and also an immortal soul. Either there was no Preemby, I thought, or there was no God. There could not possibly be both. It perplexed and worried me very much. Because there I was—Preemby. I am not good at thinking—all my thinking goes off into a kind of dreaming. And then when there came evidence that seemed satisfactory—perhaps I jumped at what I was told. But Sargon must have been a great king, a very great king, and I am small and weak and not very intelligent. When the keepers and attendants bullied me and ill-treated me I did not behave as a great king should have behaved, and when I saw them doing evil things to other—other patients, I did not interfere. Yet all the time I think I am something different from the Albert Edward Preemby I used to be, something more and something better. But it leaves me confused to think who I am, and I am very tired. Perhaps when I have rested a day or two I may be better able to think about these things."

The faded voice died away. The blue eyes remained staring tranquilly at the sky.

Bobby said nothing for a little while. Then he remarked, "I have seen men ill-treated."

And then: "And I am not so slight as you are."

He said no more. It did not seem as though Sargon had heard him. Bobby stood up.

"You must rest. You are perfectly safe here. If we can remain unnoted here for two weeks, then it will be impossible ever to send you back to that place again. Are you comfortable?"

"It is a beautiful bed," said Sargon.

But beautiful though the bed was it was not sufficient to arrest the trouble in Sargon's aching chest. He seemed very exhausted that evening. In the night he began coughing; he coughed so distressingly that Bobby went in to him. In the morning he was spiritless and did not want to eat. Bobby sat in the room downstairs working at the pile of Aunt Suzannah correspondence that Billy had sent on to him. He was half minded to appeal to Tessy to come down and help with the nursing, but there was no bedroom available for her. Mrs. Plumer pressed for a doctor, and he put her off. Finally, on her own responsibility, she brought in a young man who was just starting a practice in the place. Bobby had a terrifying interview, but the young doctor betrayed no suspicions. On the whole, he was reassuring. There was congestion of the lungs, but nothing worse. Sargon must keep very warm and take this and that. No need for a nurse.

Late in the evening Bobby went up to say good night and found Sargon apparently better and more talkative.

"I have been thinking of Christina Alberta, and I should like to see her. I would like to see her and tell her things I have been thinking about her. I have been thinking out all sorts of curious things. Perhaps I am not so much to her as she may think. But chiefly I want to talk to her about a young man I dislike. What was he called? When I was last at Lonsdale Mews, she danced with him."

"Lonsdale Mews!"

"Yes, yes, of course. I had forgotten. Eight Lonsdale Mews, Lonsdale Road, Chelsea. But my mind is very confused, and I do not know what I should say to her even if she came."

Bobby wrote down the address forthwith.

"And this Christina Alberta is all you have?" he asked.

"All I have.

"Twenty. Quite a child, really. I ought never to have left her. But there seemed to be a wonder— As though the world was opening. It made everything else seem very trivial for a time. . . ."

"*There seemed to be a sort of wonder, as though the world was opening.*"

Bobby wrote that down also. And he sat very late before the fire in the ground-floor room, thinking that over and thinking over the message he would have to send to Christina Alberta in the morning. To-morrow he would have to explain himself and his extraordinary intervention in Preemby affairs. It was by no means plain to himself as yet, and to-morrow he would have to make plain to a probably very indignant young lady why her father had so caught his sympathies and fascinated his imagination as to tempt him to this escapade. He found himself thrown back on self-analysis. He found himself scrutinizing his own motives and his own scheme of existence.

HE KNEW and understood that feeling, "as though the world was opening," so well. Still better did he know that feeling of dead emptiness in life out of which it arose. In his own case he had thought this habitual discontent with the daily round, this urgency toward something strange and grandiose, was due to the dislocation of all his expectations of life by the Great War; that it was a subjective aspect of nervous instability; but in the case of this little laundryman it could not have been the war that had sent him out, a sort of emigrant from himself, to find a fantastic universal kingdom. It must be something more fundamental than the war accident. It must be a normal disposition in men toward detachment from safety and comfort.

He glanced toward the pile of his Aunt Suzannah correspondence on the table and the next sheet of "copy" for "Wilkin's Weekly" he had distilled therefrom. He rose from his armchair and went back to his work with his wisdom refreshed. He wrote: "So soon as man's elementary needs are satisfied and he is sure of food, clothing and shelter, he comes under the sway of a greater imperative; he goes out to look for trouble. So that I would not discourage 'Croydon's' desire to become a missionary in West Africa in spite of his religious doubts and his peculiar feeling about black people. Such a region as Sherborough Island will probably supply him with a good, sustained, sustaining, and ennobling system of troubles. A white man who has once challenged the hostility of a West African secret society will have little leisure for morbid introspection. He will hardly have a dull moment. . . ."

He stopped writing. "Reads a little ironical," he said. "And not quite Aunt Suzannah enough."

He reflected. "My mind scampers off from me at times. Not in the vein today."

The one thing they must never feel about Aunt Suzannah was that she could be ironical. No! it wouldn't do. He ran his pen through the six sentences he had just written and pushed the sheet away from him. He drew another sheet toward him on which he had been composing, with great difficulty, a telegram to be sent next morning to "Preemby, 8 Lonsdale Mews, Chelsea." He read over various drafts. The current form ran as follows:

Your father safe but with severe chest cold care of Roothing Maresett Cottage Dymchurch desires see you discretion very necessary return confinement fatal results best station Hythe and cab could meet you Hythe if wire in time but do not know you personally am tallish slender dark Roothing.

Properly considered, it was all right.

He tried to imagine what sort of girl this Christina Alberta Preemby would be. She would be blue-eyed, of course, and probably very fair; a little taller and rounder than her father, soft-voiced and rather dreamy. She would be timid and affectionate, very kind and gentle and a little incompetent. Perhaps it would be well to meet her at Hythe so soon as he knew which train she was coming by. The cab business might be a strain on her. He would have to tell her what to do. To a considerable extent now he had made himself responsible for the fortunes of both these people. And he liked to think that. He liked to think that perhaps these might become his own people, more of his own people than the Malmesburys. Because, to be frank about it with himself, he was a little bit of an interpolation in the Malmesbury household. They liked him; they were perfect dears to him; but they could do without him. Even that little devil Susan managed without him; she liked him and tyrannized over him, but he knew he wasn't indispensable to her. Here at last might be two people who couldn't do without him, who might to an extraordinary extent become his people.

Of course he would have to put on a little more appearance of strength and determination than was actually his quality. He owed it to them to keep up their confidence in him so that he might be able to direct them in their difficulties.

HE WOULD say to her—what would he say to her? "I have been hasty, I know, but I know something of the strain that is put upon the sane patient in an asylum. I thought that the first thing to do was to get your father out of it. It didn't occur to me that for a time he might have forgotten your address. Perhaps I ought to have come to you before I acted. But, then, how was I to know there *was* a you? Until he told me of your existence. In so many cases in these asylums the relatives are hostile to release. It is dreadful to admit it, but it is so."

Then, rather humorously and quite modestly, he would describe the escape. He was already forgetting the uncertainties of the visiting-day conversation and the numerous accidental factors in the meeting by the culvert. But all history has this knack of eliminating unnecessary detail.

So he would make his statement. It did not occur to him that Christina Alberta might be the sort of person who interrupts speeches with elucidatory questions.

(Continued on page 32)

CASCI CAN RESTORE IT

DAY in and day out for more than ten years Paul Casci of Philadelphia has been following one of the strangest professions imaginable! He is a repairer and restorer of antiquities.

The relics of ancient peoples which we see displayed in our great museums have not been brought to their present condition without a great deal of labor and painstaking craftsmanship. Take, for example, an amphora or vase dug from the ruins of a Grecian city. Nine chances out of ten, the once beautiful piece of art has been reduced to a pile of fragments which are gathered up in a bag and handed to the repairman with the injunction: "Make a vase out of these."

What a sight it is to see Casci working over a piece of pottery with the hundreds of broken bits spread out about him in a wide circle upon the floor! Gradually he matches the pieces, fastening them together and supplying the missing parts with plaster of Paris.

Casci, however, does not confine himself to any one line of work. Everything in need of repairing received by the University of Pennsylvania Museum passes beneath his hands.

He is particularly proud of his success with the sun-dried tablets of the Babylonians; and he has developed a method of so exactly reproducing these pieces of clay, inscribed with the cuneiform inscriptions of forgotten kings, that Nebuchadnezzar himself could not tell the difference.

Needless to say, Casci has been trained as a sculptor and painter. While still a very young man he left his native Italy and came to America. Here he found it quite difficult to make a living by the only way he knew. His money was almost gone when a Philadelphia store offered him a job repairing objects of art. He accepted and did his work so well that the Pennsylvania Museum officials asked him to accept a position with them.

J. Leroy Miller.

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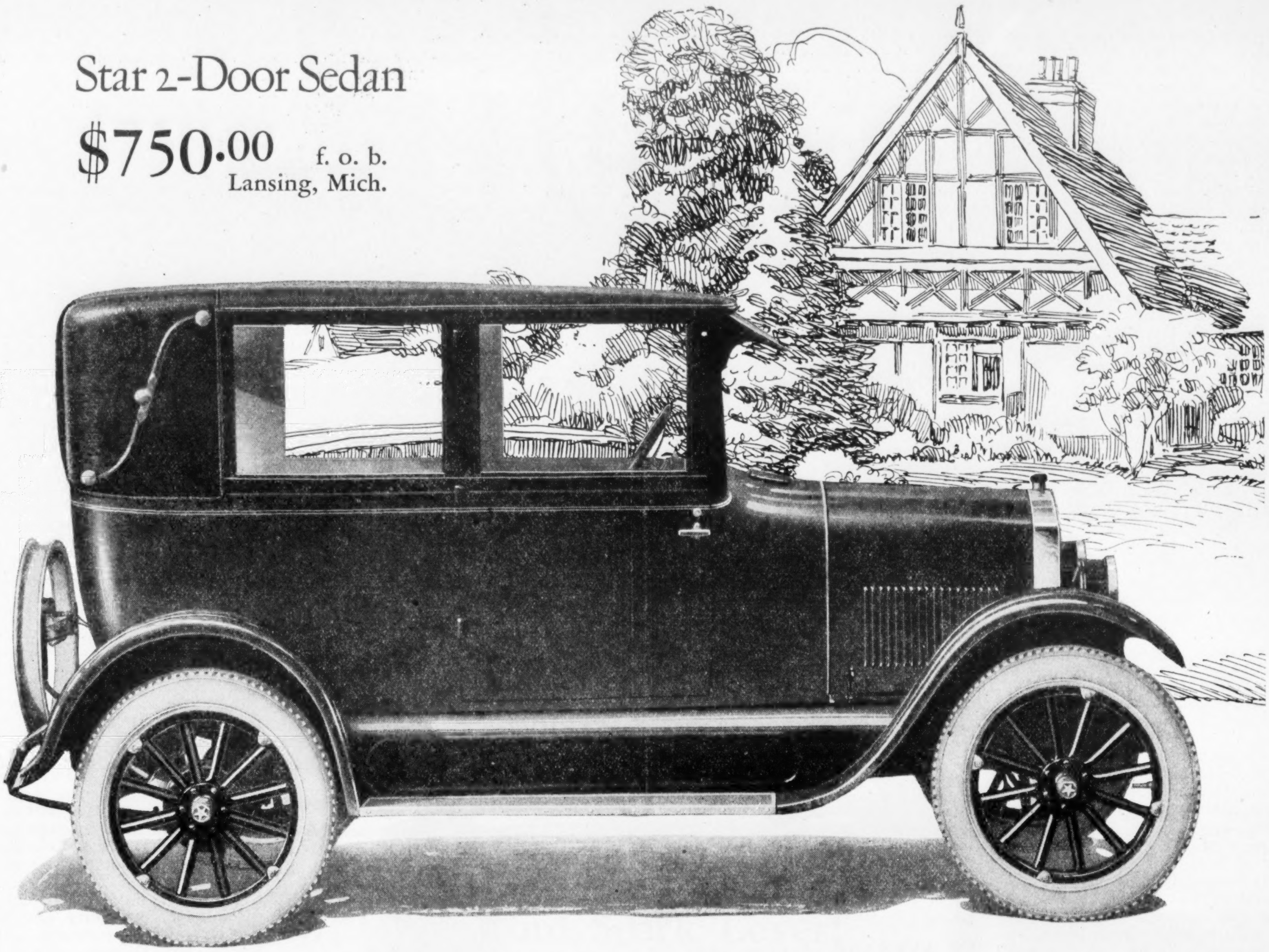

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 30

He lit a cigarette, strolled about the room, and came to rest standing before the fire and looking down on the glowing coals. He was sure now that Christina Alberta was blue-eyed, fragile, shy—with a deep, sweet vein of humorous fantasy hidden away in her. Very probably she concealed a gift for writing. It would be for him perhaps to discover that and cultivate it and bring it out. Together they would protect Sargon, already more than half recovered from the intoxication of his dream. They would have to soften the humiliations of his complete awakening. How fortunate, and as it were providential, it was that he had been impelled to rescue the little man—for otherwise he would never have met Christina Alberta, never won her timid wealth of love! . . .

"*Eh!*

"But this is all damned nonsense!" said Bobby violently and threw his cigarette into the fire. "This is just fancy! I haven't even *seen* the girl!"

He lit his candle, put out Mrs. Plumer's oil lamp with all the devices and precautions proper to these dangerous survivals of the dark ages, and went up to bed. He stopped and listened outside Sargon's door. The patient was asleep and breathing rather noisily—ever and again choking with a little cough.

"I wish the weather had kept warmer," said Bobby.

When he opened his own bedroom door, the flame of his candle writhed and flared horizontally, the curtains streamed into the room, and a sheet of paper flapped on the dressing table. He put down the candle and went to shut the window. The wind was rising and there was a little patter of raindrops on the pane. . . .

It was part of the general unsatisfactoriness of Bobby's make-up that he was acutely responsive to meteorological conditions. That late Indian summer was over now, and the heavens and the earth and the air between began to push, hustle, wet, chill, darken, distress and bully him. Jumbled gray clouds came hurrying across Dymchurch from Dungeness and the Atlantic, torn, angular, outstretched clouds with malicious expressions, like witches and warlocks, emitting fierce squirts of rain. Under their skirts came the waves in long, rolling regiments, threatening from afar, breaking into premature handfuls of foam, gathering force at last, towering up for a last culminating thud against the sea wall and spouting heavenward in fountains of sudsy water.

"Face it, man," said Bobby. "Face it. It's only Nature. Brace up to it. Think of this poor girl."

HE FORCED himself to do a morning's walk along the top of the sea wall, with his wet trousers flapping against his legs like flags against their staves.

"Glorious wind!" he told Sargon when he went in to see him. "But I wish there was a gleam of sun."

"Have you any news from Christina Alberta yet?" asked Sargon.

"There's hardly time yet for a reply to my wire. But she'll surely come," said Bobby and went downstairs to dry his legs at the fire.

About two a large, silent, luxurious-looking, hired Daimler car appeared outside and stopped at Mrs. Plumer's gate. A hatless bobbed head appeared at the window and exchanged remarks with the driver, who descended and opened the door. The car emitted a handsome and determined young woman of advanced appearance, hatless and short-skirted, and a lean, dark, prosperous-looking man of thirty-eight or forty in blue serge and a gray felt hat. The man opened the gate for the girl, and she surveyed the house as she advanced.

Bobby realized that Christina Alberta had not kept her promise to be blue-eyed and fragile. She had betrayed him. Yet for all her treachery he had built up a sense of personal relationship with her that gripped him still. He watched her approach with an excitement he found difficult to control. He wondered who the devil the dark man was. A cousin perhaps. She discovered Bobby watching her from the window, and their eyes met.

BOBBY, with an instinct that is given to young people for such occasions, perceived that he interested Christina Alberta extremely. He parleyed with her and Devizes in Mrs. Plumer's little downstairs room. He spoke chiefly to her. Devizes he treated as a secondary figure, a voice at her elbow. "He's got a nasty cold in his chest," he said. "He's been asking for Miss Preemby—"

"Christina Alberta," said Christina Alberta.

"Christina Alberta a lot. But it was only last night I could get the address out of him. He'd forgotten it before. We've been here over a day. He caught the cold coming here."

"How did you come here?" Devizes threw in.

"Motor bicycle," said Bobby. "But there was a lot of waiting about before we could get away, and it was a cold, raw morning, and he had just his nightgown and dressing-gown and slippers. So hard to foresee everything."

"But how did you come to be rescuing him?"

Bobby smiled at Devizes. "Somebody had to be rescuing him."

He turned to Christina Alberta again. "Couldn't bear the thought of his being under lock and key. He took a room, you see, in the place where I lodged, and there was something innocent and—delightful about him. I've a weakness, a sympathy perhaps, with absurdity. . . . You ought to go up to him and see him."

"Yes, we'd better look at him," said Devizes.

(Who the devil was this fellow?)

Bobby asserted himself. "Christina Alberta first, I think."

He took Christina Alberta up to her Daddy and closed the door on a warm embrace. "And now, Mr. de Vezes, or whatever you are," he said to himself on the staircase, "where do you come in?" He descended and found Devizes standing very irritatingly upon his hearthrug before his fire. As he stood there a remote resemblance to Christina Alberta was perceptible. Bobby had an incoherent recognition of the fact that in some obscure way Devizes was responsible for Christina Alberta's failure to produce blue eyes. He was a little slow in saying what he intended to say, and Devizes was able to take the initiative. "Forgive my blunt impertinence," he said, "but may I ask who you are?"

"I'm a writer," said Bobby, refraining from any glance at the accumulation of Aunt Suzannah material upon the side table.

"You've finished lunch?" asked Devizes in a disregarded parenthesis.

"May I ask the same question of you?" said Bobby, "and how it is you come to be connected with the Preembys?"

"I'm a blood relation," said Devizes, considering it. "On the mother's side. A sort of cousin. And I happen to be a nervous and mental specialist. That's why I've been brought in to-day."

"I see," said Bobby. "You've got no intention of—putting him back?"

"None at all. We're not antagonists, Mr.—"

"Roothing."

"We're on the same side. You did well to get him out. We were trying to do the same thing by less original methods. We're very grateful to you. The lunacy laws are rather a clumsy and indiscriminating machine. But, as you probably know, if he keeps clear of them for fourteen days, they'll have to begin with him all over again. He renews his sanity. We're allies in that. We've got to know each other better. Your intervention—most surprising—strikes me as being at once eccentric and courageous. I wish you'd tell me more about it, how you met him, how they got hold of him, and what set you thinking of an escape."

"H'm," said Bobby and came and asserted his right to half the hearthrug. He had thought of the way in which he could tell this story—to Christina Alberta—the original Christina Alberta with the blue eyes. He felt that that version needed considerable revision, indeed possibly even a complete rearrangement, for the present hearer. He was by no means sure he wanted to tell it to the present hearer. The man was a doctor and a mental specialist and a distant relation, and he was for keeping Sargon out of an asylum, and that was all to the good, but it still lingered in Bobby's mind that he was an interloper. Nevertheless he made way for Bobby quite civilly on the hearthrug, and his manner was attentive and respectful. Bobby embarked upon a description of Sargon's first appearance in Midgard Street.

Devizes showed himself alert and intelligent. He grasped the significance of Sargon's projected visit to the Dome of St. Paul's at once. "I've no doubt he did it," said Devizes. "Neither have I," said Bobby, "though I've not asked him about it yet." They pieced together the probable story of the calling of the disciples before Billy and Bobby had come upon the procession. "It's touching," said Devizes, "and immense." Bobby approved these words.

"You see how he got me," said Bobby.

A distinct flavor of friendliness for Devizes crept by imperceptible degrees into Bobby's mind. Difficulties that had seemed to threaten his explanations vanished; this man, he perceived, could understand anything a fellow did. Devizes made him feel that the extraction of Sargon from Cummerdown by a perfect stranger was the most simple and natural thing to do imaginable. Bobby warmed to his story; his sense of humor took heart of grace and he became frank and amusing about his difficulties on the visiting day. As he was telling of the foxy-faced deaf-mute, Christina Alberta came back again into the downstairs room.

"He takes me as a matter of course," she said. "He seems weak and drowsy and his chest is bad." She spoke more definitely to Devizes. "I think you ought to overhaul him."

"There is a doctor in attendance?" he asked Bobby.

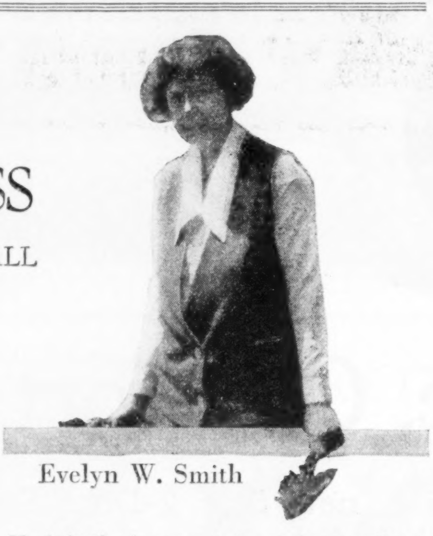
Bobby explained. Devizes considered. Was Sargon dozing? Yes. Then let him doze for a bit. Bobby, working a little more consciously now for effect, went on with his story. Christina Alberta regarded him with manifest approval.

BY TEA-TIME Bobby had adjusted his mind to the existence of Devizes and the unexpectedness of Christina Alberta. All that carried over from his state of expectation was the idea that his relations with Christina Alberta were to be very profound and intimate. He still believed that hidden away in her somewhere there must be a blue-eyed, yielding, really feminine person, but it was very deeply hidden. Meanwhile the superimposed disguise struck him as agreeably alert, humorous, and friendly. Devizes too he saw more and more as a strong, capable, understanding personality. He had

(*Continued on page 34*)

She Shinned Up Her Trees to SUCCESS

By EDWARD FITCH HALL



Evelyn W. Smith

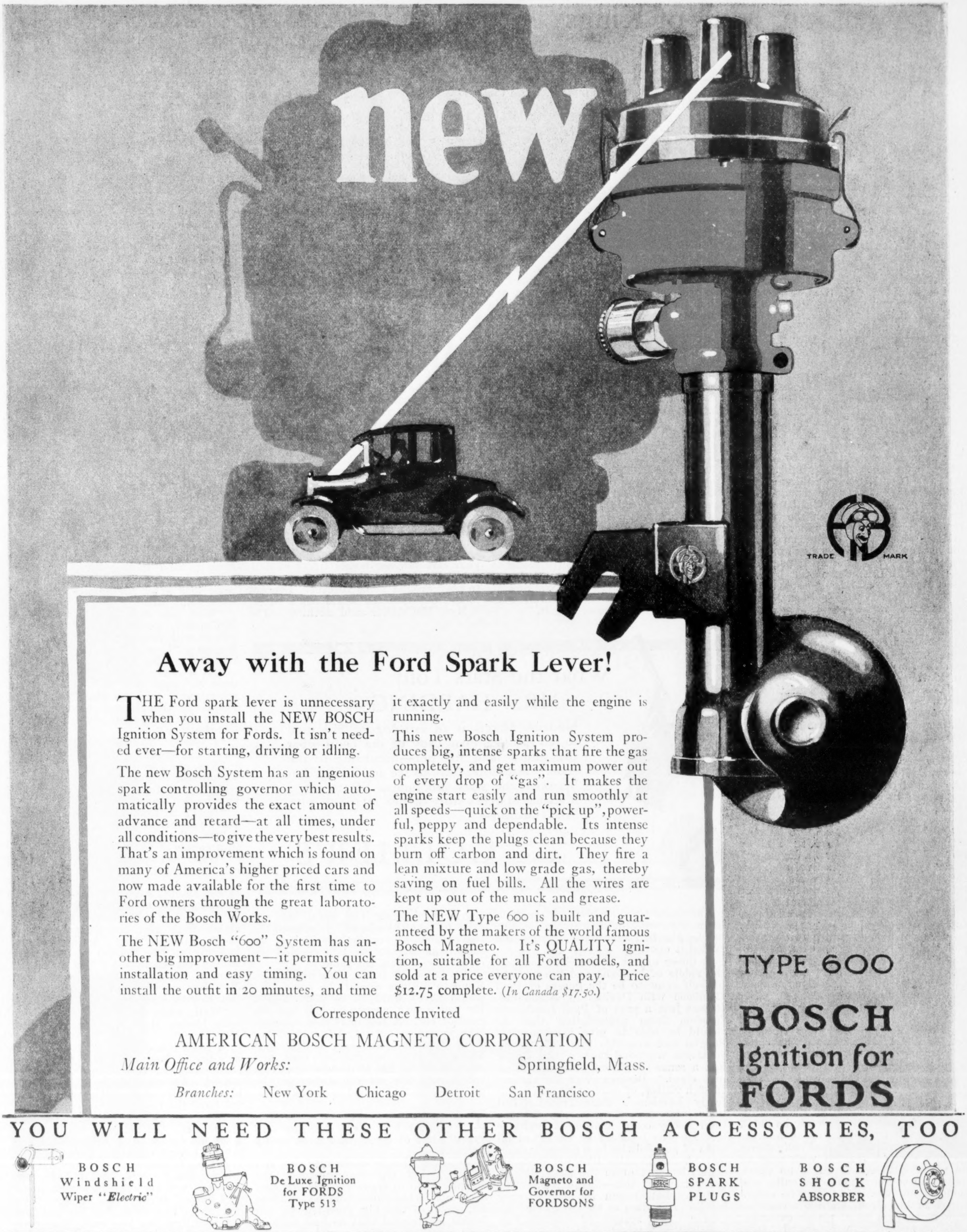
AN AVERAGE of three trees are born every minute under the supervision of Miss Evelyn W. Smith of Amawalk, N. Y. The largest big tree nursery in the country is at Amawalk, and Miss Smith is the owner and very active president of it. Her tree family, upward of half a million, occupies nearly six hundred acres.

Besides that, Miss Smith is one of the greatest tree experts in America, and the pilgrimage to Amawalk to consult her is made from all parts of the country by men who have tree problems to solve. She began sixteen years ago, with no business or special training of any kind. Her father, Major Orlando Smith, a famous pioneer in newspaper work and advertising, had just died, leaving Evelyn and her mother with several younger members of the family. He left the large estate at Amawalk, on which was a small tree nursery which had been his hobby; but he left no money to keep it up. The responsibility fell on Evelyn's young shoulders.

For ten years she kept up a schedule of manual labor in the fields all day, and office work until far into the night. Her hard struggle ended in prosperity.

To-day Miss Smith spends about one day a week running the New York office. Then she hurries out to Amawalk. She has a staff of experts working for her there; but, whatever their line, it is Miss Smith that they consult when they need advice. No matter who it is that strikes a snag—Andy, the old field foreman; Mr. Condon, the manager, or an executive head, or an automobile mechanic, Miss Smith is the court of last resort.

Hard at work transplanting a big fir tree



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BOSCH SHOCK ABSORBER

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 32

seen Devizes examining Sargon, and it was clever, confidence-provoking doctoring. Sargon's lungs, he said, were badly congested, especially on the left side; he was on the edge of pneumonia and without much vitality to fight it. He ought to be kept in a warmer, less drafty room with a night nurse available. Mrs. Plumer had no room for a nurse, and not an hour away by automobile was Paul Lambone's excessively comfortable week-end cottage at Udimore. A little masterly telephoning and telegraphing and the cottage was available, fires were alight in the best bedroom, a trained nurse was on her way to it, and it was all settled for Sargon, warmly wrapped up and fortified with hot-water bottles, to go thither. Bobby found himself a mere accessory in this new system of things; he was to follow next day to Udimore on his motor bicycle, for there would be room for all of them in Paul Lambone's cottage. Apparently Paul Lambone's conception of a simple cottage in the wilderness involved a housekeeper, several servants, and four or five visitors' rooms.

This fellow Devizes carried out all his arrangements with a smooth competence that gave Bobby no scope for self-assertion. Sargon and Christina Alberta and Devizes would depart at five and get to Udimore by six, by which time the nurse would be installed. Then Devizes would go back to London and get there in time to dress for a dinner he had to attend. On Saturday morning he would be busy in London, and then he would come back to Udimore and see if Sargon was recovered enough for the beginnings of his mental treatment. Perhaps the unknown Paul Lambone would be there too. He was a lazy person, Bobby gathered; he'd have to be brought down by Devizes. Bobby was to stay at Udimore for some days. He made modest protestations. "No, you're *in* it now," said Devizes cheerfully and glanced at Christina Alberta. "You're in for Sargon like the rest of us. Bring your work with you."

"Yes, do come," said Christina Alberta.

The only reason Bobby had for resisting the invitation was that it attracted him so much.

THIS "cottage" at Udimore, which struck Bobby as being a really very pretty and comfortable modern house, and these three people, Christina Alberta, Devizes, and Paul Lambone, who now grouped themselves round Sargon, exercised his mind in a quite extraordinary way. They struck him as being novel and definite to a degree he'd never met in anyone before, and even the house was fresh and decisive in its broad white grace, like no house that had ever before held his attention.

Paul Lambone was the first successful writer Bobby had ever met. Bobby knew various needy young writers, tadpole writers, insecure writers, but this was the first completely grown-up and established and massively adult writer he had ever known. The man struck Bobby as being stupendously secure and free and prosperous.

If this sort of thing could spring from the "Book of Everyday Wisdom" and Paul's amiable novels, what hitherto unsuspected possibilities of accumulation and ease and security and helpfulness might there not be in Aunt Susannah's kindly responsiveness?

It was curious to note how completely Paul Lambone arose out of the present-day world and how completely he didn't belong to it. He had all its advantages and so little of its standard obligations. He had escaped from it with most of its gifts. He had to go to no court, follow no seasons, make no calls, and perform no functions. Was he exceptional in his circumstances altogether or were there a lot of people escaping, as he was escaping, prosperously, from the old, decaying social system? A queer sort of new people who didn't belong?

Bobby sat on the terrace and looked over the back of his seat at this extremely new but very sightly and comfortable cottage of Lambone's, with this freshly arrived idea of a new sort of people getting loose in the world and living unrelated to the old order of things and shaping out new ways of living, very active in his mind. This house seemed to embody that idea; it was new and novel, but not a bit apologetic or rebellious. It was just breaking out like a new fashion. It was just arising like a new century. He had always assumed that revolutions came from below through the rage of the excluded and the disinherited. He had thought everyone took that for granted. But suppose revolutions were merely smashes-up that hadn't very much to do with real progress either way, and that the new age dawned anywhere in the social order where people could get free enough to work out new ideas.

New ideas!

Sargon was new, Paul Lambone was new, Devizes new; before the war there could not have been any such people. They had grown out of their own past selves; they were as different from pre-war people as nineteenth-century people had been different from eighteenth-century people. Newest of all was this Christina Alberta, who had effaced her blue-eyed predecessor. She was so direct and free in her thoughts and talk that she made Bobby feel that his own mind wore a bonnet and flounces. He had gone for two walks with her, once to Brede and once to Rye, and he liked her tremendously. Whether he was in love with her he didn't yet know. Falling in love with her for anyone was evidently going to be a quite unconventional, untested, and difficult series of exercises. Nothing at all like that unborn normal affair with the non-existent blue-eyed girl.

What the Stars Told
MRS. HARDING

Madame Marcia is an astrologer. She used to tell the late First Lady of the Land what the future held for her—according to the stars. You don't have to see any connection between the stars and human life to enjoy Madame Marcia's story of her relations with Mrs. Harding—

in next week's COLLIER'S

She seemed to like him, and particularly the way his hair grew on his head. She had mentioned it twice and ruffled it once.

A queer aspect of the situation was the riddle of how she and Sargon and himself came to be the guests of Paul Lambone with Devizes in attendance. It was just a part of Paul Lambone's freedom from prescription that he should be able to give sanctuary to Sargon and assemble this odd, unconventional week-end party. But Bobby had a sense of hidden links and missing clues. Devizes was a natural enough visitor, of course; he was manifestly Lambone's close friend. But their interest in Sargon was stronger than Bobby could imagine it ought to be. He was puzzled; he examined all sorts of possibilities in a gingerly fashion. Some impulse like his own, no doubt, but not quite the same, lay at the bottom of this—Sargonism.

Bobby had begun by feeling very hostile to Devizes as an unexpected intruder on a system of relationships sufficiently interesting without him. He was glad that he had to go to London for Friday, and not particularly pleased by his return on Saturday. Then he found his feelings changing to a curious respect, mingled with a defensive element that was almost fear.

Devizes was more aware of you than Lambone. He looked at you, his mind came at you. It had the habit of coming at people. He was more actively and aggressively interested in things than Lambone and more self-forgetful.

HE HAD come down for the week-end chiefly to deal with Sargon. He went up and had long talks with Sargon. He was "treating" Sargon. He didn't go up and talk to Sargon as man to man, as Bobby would have done. He went up to a sort of mental jujutsu with Sargon to exercise him and push him about into new attitudes. Devizes was formidable enough in himself, but far more formidable as a portent. He had all the appearance of being a precursor, the most vigorous precursor—they were all precursors!—of a new type of human relationships, relationships without delicate reservations, without rich accumulations of feeling behind emotions avoided and things unsaid. So it seemed to Bobby, who didn't for a moment suspect how much these people were avoiding and suppressing. Christina Alberta's thoughts and speech seemed to him to be moving about without a stitch on, like the people in some horrible Utopia by Wells. He compared the vast impalpable network of "understanding" he and Tessy had woven between each other.

"New People." Did that apply to Sargon? That was Sargon's room; the two long windows between the buttresses. Was Sargon also an escape from the established order of relationships into novel things? What was the real significance of the absurd little man with his preposterous map of the world and his still more preposterous planisphere, who wanted to be Lord of the Earth?

(*To be continued next week*)

Mrs. McCumber

Continued from page 23

again?" she asked. "The first of June?"

"Yes, the first of June school's out. But I've been thinking about going up in the mountains for the summer. Charlie wants me to go with him and be a director at one of these boys' summer camps. There's not much money in it, but it's good experience, and the fellows say it's a lot of sport."

"Oh, Kenneth, then you wouldn't be home at all."

"Why, I'd be home for a few days before I went, and there'll be a short vacation in the fall."

"Yes, but that's so little, and this is your last summer home."

"Well, Mother, you can't expect me to play around home forever. I've got to get out into the world some time."

Mrs. McCumber said nothing. The tears were filling her eyes, but she tried to keep them back. It seemed the tears came so readily nowadays. To hide them she got up and carried the things away from the table.

She knew the truth, plain and bitter. Kenneth did not want to be home. He would never want to be home again. He had grown away; he had lost his need of her. A few days this summer, then next year out into life, out of her help. Her boy, who once had clasped his little arms around her neck and whimpered for her to protect him from the dark! She set the dishes on the pantry table and wiped her eyes.

THE next year came graduation. Mrs. McCumber had never seen the university, but of course she must go up for that.

So in her shabby made-over suit and her new hat she tramped over the campus, went to organ recitals and concerts and ceremonies, thrilled at them all, proud of this big, good-looking son beside her, proud that he had made a good record in college, proud when she heard him praised, forgetting that for six years she had bent her back and worn her fingers that he might have these things.

And then it was all over.

After a week at home Kenneth set out for a newspaper in Pittsburgh. Mrs. McCumber gave up her work and settled back to enjoy life. But it was almost too late now. There was nothing for her to do; there was no one for whom she could work. Her days became long empty stretches of time that she did not know how to fill.

When she wanted companionship she talked over the back fence with Mrs. Bersen. Mrs. Bersen's children had left her too, but they still lived in the city, and they were always running in and having happy reunions, asking her for advice, or having her come look after the kiddies when they were going out.

"Well, you done a good work, Mrs. McCumber, puttin' Kenneth through college with your own hands," said Mrs. Bersen. "I only hope he appreciates what his mother's done for him."

"I'd 'a' never been satisfied if I hadn't done it," said Mrs. McCumber. "But sometimes I wish he was nearer home. Seems as though he's been in Pittsburgh for ten years, and it's only six months now."

"I know. You do get lonesome to have 'em around when they're gone."

"Yes, and I get lonesome to have him to do for. Here I've always been watchin' out for him and plannin', and now he don't need me no more."

"How's he comin' on with his work? Have you heard from him lately?"

"Oh, all right, I guess. I ain't heard in a couple o' weeks now."

"Well, he's probably pretty busy," comforted Mrs. Bersen.

THE months sped by; then a year. It was a fresh blue day of early spring. A strong cool wind bellied huge white clouds high over the little houses of Court Street. Mrs. McCumber was hanging up her Monday wash to blow out in the clean air. She paused a moment beside the fence to speak to Mrs. Bersen, who was hanging up her last row of stockings.

"Well, what d'you hear from Kenneth lately, Mrs. McCumber?" asked Mrs. Bersen.

"I ain't heard much lately. I guess he's pretty busy since he's taken over that paper in Harrisburg. It's been almost a month since I've heard from him now. He said he was workin' awful hard the last time he wrote."

"Well, you can't complain much, Mrs. McCumber. 'Tain't every mother's got a son his age owns a whole newspaper."

"Oh, I don't complain. It's just that I get so lonesome sometimes just for to see him." Mrs. McCumber's lips quivered, and her eyes shone with tears.

"I know," agreed Mrs. Bersen. "I've had 'em. You bring 'em up and love 'em, and then you lose 'em. They drop in once in a while to say hello, and all the time you're dreamin' of when they was with you, and you was puttin' 'em to bed nights."

(*Continued on page 36*)

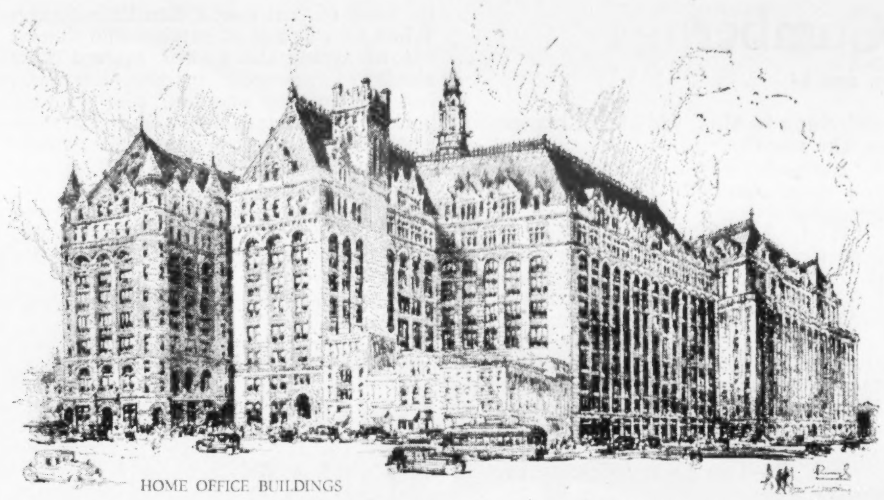
FIELD MAN

CLERK

WATCHMAN

TYPESETTER

JANITRESS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Write the Manager, Group Insurance Department, for our new booklet—"Practising What We Preach." Give him some points about the group of workers in whom you are interested. Tell him (a) Name of concern, (b) Kind of business, (c) Number of employees and (d) Your position with the firm.

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THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* **HOME OFFICE,** *Newark, N.J.*

Mrs. McCumber

Continued from page 34

Mrs. McCumber wiped her eyes and brushed back a couple of wisps of her graying hair.

"Well," she said, "they have their lives to live. We can't hold 'em back."

"Yes, that's so, Mrs. McCumber. How long's it been since Kenneth's been home now?"

"Over a year. He was home a year ago last Christmas. Let's see, it's March now, isn't it? I declare, the months seem all the same."

Mrs. McCumber went into the house and sat down for a minute's rest in the old wicker chair that was near the window. She looked out at the blue sky over the roof of Mrs. Bersen's house. She watched the great cream and white clouds heave into sight and whisk away. How quickly life went by!

Not long ago she had been young and happy and care-free. Then there had been her love for Henry, swift and passing; and then marriage and Kennie, little baby hands clinging in hers, responsibilities, plans, and dreams. And now they were all gone. For those dreams for her son she had given youth, beauty, happiness. What had it brought her? Well, she had a boy who would be a great man, perhaps. What of it? She could be proud. Proud? What good did pride do her? Make her happy? No. What she wanted was him. It was selfish, but she might as well admit it. She wanted him back; she wanted to do for him; she wanted him to need her. And she had lost him. She had sent him on above her, beyond need of her. Her life was empty.

Late that afternoon Mrs. McCumber sat at the table peeling potatoes for dinner. The door bell rang. Mrs. McCumber hastily wiped her hands on her apron. She heard the front door open, then a voice, "Hello, anybody. Mother!" She almost threw the pan of potatoes from her lap to the table and ran to the front of the house, arranging her hair with her hands as she went.

"Kenneth, is it you?"

"It's me, Mother."

She saw him standing in the little parlor, his suit case on the floor beside him. She threw her arms around him and clung to him. He kissed her gently on the mouth.

"Kenneth, why didn't you write me you were coming? I'd 'a' been ready for you."

"Well," he hesitated, "I didn't know I was coming until yesterday. I just thought I'd come home for a few days."

"Oh, I can hardly believe you're here, boy. You haven't been home in so long." She pressed her head against his shoulder and patted his hand. Her happiness was making her young again. Then she drew back and looked at him anxiously. "You look all tired out. Are you all right?"

"Well, I—I've been working pretty hard."

"So you thought you'd come home and take a rest with your mother, did you? Mother's big son come home to her for a change."

"Uh-huh."

"How's your work? Everything all right?"

He looked uneasy and made no reply.

"Kenneth, there's not anything the matter, is there?"

He slumped down in a chair and leaned back wearily. "Well, I might as well tell you now as any time," he said. Then he paused, searching for words. "Everything's the matter. The paper's gone. I couldn't make a go of it. Gone to smash—failed."

Mrs. McCumber stared at him, dazed. "Your paper, Kenneth, failed?"

"Yes, they ended it yesterday. I wasn't big enough for it, I guess. Anyway, I couldn't keep it going. I'm sorry, Mother, after all you've done," his voice broke. At last he ended lamely, "And so, here I am."

She dropped beside him and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Kennie," she whispered, "but don't take it too hard; you can try again. We all fail sometimes."

But in her heart a little voice was singing: "Oh, I'm so glad, so glad. He's come back. He needs me. I'm not useless. Oh, I'm so glad, so glad."

And as his arms stole around her it seemed that she felt the press of tiny hands on the back of her neck, clinging to her against the fear of the dark.

The Marriage Arranged

Continued from page 14

much, but for all that it was the beginning of a whole series of events.

The lobster was surpassing himself. He had done it all day. They had started out in the afternoon, and, as if the lobster would have his head, they went on and on like the whirlwind. All save the largest and swiftest automobiles, the racers, and motorcycles were left behind. The lobster careered gallantly onward. Tea was taken sixty miles from home; and then, with the sky so inviting, the air so brilliant, Nicholas daringly went farther. He went so far that he lost his way, came out upon a bare stretch of country, stopped, could find nothing upon the map, raced along, found his way again, lost it a second time, became anxious, accelerated more and more—crash! The lobster suddenly lost all control over his own movements. Smash! He skidded violently, sidelong off the road, on to the grass, seemed to twirl round and round like a fly half stunned, and at last came to a stand, pointing back toward the place from which he had come. Edna, quite white, sat absolutely still, paralyzed with surprise and fright. Nicholas, with a very red face, looked at her in shame. Without a word he clambered out of the lobster and walked round and round him. He tested the tires, the steering wheel; looked out into the road and came back again; shook his head, felt the hubs of the four wheels, and opened up the bonnet. For the next ten minutes he was experimenting with various parts of the engine. For the following half an hour he continued his experiments. The engine would run, but the car would not. Back came Nicholas to his original search. He was hot and angry and crestfallen. He tapped and twisted and explored. His hands and clothes and face were smudged with black grease. When Edna asked him what was wrong he snapped at her. She became silent. A wind began to flicker upon them. The sun's warmth chilled slightly.

At last, in desperation, Nicholas looked along the road they had come and along the road that lay before them. No vehicle or human being was in sight. The road was deserted. The lobster was the one bright spot in the landscape. The accident had occurred an hour before, and no single person had curiously approached. Darkness was not far off; the electric light switches would not work; they were a hundred miles from home and Nicholas did not know where they were.

"Damn," said he.

"Oh, Nicholas!" cried Edna. "Is it as bad as that?"

"I'm going to walk on," retorted Nicholas, "over that hill in front. Road *must* lead somewhere. I may find a house or a telephone. You just stay there."

Edna was all obedience. She did not think to disobey his word. She was alarmed. Nicholas set off. She saw his figure trudging along the road, his shoulders hunched, his demeanor one of despair. Edna was sorry for Nicholas. But she thought he might have been more concerned about her nerves, because she had been very frightened. Therefore she smiled a little bitterly at the back of that crestfallen little figure. When he was out of earshot and almost out of sight, she looked around, saw shadows gathering in the distances, lost her nerve, shouted, and pressed back into her place deserted and afraid. Soon Nicholas was gone altogether. The wind whipped a little nearer. Smoky wisps of cloud crossed the sky, and the shadows crept nearer and nearer, smokier and smokier. It was darkness that began to surround the lobster. Edna strained her eyes. She could see nothing, hear nothing. Apprehensively she looked round—this way and that—always to see impalpable shadows, and to feel the air changing swiftly to the rawness of evening with a frost to follow.

Hours passed—it seemed to Edna. Hours and hours. She was bewildered and outraged by the impossible callousness of Nicholas. He had gone, leaving

(*Continued on page 38*)

Our Hatred of NEW IDEAS

By FRED C. KELLY

DeALTON VALENTINE

HUMAN beings don't like new ideas and new facts. Indeed, we hate *any* facts.

The reason so many men get drunk—or used to—is to forget facts, to escape temporarily from realities of life. We prefer *untruth* to *truth*. A child would rather read fairy tales than true tales. Books of fiction are always more in demand at all public libraries than books of fact. *We like best the thing we already know.*

You can test yourself on this by recalling what you read in your daily newspaper. If you have been to a baseball game you know exactly what happened, yet the first thing you read in your baseball extra is the account of the very game you saw. Likewise, the morning after seeing a new play the first thing you wish to read is the review of that same play. You may witness a fire or a murder, and know as much about it as the reporter who writes it, yet you can hardly wait to get a paper and read about the thing you already know. Republicans almost always read Republican newspapers, and Democrats, Democratic newspapers, to get editorial confirmation of the beliefs they have always held. We are inclined to skip new facts in books because we naturally prefer old friends to strangers.

We keenly resent a new idea, no matter how useful it may be. Farmers used to attack automobiles with shotguns. The first man to drive an auto in Central Park was arrested—not for speeding, but for having such a newfangled contraption. There were laws at one time against bathtubs. It took years of effort and millions of dollars in advertising before the public would accept safety razors. Judges for a time barred typewritten documents from court, actually preferring papers that were hand-written and illegible—because the old-fashioned hand-written paper, while hard to read and inferior in every way, at least wasn't a novelty.

The air mail service is one of the wonders of modern times, and yet it is being used far less than might be expected. I tried recently at two leading hotels in Cleveland to buy airplane stamps. They were not on sale and the stamp sellers seemed surprised at such a request. I tried the experiment of asking about twenty business men the airplane rate for a letter from Cleveland to New York. Only one knew. The point is that the air mail service is still too new to be popular.

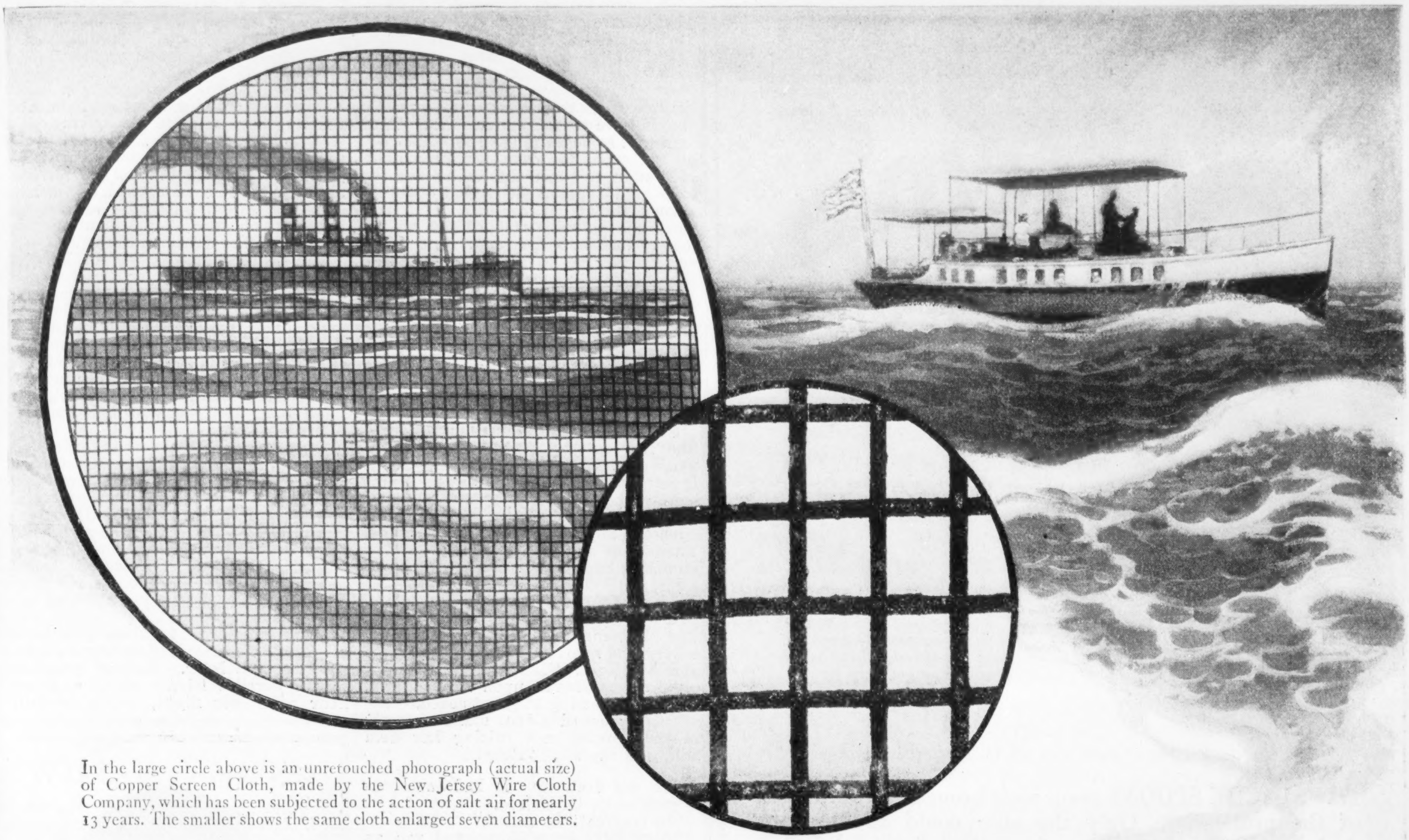
I remember the first bobbed-hair girl I saw and how harshly other women criticized her. To-day, with the novelty worn off, we recognize bobbed hair as thoroughly sensible.

Disliking new ideas as we do, we are all anxious to conform to whatever is established. Most of us have a horror of not being in fashion, or of doing anything which we are told *isn't being* done. Women in certain parts of the world wear nose-rings, and others wear earrings because of this desire to conform. We even like to have our dogs' tails cut to an approved length. The strongest argument a clerk can make why one should buy a certain article is: "We're selling a great many of these."

In a certain Los Angeles movie studio they always try out a new film before a crowd of about three hundred girls and boys that have been carefully selected for dumbness. If there is anything in the film that these observers don't understand, the producers have it changed. But if this crowd is enthusiastic over the picture, the owners know it will be a great commercial success. Most people will like it.

This aversion to novelty is by no means a bad thing. It is probably one of the best safeguards we have. If everybody is wearing a green necktie, and we see a fellow who persistently wears a red necktie, we immediate take a dislike to him. Because if he wears a red necktie to-day, when everybody else is wearing green, he is obviously not a thorough conformist. Maybe his entire dress will be different from ours by to-morrow. And then who knows what he may do next? Maybe he'll want to overthrow the government.

There is no gainsaying that those who never think and never take on new ideas of any kind lead much happier lives than those who do think. Being in thorough accord with their neighbors on all subjects, they have no occasion to get into arguments or fights, and their pathway is smooth. Thus there is a distinct advantage in having only plain, standard thoughts.



In the large circle above is an unretouched photograph (actual size) of Copper Screen Cloth, made by the New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been subjected to the action of salt air for nearly 13 years. The smaller shows the same cloth enlarged seven diameters.

This Screen Cloth Gave 12 Years' Service

METAL screen cloth can be subjected to no more severe test than that imposed by the damp, salt-laden air of the seacoast.

Here, then, is a record worthy of your attention.

The piece of our Copper Screen Cloth pictured above was taken from the yacht of Mr. Fred McCormick, architect, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., after it had seen nearly 13 years of active service along the Atlantic seacoast. Mr. McCormick says:

> "There are eleven (11) windows on each side, ALL of which were covered on the outside with your Copper Insect Screen Cloth when the boat was built, in 1910. They have never been renewed and are all in perfect condition, and to all appearances will last another thirteen (13) years."

Jersey Copper Screen Cloth cannot rust because it is copper 99.8% pure. Furthermore, Jersey has a decided advantage over ordinary copper cloth. The wire used in weaving it is made by a special Roebling process, which gives it stiffness and tensile strength comparable to steel.

Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, *16 mesh*, is a true *insect* screen cloth. It keeps out mosquitoes and other small insects as well as flies. In some places the use of coarser cloth is prohibited by law.

Jersey is made in either bright or dark finish, but most home owners prefer the latter. It goes through no weathering process. It is as nearly invisible as a screen cloth can be, and stays that way.

If you cannot obtain Jersey Copper Screen Cloth in your locality, write us. We will tell you where you can get it and send you a booklet, "A Matter of Health and Comfort," which you will find worth reading.

THE NEW JERSEY WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
TRENTON 622 South Broad Street NEW JERSEY
All Grades of Wire Cloth Made of All Kinds of Wire

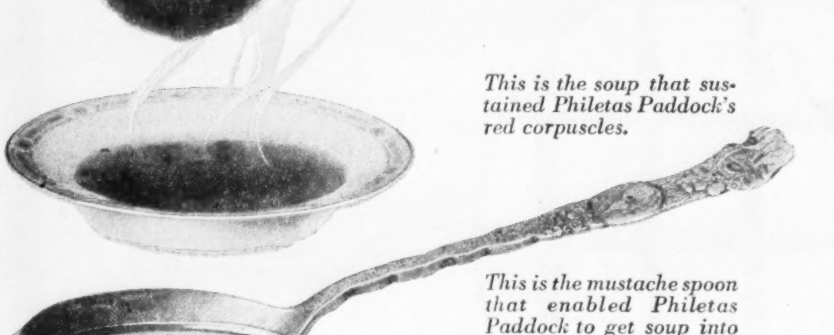
TRADE **JERSEY** MARK

Copper Screen Cloth

Made of Copper 99.8% Pure

This is the mustache that flared from the features of Philetas Paddock.

This is Philetas Paddock peering from behind his facial cross-purposes.



This is the soup that sustained Philetas Paddock's red corpuscles.

This is the mustache spoon that enabled Philetas Paddock to get soup into his system.

MUSTACHE SPOONS never were brought within reach of the proletariat. Only the elite could afford such devices for the protection of starched fronts and the gratification of luxurious tastes.

The mustache spoon illustrated here was bought as a souvenir at the San Francisco Mid-Winter Exposition in 1894. It is made of silver, has an engraving of the setting sun in the bowl, and an embossed group of Exposition buildings on the mustache guard. Notice the small hook at the end. This enabled the user to hang his spoon daintily across the top of his soup-plate while he engaged in polite conversation.

Mustache spoons, as well as mustache cups, have gone out of fashion. Clean shaving has made them obsolete.

COLGATE'S

Rapid-Shave Cream

makes a wonderful lather which softens the beard at the base, where the razor's work is done. It makes clean shaving easy, and leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Daily shaving has become a business, as well as a social requirement. See coupon attached.

COLGATE & CO. ***Established 1806*** **NEW YORK**

*COLGATE & CO., New York:

As interested readers of your humorous exposé of gentlemen of the bewhiskered past, we are sending you a special mustache soup spoon which came into our hands with other discarded silver . . . . . We thought it might be inspiration for one of your advertisements.

R. KOCHER SONS, Jewelers and Silversmiths, San Jose, Cal.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. M, 581 Fifth Ave., New York. M. S.
Please send me free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

The Marriage Arranged

Continued from page 36

her alone in this deserted place. He should have taken her with him. That was what he ought to have done. But no; he preferred to leave her here as a policeman, to guard the lobster and the tools and spares. It wasn't fair! It wasn't right! It *couldn't* be right. Once she actually stepped out of the lobster and onto the road. But a few steps drove her back to the lobster, to the rug and warmth. And then she tried to sympathize with Nicholas. He had tramped and tramped without finding a house or a telephone or a town or any assistance whatever. It was not his fault. Yet, in spite of her endeavors to excuse Nicholas, Edna still felt miserable and lonely. The darkness was silent and very frightening.

Suddenly Edna pricked up her ears. She had caught in the distance the noise of a faint humming. Far away. It meant help. She knew it meant help. She fixed her eyes upon that point in the darkness from which Nicholas might be expected to return. There was nothing to be seen. The humming came nearer. Turning back, Edna could discern, in the opposite direction to the one Nicholas had taken, two fine specks of light. They grew. The humming intensified. It came nearer and nearer. The specks became globes of light. They waxed. Now she could see the beams upon the roadway. A car was coming at great speed.

"Hi!" shouted Edna, standing erect in the lobster, and raising her arm wildly in the air. "Help!"

THE car drew up. It had one occupant only, the driver.

"In trouble?" he called.

"Awfully!" cried Edna, and ran as fast as she could from the lobster to the stranger. She told in a breathless way all that had happened, looking appealingly at the driver. "He's been gone hours!" she exclaimed. She had no notion of how alarmed and woebegone she looked in the merciless light of those head lamps.

"I say that *is* bad!" sympathetically said the stranger. "Are your lights wrong?" He stepped out upon the road and towered over her—an immensely tall young man, too far above the range of the light for his face to be visible.

"Look here; you'd better come in my car until we meet your friend. I'll go slowly, and you can shout if we meet him. Where is it you want to go? . . . Well, that's not far out of my way. I could drop you there. That's the best way. We'll look out for him. The trouble is, I'm in a hurry. Come along."

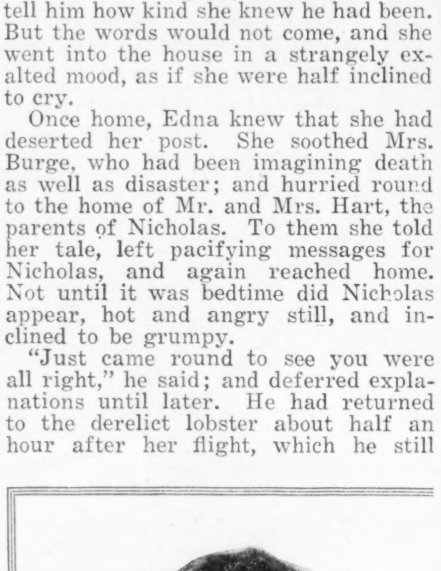
The tone was kind, was commanding. Edna thankfully did as she was told. She pressed back in her corner, the stranger manipulated his gears, and they were once more away upon the road. As they sped along she kept a sharp eye upon the road and the distance, expecting that the headlights would pick up another automobile or the solitary figure of Nicholas. Neither did they see. The road wound several times; and at last it branched. The stranger took the right-hand road. Edna was sure Nicholas must have taken the left. She did not know why she felt sure, but she looked thereafter with less attention at the roadside. Presently they came to a town and passed through it, and again were in the darkness, strangers, with this pulsing engine at their feet and the wide night before them.

And all the time Edna was having an unexpected treat. The stranger was talking to her. He could drive and talk simultaneously. As if the darkness made her bold, Edna talked also. She did more than talk—she chattered. She told the stranger all about her life and something about Nicholas, and about the lobster; and the stranger told her his name—Maurice Jefferson—and described the day he had had alone in his car, which he called Daisy, and made her laugh by tales of his cheeky sister. Edna could not see him, but his voice was beautifully warm and full of laughter, and she felt a glow of liking for him in her heart, and admired the way he sat beside her driving, and was full of gratitude for his kindness to herself. And in this way Edna forgot all about Nicholas and the lobster, and thought of her long wait in the lobster as a sort of miserable nightmare, from which this happy journey in Daisy was the dawn's awakening.

At last they approached the Burges' house, and the stranger stood beside her outside the house and held her hand. And in a blur Edna knew that he was gone and that she would probably never see him again; and she tried to tell him how kind she knew he had been. But the words would not come, and she went into the house in a strangely exalted mood, as if she were half inclined to cry.

Once home, Edna knew that she had deserted her post. She soothed Mrs. Burge, who had been imagining death as well as disaster; and hurried round to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hart, the parents of Nicholas. To them she told her tale, left pacifying messages for Nicholas, and again reached home. Not until it was bedtime did Nicholas appear, hot and angry still, and inclined to be grumpy.

"Just came round to see you were all right," he said; and deferred explanations until later. He had returned to the derelict lobster about half an hour after her flight, which he still found inexplicable. As Edna had surmised, the left-hand branch of the road had been the one to attract him. The officiousness of Edna's rescuer was what first struck Nicholas. He kissed her, but it was with a sense of grievance. Edna went up to bed with the corners of her mouth down. She had been naughty. Nicholas was angry with her. She ought to have waited beside the lobster, like Casabianca. Edna was a little ruffled, but, although she sighed and felt faintly injured herself, she presently cheered up. She had been downcast for so many years that such gloom as she now felt could not crush her. And for the rest of that night she thought and dreamed of the invisible stranger. It was amusing enough to realize that if she were now to see Maurice Jefferson she would not recognize him. Except for his voice. Except for his voice and the feeling she carried in her heart.



SUDDENLY Nicholas made up his mind to get married.

"Married?" exclaimed Edna, her heart like stone. "Oh, but I don't want to get—" The thought was horrible to her.

"Yes, I know," said Nicholas. "I knew you'd say that. Girls always do. Nice girls."

"Married?" To live alone with Nicholas—always, without rest, without intermission? Strange how that notion appalled Edna. She was surprised at the disquiet within her bosom. The thought was like an outrage. "It seems awful," she blurted out.

"Does it?" remarked Nicholas coldly.

"Well, I'll think about it. You see, I've really got a lot of things to consider." She was prevaricating, and she thought Nicholas knew it.

"Everything—except me, it seems," answered Nicholas, still coldly.

"Oh, Nicholas!" she was reproachful—and self-reproachful. "I *do* think of you."

"Well, fix the day," said Nicholas. "We'll go away somewhere in the bus." The bus was what Nicholas called the lobster. The lobster's back axle, which had been broken in the accident, as well as other parts of the lobster, was now repaired.

Edna shook her head. "I'm frightened," she said. "Nicholas, I wonder if I *ought* to marry you."

"Nonsense," said Nicholas shortly. "I'll be round for you Sunday."

The next few days were ghastly. Edna, confronted with the serious idea of marriage, shrank from it. She wanted to gain time. She felt she *must* gain time. And yet she must not play Nicholas false, and must neither desert nor disappoint her mother. The difficulties were immense. She had no friends, none to advise her. And she was afraid.

True to his word, Nicholas called in the lobster that Sunday afternoon. And as Edna prepared to mount to Nicholas' side another car, in which were seated two persons, came slowly along the road. Another car? Edna looked at the girl in the car, at the tall driver, who was looking at each house as he passed it, obviously in search of a particular number. No question crossed her mind, but an absolute certainty. Her heart told her that the car was Daisy, that the occupants were Maurice Jefferson and his sister.

WILL PAYNE

He was a fat and agreeable scoundrel. She was a demure little school teacher. Both were fugitives—he from justice and she from home. When they met it was evident from the first that sparks would fly, because the right kind of school teacher just doesn't do *some* things. Well, she—but it's all in "The Genial Crook"

in next week's

COLLIER'S

"Oh, we can't go," she cried to Nicholas.

"Can't go," exclaimed Nicholas, as red as the lobster itself. "What d'you mean?"

The strange car was near them. The driver was raising his cap. Edna, impelled by an irresistible force within her, stepped forward.

"You must come in," she said. "I'm so awfully pleased to see you."

TO SEE Nicholas talking to Maurice was a revelation to Edna. Nicholas was a red, angry, little turkey cock of a man, who could talk of nothing but automobiles. Maurice was tall, easy-tempered, graceful; and he grinned cheerfully as though high spirits and kindliness came natural to him. He was agreeable to Nicholas. There was no hint in his politeness of any criticism at all of Nicholas. Yet the contrast between them was striking. The one was self-engrossed, the other was gay. Edna's eyes were veiled. Her heart went out to Maurice. His sister was equally high-spirited and unaffected. She told Edna how she had heard of the strange experience, and how Maurice had insisted upon bringing her—"though," she added, "we have come when we ought not to have come; and it is quite inexcusable of us." At which she laughed so gayly that it seemed almost as though she had been witty, or as though she found Edna's company very much to her liking. Had she? It was with timid eyes that Vera Jefferson was here questioned. Such longing to be liked by these two people filled Edna's heart that she could not command her expression. She was for this reason the more adorable to them both.

To herself, Edna made painful comparisons. Why had she none of these high spirits? Why was she at this moment smiling with tears not far away, rebelliously entertaining these delightful guests while Nicholas glowered at her from his place across the room? Was their marriage to be of this kind? Never. It was unthinkable. She must break her engagement.

Even while she thought this, Edna's heart sank lower. She trembled.

A FEW days after this Mrs. Burge was stricken with her malady in such acute form that she was obviously likely to die. The doctor came to the house daily; Edna was day nurse and night nurse as well. In vain did the doctor point out to Mr. Burge the necessity of engaging at least one nurse to assist her.

Vera Jefferson called one day and brought fresh air into the house. She went back and told her brother what she had seen; and he came personally the following evening. Edna could not leave her mother.

Then Vera called again. "Maurice drove over one evening to see you," said she, sharp-eyed.

Drearily Edna nodded her head. She had no thought that she was being observed. "I know," she answered.

There was such hopelessness in her tone and such pain in her eyes that Vera understood perfectly.

MRS. BURGE was dead. She had been in great pain to the last, but she was freed from suffering. The funeral had taken place; and Edna was alone in the house for the several succeeding days. She was now bereft of all excuse for delay in the marriage, and she had not the spirit to fight. So Nicholas had it all his own way. He fixed the date of the wedding, he took the lobster entirely to pieces and cleaned all parts preparatory to the honeymoon journey, and he moved very peremptorily when he came into the house in the evenings. Mr. Burge was now always in his room. He was secretly preparing to marry again—a young girl upon whom he had already spent much money—and so he had little thought to spare for Edna. He certainly commended her early marriage. It would be an economy to him.

The date, then, was fixed; and Nicholas was in negotiation for a house. They were to live at first, however, with old Mr. and Mrs. Hart, until such time as it should be convenient to Nicholas to support the entire burden of a new home. To all these things Edna agreed. She was too tired to do anything but agree. She was almost too tired to do anything at all. She was so ill that when she awoke in the morning it was to shudder at the day, and when she went to bed at night it was to shrink from her inevitable dreams.

Nicholas, having fixed the date of the marriage, proceeded to give instructions for the banns to be called. He was in church upon the first occasion, and he listened with great seriousness and satisfaction as his own name and Edna's name were read aloud. It was now too late, he realized, for any more of Edna's foolish, virginal hesitations. The die was cast. Nothing remained but repetition and the actual ceremony. Then everything would be different.

One night, a week after the banns had been called for the first time, Edna sat alone in the house. Nicholas had been and had gone. Mr. Burge was out. And there came a ring at the door. Edna, sitting by the fire in her mother's old chair, heard the ring without at first realizing what it meant. Then, at last understanding, she went to the front door and opened it. Her heart stood still. Nobody stood upon the doorstep; but a small automobile was in the road. Beside it was Maurice, who came quickly to her side. Their greeting was almost silent—a handclasp and a glance that told everything to both of them. But there was more to be said when they were truly alone. It was upon Maurice that the breaking of the silence fell.

"Do you remember your ride in Daisy?" he asked whimsically.

Edna could not answer. She seemed

(*Continued on page 42*)

Boyce-ite

A REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

[*This advertisement is addressed to every automotive jobber, dealer, and gasoline distributor in the United States*]

BOYCE-ITE was the sensation of 1924. Twenty million cans of this remarkable gasoline improver were sold. As a result of records now before us backed by laboratory research, we are prepared to offer the following astounding guarantee.

"REGARDLESS of the mechanical condition or design of your motor, or the grade of gasoline or oil used, if after adopting Boyce-ite treated gasoline as your standard motor fuel you ever again find it necessary to remove carbon, have that carbon burned out and send us the bill! A check will be sent you immediately."

Now, we stand back of this guarantee in any way you choose to interpret it.

We know there will be many cars which, because of mechanical defects or conditions such as carburetor adjustments, or hard carbon deposits already formed, will be unfavorable to Boyce-ite, because Boyce-ite never has been nor ever will be a "cure-all."

We know also, some unscrupulous persons will impose upon us under the terms of such a broad guarantee but, that guarantee stands!

Stop and think what this means. You are no longer selling a product called Boyce-ite, you are selling a service called Boyce-ite—a service that once and for all relieves the motorist of the thousand and one troubles caused by present day gasoline. It ends all arguments about the merits of Boyce-ite.

Now, there is a reason for this Boyce-ite guarantee—experience has shown us that the average motorist is not greatly interested in any statements regarding Boyce-ite by scientific authorities.

Here's what the average motorist *is* interested in—

"Will my motor operate more satisfactorily, more economically and over a longer period of time, with fewer trips to the repair shop, when Boyce-ite treated gasoline is used, than with any other motor fuel I can buy?"

The Boyce-ite guarantee is the complete answer to that question.

Under this unqualified guarantee, which you are now at liberty to use, all arguments about Boyce-ite are forever swept aside.

Boyce-ite makes good in *every* car or we will.

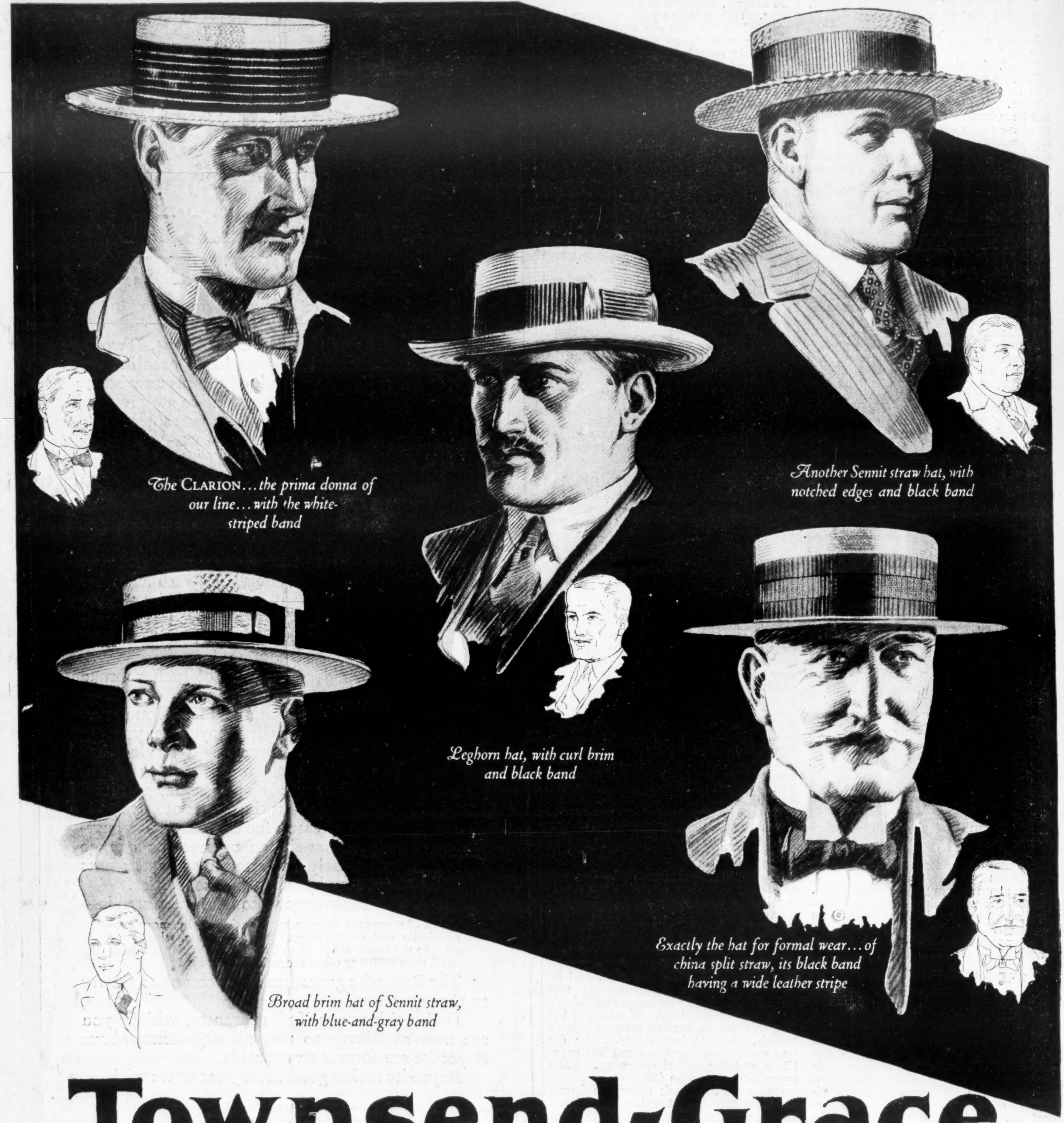
Boyce-ite Blu-Green Gasoline may be obtained direct from the pump in over 100 important cities.

Boyce-ite ingredient in the small handy container may be obtained almost everywhere.

Boyce-ite
Blu-Green Gasoline
direct from the pump
Boyce-ite
POURED INTO GASOLINE

Harrison Boyce
President

BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.



The CLARION*...the prima donna of our line...with the white-striped band*

Leghorn hat, with curl brim and black band

Another Sennit straw hat, with notched edges and black band

Broad brim hat of Sennit straw, with blue-and-gray band

Exactly the hat for formal wear...of china split straw, its black band having a wide leather stripe

Townsend-Grace Straw Hats

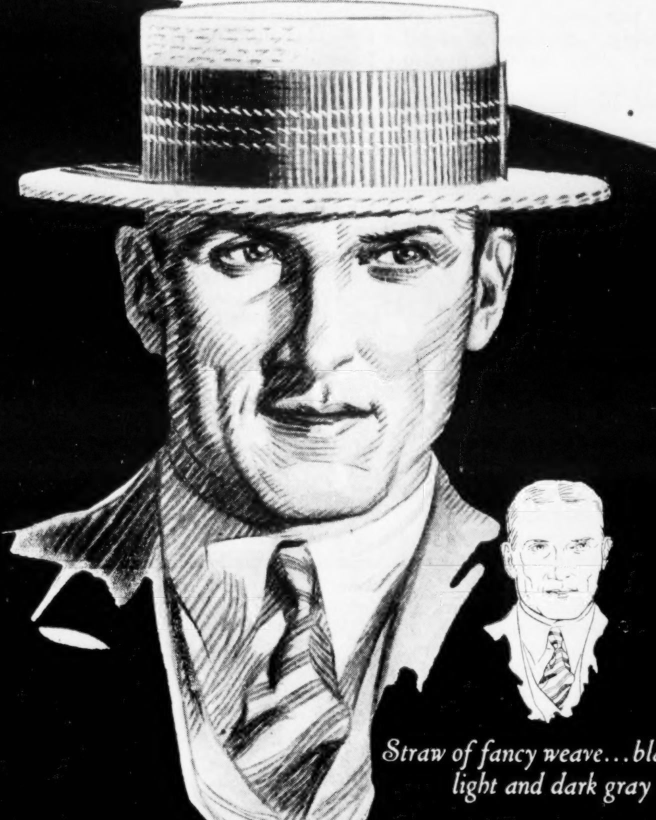
BALTIMORE, MD.

Standard American Quality

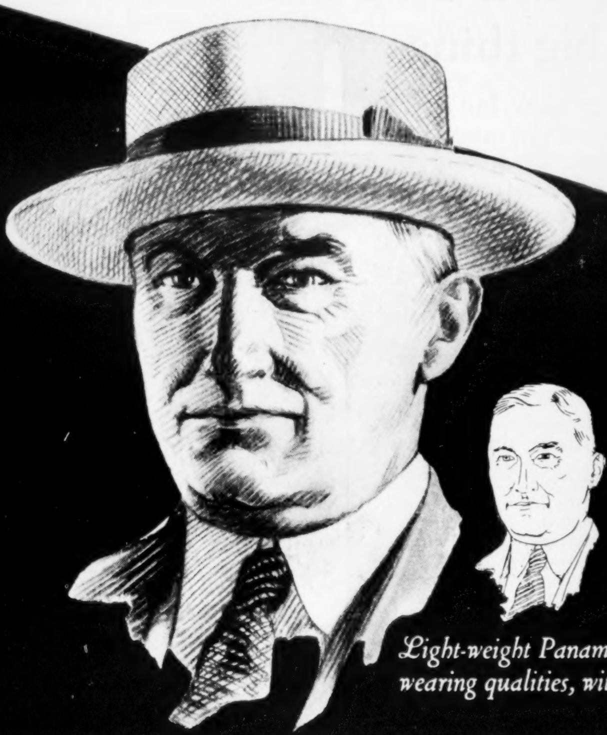
FIND YOUR FACE

And you'll find a Townsend-Grace Straw Hat made just for you!

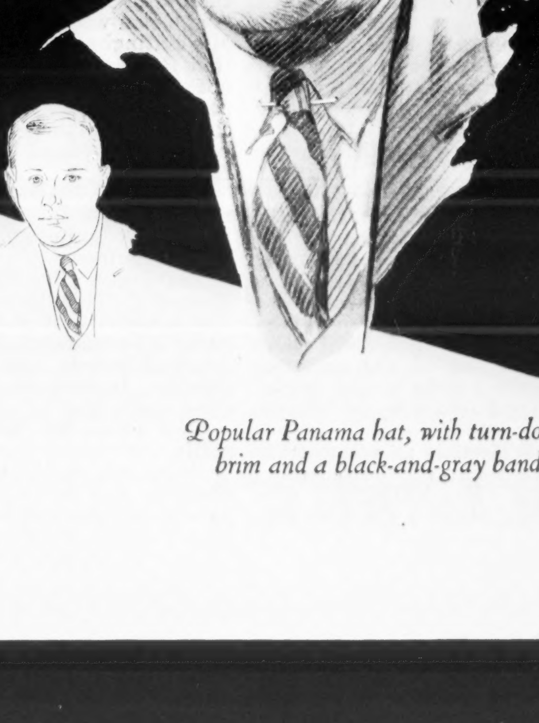
THERE'S a picture of your face on this page. Not your likeness, perhaps, but a pattern, so to speak, of your face. Find it...Then go to the Townsend-Grace dealer in your vicinity (he'll advertise) and be fitted with straw hats which were made expressly for your kind of face—*for you!*...One man's meat is another's poison, and a hat which looks well on your neighbor may not be your style at all. That's why we have scientifically grouped men's faces into classes and made straw hats to suit them...The long faces are "shortened"; the broad faces are "narrowed"; and the round faces are "lengthened" by the *right* hat. After all, why shouldn't a man's hat suit his face as well as fit his head?



Straw of fancy weave...black band with light and dark gray stripes



Light-weight Panama, of unusual wearing qualities, with black band



Popular Panama hat, with turn-down brim and a black-and-gray band

YOUR Townsend-Grace dealer will show you straw hats of different types which you can wear. Some are appropriate for business. Some are jaunty and rakish for sports. Some are conventional for formal wear. One suit, one pair of shoes, one hat is not enough for a well-dressed man. First of all, ask for the *Clarion.* It fits most faces and most occasions. It's the bright, particular star of the whole caste...Wearing a Townsend-Grace Straw your head will lift a little higher, for no man will be wearing a better hat. Yet the prices are low enough to permit you to buy several styles...Be sure the name Townsend-Grace appears in the hat!

After Shaving—

every little drop does six big things

AQUA VELVA IS NEW, but already many thousands of men are using it. Some of these men formerly used nothing on their faces after shaving; others used dry preparations which absorb the natural moisture that the skin should keep. Still others used liquid preparations of very limited value.

Aqua Velva has succeeded because it does all an after-shaving preparation should do. First and most important, it *conserves the skin's natural moisture.* That is what the newly-shaven skin needs.

Then, it does five other big things:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from sun and wind
—it prevents face shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Use Aqua Velva a few times. See how it keeps your face like velvet all day long, flexible, pliant,—just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

We'll send a 150-drop test bottle FREE for you to try. Use coupon below or postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c. (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. *By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

For free test bottle

Address:
The J. B. Williams Co.,
Dept. 35-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick St., Montreal)

WILLIAMS
Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake a few drops into the hand and simply apply to the face
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A.
The J.B.Williams Co.

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

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Colliers 5-9-25

The Marriage Arranged

Continued from page 39

to be choking. Her wish was to touch Maurice's sleeve, to rest her head upon it, to be for one short instant at peace. They were in the room now, and Maurice saw her pallor, her illness.

"Will you come for another ride now?" he asked very gently. "Get your coat and a hat, and we'll go."

"I can't go," whispered Edna. She stood helplessly before him. "I'm going to be married."

"Not yet," said Maurice. She nodded, and he shook his head, smiling. The effect upon Edna was so profound that she too shook her head and smiled; but a moment afterward she burst into terrible dry sobbing that nearly broke his heart. Maurice put his arms around her and drew her head to his breast. He felt her yield. She had no strength to do otherwise. "You're coming with me," whispered Maurice in her ear. "Now. And I'm going to take you away to Vera. And then you're never coming back here any more." He was speaking to her as if she were a child.

"I must," sighed Edna in his arms, and shuddered.

"No. Never any more. If you'll marry me, we'll be married and live happy ever after. See?"

Edna laughed. It seemed such a silly, fantastic, happy dream that she was having; yet she dreaded to awaken.

"I must come back here," she said.

"When we've been married."

"You and I?" Her head sank lower upon his breast. "Ah, if only we could!" Then, "I'm so lonely."

"No more, sweetheart."

Edna looked up at him, incredulous. Something like life was coming back to her now. Instinctively she released herself.

"Why, what nonsense!" she cried. "I've been dreaming." She looked steadily at Maurice. "A happy dream, though."

Maurice jerked his head toward the door.

"Come along," he said. "I've wanted you ever since I heard your voice in the darkness. I'm taking you away—now. . . ."

"The marriage arranged between Mr. Nicholas Hart and Miss Edna Burge will not now take place."

Mrs. Block Contributes

Continued from page 8

along and see about that table for dinner," he announced. "We'll find you here when we come back, or else meet in the Casino."

Mrs. Block smiled gracefully; the marquis for a moment felt his heart sink, but he stuck to his guns.

"A very delightful man, Mr. Billingham," the lady remarked, looking after his departing figure.

The marquis nodded without enthusiasm. "Why not?" he replied. "He has in the world all that he desires. He has money, and above all he has a facile disposition. It it a great thing, that! He makes friends easily. He never suffers from loneliness."

"And do you?" the lady asked softly.

The marquis sighed. He looked dreamily away toward the hills. He was quite at his best. "All my life," he confided, "I have been lonely. I lost my wife when I was young. I was foolish not to remarry. Now, alas, when it is too late, I feel the need of a companion."

"Why is it too late?" she inquired tenderly.

"The women of to-day," the marquis complained, "all prefer young men. Where should I find a woman attractive enough to be agreeable to me who would be willing to marry a man of fifty?"

"Very easily, I should think," Mrs. Block declared with portentous emphasis. "But of course if you want one of these young fly-away hussies—"

"But I do not," the marquis interrupted. "I prefer a woman of—of experience. A woman," he went on, leaning a little toward her—"I venture to say—of something like your age—thirty-eight or so."

It was a moment of ecstasy for Mrs. Block. She was wearing a gown in which she fondly believed that she resembled the mannequin from whom she had bought it. She was sitting alone with a marquis, and quite casually she had been taken for thirty-eight.

"How did you know my age?" she asked, almost archly.

"I am a great diviner of ages," he replied. "It is very seldom that I make a mistake."

"Well, then, I think there are very few women of my age, Marquis," the lady confided, "who would not be glad to try and bring a little sunshine into your life."

The marquis sighed once more. "A beautiful way of putting it!" he murmured. "You cheer me up, dear lady. May I," he added significantly, "do myself the honor of calling upon you?"

Mrs. Block was more and more fluttered. "Come this afternoon," she invited. "I have tea in my sitting-room at four o'clock. Mr. Billingham sometimes drops in, but this afternoon I shall say that I am engaged."

"Mr. Billingham is a great friend of yours, is he not?" the marquis inquired gloomily.

"Nothing special," was the indifferent reply. "We're friends in a way, of course, but he's not quite my fancy. By the by," she went on, "are you and your niece doing anything to-night?"

"Nothing of any consequence," the marquis confessed.

"Come and dine at my hotel—the Hôtel de Paris," the lady begged eagerly. "Mr. Billingham's coming, and, to tell you the truth, I'd just as soon not dine with him alone. He is very nice, but people do talk so, and when you've made up your mind as I have—well, I don't want to seem to be encouraging him. You comprenez?"

"Parfaitement," the marquis assured her with a little inward chuckle. "About half past eight, I suppose. Permit me to escort you across the Place. . . ."

THE marquis strolled down the terrace to Ciro's later on with the remains of a smile still lurking about his lips. He handed his coat and cane to an attendant and crossed the room confidently toward the table where Madelon and Mr. Billingham were already seated.

"My friend," he announced, "you no longer exist. I have achieved a great success. La belle Block is no longer for you. I take tea with her in her salon this afternoon. You are to be told that she is engaged. We dine at the Hôtel de Paris to-night—Madelon and I. A million pounds! It is incredible! One might be disposed to take this affair seriously."

Madelon shook her head. "Impossible," she insisted. "You may eat her dinners and rob her if you will of that staggering jewelry, but more would not be possible."

The marquis shivered a little as he glanced down the menu. "You are right," he assented. "Besides, even if one had the courage, there would be disagreeable people like executors. You might find that there were difficulties about the money and settlements."

"The man who marries a woman like that," Mr. Billingham declared firmly, "would deserve what he got, and I guess we'll leave that out of the question. She's one of the people in the world, though, the Lord meant to be robbed. She goes about asking for it."

"The scheme itself is as yet scarcely clear to me," the marquis murmured.

"Nor to me," Mr. Billingham confessed, attacking his *hors d'œuvres* vigorously. "The stuff's there all right, though, and we're going to touch it. Make the running as strong as you can this afternoon, my son. We'll get to work before the week's out."

THE marquis escaped from his afternoon tea entertainment, still triumphant but shattered. He drank a large whisky and soda at the bar of the Sporting Club before he felt sufficiently recovered to make his appearance in the Rooms. By dinner time, however, he was entirely himself again. He sat at Mrs. Block's right hand, and endured stoically the pressure of her immense foot. The burden of conversation devolved mainly upon him, for Mr. Billingham was noticeably silent and, for him, almost morose.

"Jealous!" his hostess whispered to the marquis as they left the dining-room. "Jealous of you, dear!"

The marquis felt his fingers lightly pressed and received a languishing glance.

"You have encouraged him," he rejoined.

"Not more than the others," she declared, airily and mendaciously peopling her environment with the forms of many suitors. "Men are so difficult nowadays," she sighed.

"A beautiful woman has always her embarrassments," the marquis sympathized. . . .

The evening progressed according to plan. The little party had made their way to the Sporting Club, but Mr. Billingham, becoming more and more silent and depressed, presently withdrew. Madelon followed shortly afterward and in a little voiture they drove to the Carlton. Mr. Billingham's depression had vanished as though by magic.

© *Keystone View*

MAXIM GORKY

greatest of living Russian writers, has done an arresting piece of work in a story called "The Hermit." Read it—with its humor and its pathos, its touch of the sublime and its broad stroke of the ludicrous

in next week's

COLLIER'S

"Say, your uncle is getting away with this fine!" he declared. "It took me a week to get where he's got in less than a day. He's got the knack of it."

Madelon was looking up at the moon. Mr. Billingham was suddenly conscious that the night held a charm which was not altogether pagan. The sky was perfectly clear, the music from the cafés reached them faintly, in the dim light the crowds of moving people were like shadows.

"After all," she murmured, "it is rather terrible."

"I don't quite get you," her companion confessed.

"Having to live like this," she explained. "This living on one's wits. The insecurity of it is horrible. Sometimes it is amusing, it appeals to one's sense of humor, but it destroys one's dignity. In time we shall all three become really bad."

"Not you," Mr. Billingham rejoined softly.

"Why not me?" she asked, turning abruptly and looking at him. "What do you suppose will be the end of me?"

"I guess you'll marry."

"Who would marry anyone like me—who worth marrying?" she demanded, with a little note almost of passion in her tone. "Of course I want to marry—every girl does. I want a home of my own and a man to look after me. What sort of a husband do you think I am likely to find living this kind of a life?"

Mr. Billingham, too, was very serious.

"I guess it's hard on you," he admitted, taking her hand in his.

"It is hard on all of us, I suppose."

"Say, shall we lay off for a bit?" he suggested. "I can make money on the square. There's my old company. They'd have me back as a director."

SHE withdrew her fingers and patted his hand. "You are very foolish," she said. "Of course you can make money. You are clever—but that would not help us. We could not live upon your charity. And yet, without you we should probably slip back into helplessness."

Mr. Billingham leaned toward her and coughed. His voice was a little husky. "Madelon," he began.

She turned her head. "Well?"

The carriage pulled up with a jerk outside the Carlton.

"Damn!" Mr. Billingham muttered.

At supper time Madelon became unexpectedly gay. She insisted upon dancing most of the time and resisted any attempt at serious conversation.

"Of course you know that you dance absurdly well," she told him once. "You must be very fond of it."

"For a fat man," Mr. Billingham admitted, as he wiped his forehead, "I fancy I can move some. But dancing with you, Miss Madelon, is pretty easy going. Let's sit and talk for a bit now."

She shook her head. "I could not," she objected. "To-night I am nervous. If I talk I shall weep. Go and fetch me that dancing instructor—the dark one. You will have to give him a hundred francs. I like that little side-step he does. You can either rest or try your fortune with the little danseuse."

Mr. Billingham obeyed orders so far as the dancing instructor was concerned, but made no effort toward securing the companionship of the little danseuse. Instead he leaned back in his corner and watched. He seemed to be watching all the room, but as a matter of fact his eyes never left Madelon. She was very simply dressed, as usual, in a plain black georgette frock, but there seemed to be some new quality in her face—something a little haunting in her eyes, a dash almost of recklessness in her graceful movements. She danced like a devotee without a word to her partner. Once her eyes met Mr. Billingham's and she smiled, but even her smile seemed to possess an indefinable and unrealizable quality. As soon as the dance had finished she thanked her partner briefly and returned abruptly to the table.

"I want to go, please," she begged. "We will see how Uncle is getting on."

Mr. Billingham paid his bill. They stepped outside and into a voiture. Mr. Billingham's voice was once more a little husky.

"Madelon," he began.

She laid her hand for a moment on his. "You must please not speak to me all the way back," she insisted. "And don't mind if I am a little foolish."

Her head disappeared between her hands. Once he saw her shoulders shiver as though she were sobbing. When they reached the club, however, she sat up with a little weary smile. There were no signs of tears in her eyes.

"You see, after all, I am not a finished adventuress," she said. "I am just a silly girl who is liable to this sort of mood. I think being with this horrible woman has affected me to-night."

MRS. BLOCK was, for her, almost nervous when on the following afternoon, in response to an urgent telephone call, she received a visit from Mr. Billingham. Mr. Billingham seemed to have lost entirely that spirit of bonhomie which he generally presented to the world. Even his attire was more somber than usual. He shook hands without a smile and declined a chair.

"Annie," he said, using her Christian name boldly, "I have come for an explanation."

"What sort of an explanation?" she inquired, toying with her rope of pearls.

"I guess you know," was the stern reply. "We Americans don't waste words. You know very well you're engaged to marry me and you're flirting with my friend. It's got to stop!"

The situation had its embarrassments but also its delights. Mrs. Block felt a thrill of joy as she once more invited her visitor to seat himself by her side. She had all the sensations of a heroine of some modern romance.

"Samuel," she said, "or, rather, Mr. Billingham, because I am not going to call you Samuel any longer, you will have to be very generous. I wish to break off our engagement. It was never announced, as you know."

"Because of the marquis?" he demanded.

Mrs. Block admitted the fact.

"It's no use wasting words about it," she went on. "I promised to marry him last night. We're keeping the engagement secret for a fortnight, and then I'm going back to England to arrange my affairs."

"And what do you expect me to say?" Mr. Billingham asked.

"I expect you to be a dear and—give me up," she declared.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he replied firmly.

"You can't hold me to that promise," she insisted. "There's nothing on paper, anyway. You wouldn't have me marry you without loving you, Samuel?"

MR. BILLINGHAM flinched but persevered. "You are engaged to marry me," he rejoined doggedly. "I may not be an aristocrat like the marquis; I may not even be so well off, but you promised."

Mrs. Block shook her head. "I can't help that," she said. "If you don't like it you can—do the other thing. That's all there is to say about it. I'd rather be friends."

Mr. Billingham remained unmoved. "I am not to be got rid of like that. I shall appeal to the marquis himself," he threatened.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"The marquis is a man of honor," Mr. Billingham explained. "I shall go to him. I shall tell him the truth. I shall say: 'Mrs. Block was engaged to me. I introduced you as my friend. As a man of honor, I require you to withdraw.' I know my friend," Mr. Billingham continued. "He will do as I desire. He will leave Monte Carlo the same day."

Mrs. Block was pale with anger. Her visitor's words carried conviction. The phrase "a man of honor" daunted her. In her fancy she could already see the marquis seated with folded arms in his little voiture with his portmanteau on the seat in front, on his way to the station.

"You must do nothing of the sort," she insisted.

"What is to prevent me?" he retorted. "Besides"—

"Besides what?" she interrupted eagerly.

Mr. Billingham was shamefaced but determined. "I am poor," he confessed. "I am tired of being poor. I have lost heavily at the tables."

Mrs. Block came up to the scratch at once. "For how much money," she asked, "will you leave me and the marquis alone?"

"Two thousand pounds," Mr. Billingham replied without hesitation.

She was a little staggered, but she was a woman of action. She wrote out a check. He shook his head.

"They will cash it downstairs," she assured him.

"You get the money and bring it in mille notes," he insisted. "That's all I ask. You can marry the marquis as soon as you like then."

She motioned him to a chair. "Wait," she ordered.

In a quarter of an hour she returned, slightly breathless, with a great pile of mille notes in her hand.

"They had to send to the bank," she explained. "There's your money. Now

(*Continued on page 44*)

Who actually makes the bumpers you buy?

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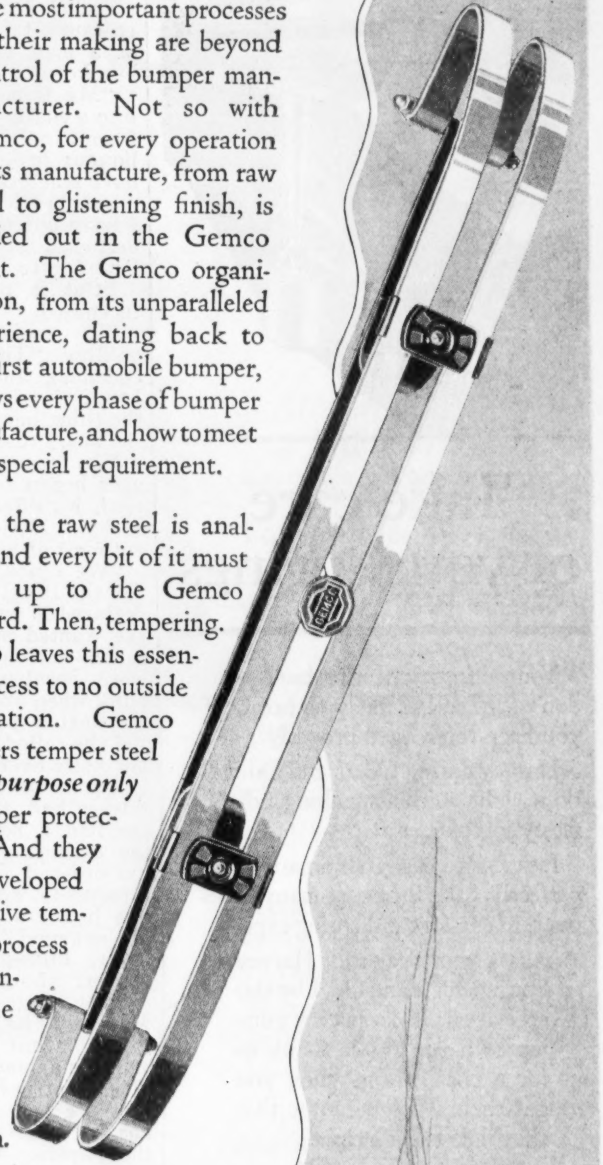

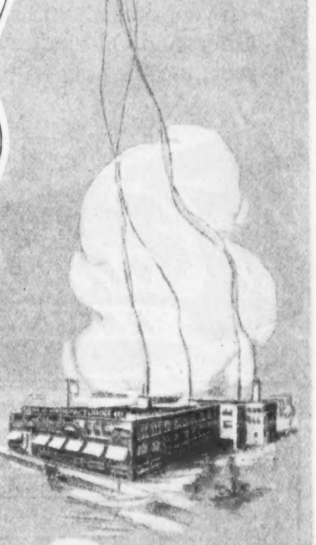

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Specify YEAR and MODEL of car in ordering.
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Mrs. Block Contributes

Continued from page 43

you just leave me and the marquis alone."

Mr. Billingham picked up his hat sadly. "You may be choosing the better man, Annie," he said, "but this is a great disappointment to me."

"You've got something to console yourself with," Mrs. Block snapped out. "Hurry off, please. I am expecting the marquis at any moment."

THEREAFTER the marquis played his part manfully for a week. At the end of that time he made an abrupt appearance as Mr. Billingham and Madelon were finishing their dinner in a secluded corner of the Sporting Club restaurant. He had all the appearance of a man on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

"My friend," he exclaimed, sinking into a chair which a waiter had brought from a neighboring table, "order me a liqueur brandy. This must cease. I have reached the limit. I have stood the amused ridicule of a crowd of strangers. I have put up with the agony of being drenched with intolerable perfumes, of listening to that strident voice, of—"

"Cut it out!" Mr. Billingham interrupted. "What's the trouble?"

The marquis looked around him wildly. "The lady," he confided, "is becoming amorous. She has held my hand, she has pressed my feet, until the thing has become monotonous. Now she has, I fear—other designs upon me."

The creases around Mr. Billingham's eyes began to deepen, his mouth quivered, his efforts at self-control became useless. He joined in Madelon's ecstatic outburst of amusement.

"We dined," the marquis explained, "at the Hôtel de Paris. She insisted—declared it was too quiet here and that she wanted me alone. She wore white satin—not enough of it by yards. She wore jewelry which made the people blink when she came into the room. She sat next a party of your compatriots, and she called me 'Marquis' at the top of her voice every few minutes. When at last I thought my hour of comparative release had arrived, she declared that she had a headache and would spend the evening in her sitting-room. She has ordered me to follow her. I am to return—to sit with her there alone! She has whispered in my ear that we are engaged."

Mr. Billingham made signs to the waiter, who filled the marquis' glass.

"You've got to go through with it, Marquis," he declared.

"But what is to be the end?" the marquis demanded, almost passionately. "People are beginning to smile when they see us together. Our engagement has even been announced in some of the papers. One day she will march me into a church or registry office and I shall emerge a married man. She is masterful—overwhelming! What is your plan? It is time to announce it."

Mr. Billingham reflected. "There have been a few little pickings," he mused.

"It is true," the marquis assented. "I have jewelry for the first time for many years; pearl studs like blobs and some sapphire sleeve links and waistcoat buttons which are admirable. These things are so much to the good, but I cannot go on collecting them. There is a certain definiteness," he added, "in the woman's intentions toward me this evening which is horrible."

Madelon, wiping the tears from her eyes, leaned forward. "There must be a rescue party," she suggested.

"I agree," Mr. Billingham assented. "In ten minutes your sufferings shall be at an end; temporarily, at any rate. I will find some excuse. We will break in upon you."

"With that promise and under those conditions," the marquis said, "I will return. . . ."

The marquis kept his word, and Mr. Billingham carried out his share of the bargain. In less than a quarter of an hour he presented himself at the sitting-room of Mrs. Block's gorgeous suite. He was immediately aware of tragical happenings. The marquis, looking a little dazed, was standing upon the hearthrug. Mrs. Block, grasping a telegraphic dispatch in her hand, was in a state almost of collapse upon the sofa. The newcomer looked from one to the other.

"I regret my inevitable intrusion," he began. "Monsieur le Duc, the marquis' father, has telephoned from Nice."

Mrs. Block banged the end of the sofa with her fist.

"Damn you all—dukes and marquises and the lot of you!" she cried. "Tom will smash you when he comes and he'll kill me. What a fool I've been!"

"Say, who is this 'Tom,' anyway?" Mr. Billingham demanded.

"My husband!" Mrs. Block declared dramatically.

"Her husband!" the marquis murmured under his breath with a beatific smile.

Mrs. Block rose to her feet. She was, after all, a woman of force and determination.

"Look here, you two," she confessed, "this is the long and short of it. I'm no widow. My husband's hale and hearty, though he's sixty years old. I've been down here three years, and a lone woman doesn't get the show she ought to. She wants someone attached to her. I guess I lost my head a bit. I wanted a man along, and I chose the simplest way of getting one. Now it's got put in the papers about me and the marquis, my old man's seen it and he'll be here to-morrow morning at twelve-thirty. Years ago," she went on, with a livid little shadow of memory blanching her face, "he used to beat me. He'd think nothing of doing it again, and as to any man he's ever run up against—well, he's made short work of him. 'Fighting Tom' they used to call him. . . . Don't stand there looking like nincompoops, both of you! What are you going to do?"

The marquis duly interpreted a glance from Mr. Billingham.

"I shall consult with my friend," he said. "You have treated me very badly, madame."

"Following upon your treatment of me," Mr. Billingham added meaningly, "the situation becomes a grave one. With your permission, we will call upon you at half past ten to-morrow morning."

"Let's have it out now," the lady begged.

Mr. Billingham shook his head. "At half past ten," he repeated. "Come along, Marquis!"

Mrs. Block had not strength to argue. The two men took a dignified leave of her.

AT HALF past ten on the following morning a very altered Mrs. Block received her two visitors. She was wearing a plainly made gown, her pudgy face was devoid of its artificial color, her eyebrows appeared to have lost their shape, and nothing but some jewelry remained of her previous magnificence. She scarcely waited for them to sit down.

"Well?" she demanded eagerly.

Mr. Billingham coughed. "The marquis desires to know your wishes, madame," Mr. Billingham announced stiffly.

"What I want him to do is to clear out," the lady declared. "If Tom's seen that bit in the paper about the marquis and me—which he must have done, as he's never left England before in his life—he'll hunt this place until he's found him, and then there'll be trouble. I shall tell him that the whole thing is a bit of newspaper stuff—that I don't know any marquis; that I haven't any friends here at all."

"I gather that you desire the mar-

Are Your DIAMONDS UP-TO-DATE?

By EDNA FERGUSON

IT IS a curious fact that age, which enhances the value of so many precious and beautiful things, does not increase the value of jewels in the least. Diamonds, for example, that are over a hundred years old have a comparatively slight market value as compared to modern stones. This is contradictory because diamonds, above all other substances or elements on earth, are best fitted to endure in unchangeable beauty. Barring the most violent abuse, they can't chip, burst, change color or deteriorate.

The decreased value of old diamonds arises, therefore, not from any degeneration in the gem structure itself, but from the constantly improving methods of jewel cutting. Uncut diamonds are very little more attractive than ordinary pebbles. It is solely through the cutting, or faceting, that the fire and brilliancy of the stones can be brought out.

Ancient methods were primitive. The back of the diamond was smoothed down; a few facets were polished off in front. Gradually the pointed back (now considered essential) was developed, and more facets were added. To-day, according to the very latest word from the lapidaries, thirty-two facets for the face of the stone and twenty-four for the back is the only combination that will bring out the beauty of the jewel to the best advantage. This development is comparatively modern; diamonds a century old do not possess so many facets, and must, to be in the running, be recut, with consequent expense and loss of weight.

quis to leave Monte Carlo," Mr. Billingham observed.

"This morning," was the prompt assent. "I want him out of the way before Tom starts making inquiries."

"You will understand, I am sure," his friend continued, "that for a man fixed like the marquis, with a whole heap of social engagements, this is some sacrifice."

"It is intolerable!" the marquis interposed. "I shall lose my roulette, my rooms are taken for another month—I lose, also, more than I can express," he added with a little bow.

"You can cut that out," was the blunt retort. "You may or you may not have been in earnest, but I'm not going to believe that you're going to break your heart. Will you go or won't you?"

"I prefer to remain," the marquis announced coldly. "If your husband desires satisfaction, I shall be at his service."

Mrs. Block laughed. It was not exactly a laugh of humor, but it was the first time her features had relaxed.

"Tom's idea of 'satisfaction' would be to knock you into a jelly," she confided—"and he'd do it too."

"I await the arrival of monsieur," the marquis repeated haughtily.

"Look here, madame," Mr. Billingham intervened, "I guess we're wasting time. The marquis is like myself—a man of moderate means. After losing a small fortune, he's struck a vein of luck, and he's winning every day at the tables here. His rooms are taken for another month and he'll have to pay for them. If you want him to quit for your convenience, you must talk business about it."

"O-ho!" the lady exclaimed. "So that's the game, is it? I'm beginning to wonder, "she added suspiciously, "whether the marquis isn't another of your kidney."

The marquis picked up his hat and coat. "The interview is at an end," he declared. "I find the attitude of madame outrageous."

Mrs. Block sprang up and barred his exit. "Don't be silly," she enjoined. "Your friend knows what he's talking about. How much do you want to clear out of Monte Carlo before half past twelve, not show yourself here for at least a week, and deny you ever set eyes on me if Tom finds you out?"

"My friend will arrange such a matter," the marquis replied icily. "I have no head for figures myself. These moves are very expensive."

"The marquis will leave by the twelve-o'clock train to Nice," Mr. Billingham promised, "for two thousand pounds."

"I believe you two," she began, "are nothing more nor less—"

Mr. Billingham held out his hand with a warning gesture, and the woman, with an effort, held her tongue. The marquis threw his card upon the table.

"Present this with my compliments to your husband, madame," he begged.

The woman leaned over the table, tore up the card savagely, and threw the fragments into the fire. Then she crossed the room, unlocked a drawer, and produced a thick wad of mille notes. She counted them out in piles of tens. At a hundred thousand she paused. Mr. Billingham shook his head.

"The exchange to-day," he reminded her dryly.

She flung down another four packets. The marquis picked them up with well-assumed nonchalance. His fingers trembled a little, however, as he thrust the entire roll into the breast coat pocket.

"I've been a damned fool," the woman confessed, "and I suppose I've got to pay for it."

"Fools always pay," Mr. Billingham murmured, as he picked up his hat and cane. "We have the honor, madame!"

"The deep regret!" the marquis echoed.

"Go to blazes!" was the lady's valedictory remark.

Three Times a Day

Continued from page 11

matter. It contains vitamin E. Three or four drops of it, and one of the experiment rats, previously sterile, miraculously becomes normal. At other research laboratories they have made progress, but so far none has been able to go much farther.

All the food we eat does or does not contain the necessary vitamins. If we get them we're all right. If we fail to we're all wrong. With an abundance of all vitamins, we prosper. Without them, our doctors prosper.

What the vitamins do is keep our workshops in good working order. They are the essentials of "workshop" foods. The "storage" parts of plants and animals nearly all contain some of them—the beefsteak and peas and potatoes and apples and wheat—but the "workshop" parts contain far more.

Three foods contain everything we need. The food scientists are beginning to call them "protective foods," because if we eat enough of them to keep our laboratories in good running order we don't need to worry much about anything else.

The green leaf, because it is the workshop of the plant.

The "whole animal," because it contains the workshop of the beast. When we think of oysters or soft-shelled crabs and remember that for centuries on end whole sections of the human race subsisted mainly on shellfish we see that "the whole animal" is more than a mere phrase.

And third, milk; because Nature has fitted it out with all that is necessary to supply the little workshops of babies and kittens and wolf cubs and calves.

We can set aside the "whole animal," because he's usually so hard to get. But green leaves and milk—those we can't afford to do without. They're both such bulky foods that we have to eat other things as well, but by eating enough of them everything else will be properly taken care of.

Simple, compared to the old logarithm table of food values of twenty years ago. *Just to eat lots of lettuce or spinach or beet tops or asparagus or other green leaves, and drink plenty of milk.* Everything else will pretty much take care of itself.

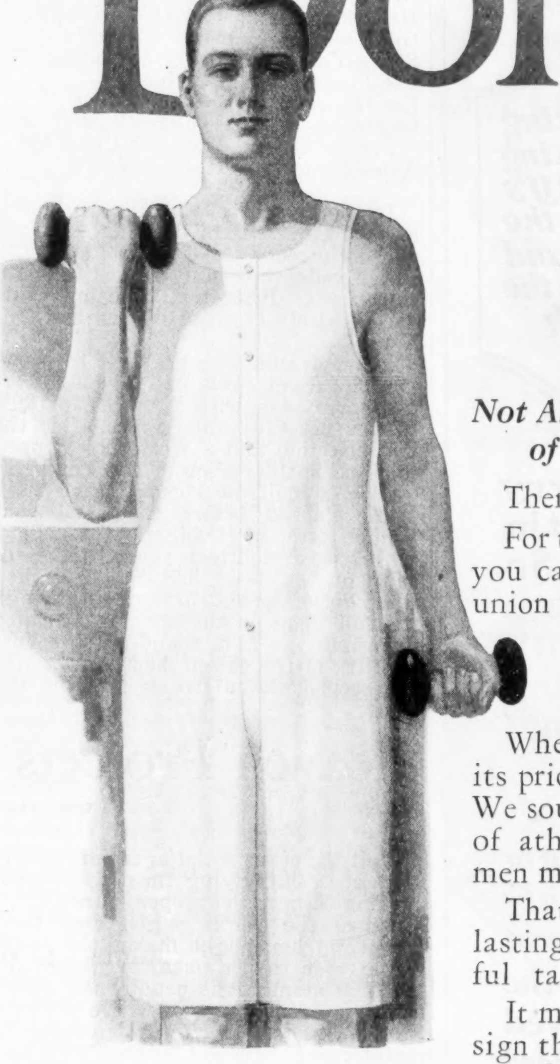
All theory, to be overturned when some new discovery turns up later? Hardly. For this time the experimenters began to look for corroborative evidence in human experience.

They found it everywhere. For centuries and centuries the human race has been carrying on a huge series of diet experiments. In the East, where they've had the horrible disease called beri-beri for thousands of years, the population has been in too great measure on a cereal diet—rice. "Storage" food. And polished rice at that, with Vitamin B rubbed off with the bran. On the other hand, the milk-drinking races, the shepherds and drovers, have lived as they pleased. The Tatars, living on the milk of the mares they rode, devastated the world. The Arabs, living largely off their flocks, are about the most healthy, perfectly formed, and long-lived of all this earth's inhabitants. The shepherds of Palestine changed the thought of the world.

Eskimos, living as carnivora in the frozen wastes of the North, got along all right, by eating enough "workshop" vitamins, until the white man came. Now they buy a limited assortment of canned foods from the new grocery stores instead, and, because in that frozen country they can't get enough vitamins on the side, suffer accordingly. They inherit the miseries of civilization that, because "workshop" foods are less profitable, has slipped over to too much "storage."

In his fascinating address of conjecture, printed under the title "Dædalus," the scientist J. B. S. Haldane speculates on the coming era when agriculture will be done away with and human food chemically manufactured from the elements. Well, mebbe so, mebbe so. But in the meanwhile, if we want to live long and leave doctors alone, we'll do well to keep on with lots of green foods and milk.

One Dollar



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When we built Topkis, its price was not considered. We sought to create the type of athletic union suit that men most desired.

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Continued from page 10

from Yale, Harvard and Princeton on beyond the Nebraska plains past the Rockies and south of the Blue Ridge.

How football grew and spread is shown in the first and the final selections—just thirty-six years apart.

Here they are. The last appeared in the first January issue of Collier's, 1925:

1889	1925
Cumnock-*Harvard*	Bjorkman-*Dartmouth*
Cowan-*Princeton*	McGinley-*Pennsylvania*
Cranston-*Harvard*	Slaughter-*Michigan*
George-*Princeton*	Garbisch-*West Point*
Heffelfinger-*Yale*	Horrell-*California*
Gill-*Yale*	Weir-*Nebraska*
Stagg-*Yale*	Berry-*Lafayette*
Poe-*Princeton*	Stuhldreher-*Notre Dame*
Lee-*Harvard*	Grange-*Illinois*
Channing-*Princeton*	Koppisch-*Columbia*
Ames-*Princeton*	Hazel-*Rutgers*

In the first list, 1889, just three colleges were represented—Yale, Harvard and Princeton. In the list for 1924, eleven colleges or universities were included with Princeton, Yale and Harvard entirely crowded off the scroll of fame.

Pennsylvania was the first to break into the select circle in 1891; and Cornell came next, with Wyckoff, in 1895. It was not until nine years after the first selection that a Westerner stepped forward in the person of Herschberger, Chicago's brilliant kicker. Five more years elapsed before the West sent Willie Heston of Michigan into the lists. So in the first fifteen years of Camp's selection the West had only two men rated above the best in the East, though we find them on the second and third teams. In the 1924 round-up the West had five of the eleven men named. On the second eleven five were from the West and on the third eleven six were from the West.

For ten years after 1889 only seven universities had talent fit for the first eleven. They were Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Chicago and Carlisle. When Mr. Camp made his last selection there were eleven universities which could march beneath the banner he had raised for the prize troops of the game.

It is worth something now to watch that ghostly parade pass by along the skyline of memory. There was Frank Hinkey, decorated four successive years for greatness. There was Truxton Hare, of Pennsylvania, who won equal renown. No one since has shown greater courage, greater skill. Competition has grown too keen now for any college or for any individual to hold the spotlight long. Walter Camp saw thirty-six of the greatest competitive aggregations ever assembled—each one the product of his selection—march by. In them were combined youth, speed, courage, loyalty, stamina, skill and man power in its highest form. And as they marched by how often there must have come to him the memory of the great battles which brought them fame, battles in rain and snow, sun and shadow—the flying tackle and the savage line-thrust—the forward wall braced for the shock—the graceful spiral careening against a sky of blue and gray—the long run down the field—the goal-line stand—the forward pass—the shrill of the kickoff—singing and the cheering of great crowds—young and old America gathered together on a golden autumn afternoon with bands playing and banners flying—

It may have been in the midst of such a dream that the Call to Quarters came and Taps was sounded as the great knight came down the field.

Heaven Protects the Working Girl

Continued from page 18

for all the other social agencies, receiving cases, classifying them and transferring them to the proper source.

When the working girl does need help, and her plight makes the headlines refer to her as a "neglected industrial atom," it is usually the result of her own ignorance of where to apply for aid. The factory girl is especially uninformed. Those I worked with had heard of the Y. W. only vaguely; organized homes meant to them "places where they got real washtubs down in the cellar!" The Salvation Army was just a group of men in uniform who went around playing bands on street corners and collecting nickels. The factory girl is not usually a migratory girl.

The factory girl moves in a world which has a rigid etiquette of its own in her favor. There are no casual young men in this social world. A man who calls once on a girl contemplates the rôle of steady; object—eventually—matrimony. If he calls regularly for a few weeks and meets with encouragement, he is a steady, and thenceforth he pays—and pays—and pays, for the factory girl's suitor is generally much more able to accept the responsibilities of marriage than the suitor of the clerical girl. The wages of the factory girls' steadies are often full-grown in the early twenties, when they are in the first flush of youthful illusion.

I learned that in this world gifts of clothes and money from steadies are not only accepted but expected, provided the presents come, according to custom, only at Christmas or on birthdays. Bertha, my neighbor in a Trenton, N. J., boarding house, who looked upon a dish of chop suey at a downtown restaurant as a great adventure and whose steady had forbidden her to use rouge, had no hesitation in showing me her new winter outfit and announcing proudly, "That's what my feller bought me for my birthday."

Minnie, in a Troy collar factory, pieced together the details of a broken engagement for me with: "Why, she went around with him for three years, and all she ever got out of him was a twenty-dollar gold piece for Christmas. She was getting tired of it."

Her home background and her code of ethics are in her favor, and the factory girl is also naturally protected by an almost entire lack of curiosity about anything outside her sphere. Never a book, never even a magazine, did I see in the factories, and I heard no talk but of "fellows" and "steadies."

The figures of the social agencies show that the girls of the largest migratory class, which calls upon the most protective resources, are stenographers, clerks, girls in search of careers on stage and screen, girls in shops, waitresses, and telephone operators.

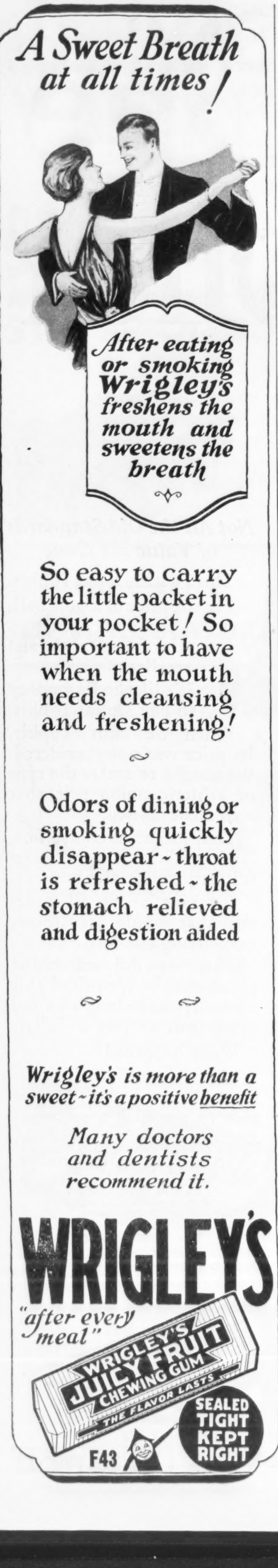
Stenographers head the yearly report of a New York room registry, which gives free service. Secretaries and clerical workers come next, the talented professional next, and—to represent the girl of the shops and factories—there is just one milliner. The same large proportion of clerical workers exists in the organized homes. In four typical homes in which I lived—one in Cleveland, one in Birmingham, Ala., one in Salt Lake City and one in Los Angeles—five sixths of the residents were stenographers. The other sixth was distributed among other more or less white-collar occupations. These girls get salaries of from $15 to $25, while the average board in homes is from $6 to $9, which leaves a fair margin for other budget expenses.

There are about 250 organized homes in the country affiliated with national organizations. The local homes are uncounted, but some idea of their ratio to the national homes may be gathered from the fact that in New York there are seven times as many local as national homes. Free room registries, in nearly every large city and in many industrial centers, supplement the protection offered by the homes, and there are always experiments going on with living conditions which will more closely meet the needs of more girls. The latest experiment is with apartments, which social workers believe will supersede the homes in large cities.

Now let's consider that most overrated aspect of protection, the poor working girl's morals. In this day of the smart, rich flapper, with her stew parties and her escapades, I should say that if anyone has any conventional morals, it is the low-wage working girl. Her philosophy, as embodied in the chorus of her favorite song, which I heard from New York to Los Angeles and back, is to the effect that "when men settle down they always get an old-fashioned girl with an old-fashioned smile," and that if you are the other kind of girl you will be the "kind of a girl that men forget, the years will bring tears of regret," and "when they play Here Comes the Bride you'll stand outside."

All the deviations in morals which I heard of had occurred among the better-paid girls, and not, it seemed to me, for reasons of economics, but because of a restlessness arising from imagination and ambition without ability and good sense to match.

Heaven only can protect Neuralgia, as far as morals are concerned, and Heaven best protects her by endowing her with an honest lack of curiosity about things that lie outside her sphere.


A Sweet Breath at all times!

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath

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Odors of dining or smoking quickly disappear - throat is refreshed - the stomach relieved and digestion aided

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Many doctors and dentists recommend it.

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WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

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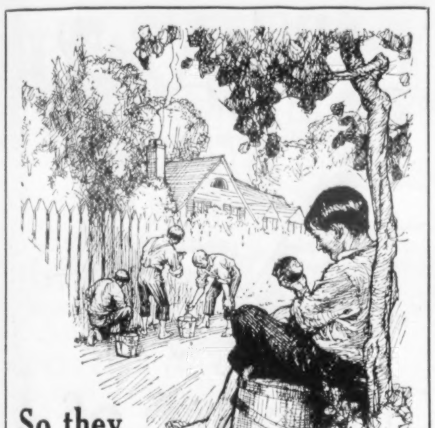

So they painted the fence—
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One fine day Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly kept him at home to whitewash the fence. Tom hated work, but he set about it whistling.

Pretty soon other boys came along. Tom looked so happy they envied him, and began to snatch at the brush. But Tom wouldn't let them work; not until they paid for the privilege.

The first boy offered an apple; another had a jew's-harp; a third went home and got his pet kitten for Tom. When evening came, the fence had three coats of whitewash on it—and Tom was fairly rolling in wealth.

And this famous story is only one of the funny, human, memorable stories Mark Twain loved to tell.

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An Eight-Hour Day for Mothers

Continued from page 6

nothing to do with it," I was told. "Take a stenographer, a typist, a clerk, a saleswoman, people who do not consider their jobs in the light of anything more than a bridge between school and marriage. Well, they marry, more often than not, men who are in the same economic stratum as they. They have children. Their days of motherhood are not haunted by sacrifices of careers. What difference does that make? Do you think it makes their job any easier? Never a bit. Very often they haven't even the means to buy the things that would make their household tasks easier—vacuum cleaners, washing machines, those contraptions. It's a steady round of work from morning until night even under the most ideal, the most healthful conditions. And when anything goes wrong, when a child gets sick or a husband gets sick, then I tell you these poor children, all unprepared for their tasks, are pitiable creatures indeed.

"In the old days when I read in fiction stories of successful men going back to their home towns to see their former sweethearts and finding nothing but ragged, disheveled household drudges, it used to amuse me. It amuses me no longer. It is so easy, so very easy, to become ragged and disheveled when the Fates seem to pour everything on your head at one time: lack of money, lack of help, sickness. These young things, young in years, but oh, so old and weary in spirit and body, aren't yearning for departed careers. All they ask is a little sleep, a little rest.

"You'll think this crazy, I suppose, but I think the giving up of a career helps. Let me explain before you explode. When a woman has a career, whether it is writing, law, medicine, music, painting, it presupposes the fact that she has a certain amount of gray matter. She can use her imagination on the job of motherhood; she has the conscious satisfaction of creation. At any rate, brains never are an impediment."

We got back to her own case after a while. She was certain that she'd go back to her law office in time. When, I wanted to know, and what was she going to do about the children?

"As soon as they're old enough to send to an all-day nursery," she replied in answer to my first question. "And there's another problem. There are nurseries for the very rich and there are nurseries for the very poor, but people like myself are caught in a net by not belonging to either class. The good day nurseries of the kind to which I'd like to send my children, places where they have the most modern methods of feeding, sanitation and education, are too expensive for my pocketbook. I can't afford them, certainly not while Richard is still building the props of his career. And I don't want to send my babies to the other places, public nurseries where poor little wrecks of humanity only imprison their half-starved babies while they do a day's turn at a factory wheel or a commercial counter.

"All middle-class mothers are caught in the same net as I."

She shook her head impatiently as if chasing a stray thought.

"And nurseries aren't a solution either. Suppose I could afford to send my children to a day nursery where they would live and play with twenty to forty other children. And suppose one of those twenty or forty children got the mumps or the whooping cough or diphtheria or scarlet fever. You see what would happen to my two and to the others? What would my career matter then, what would a case in the courts matter then?"

"What's the answer?" I asked.

"There is no answer as far as I can see. You've simply got to face the music. Once you decide that being a mother is more important than being free, you simply have to come through. It's not a matter of have to, either. You just do. Old Dame Nature takes care of that. She's a despot and a reactionary. A half job doesn't satisfy her. She insists on all of your time, all of your mind, all of your heart and strength. Think of that the next time you write about the need of shortening hours for big men with big muscles; think of that and of the numberless tired little women, whose work is unending, who would look forward to a twelve-hour day with rest assured for the other twelve, as a gift from heaven. What about an eight-hour day for mothers?"

She didn't expect me to answer the question, I know. There is no answer as far as I can see. But it seemed to me that the law of compensation, which works as inexorably as the law of nature, in some measure makes up for all of the endless struggle of child care.

"What do you get out of it?" I asked her.

She smiled, half shamefacedly, half in superiority. "I've got something that you free people haven't. I've got youngsters who call me Mother."

I laughed.

"Primitive," I said, but I could not account for the something primitive that rose in me as I watched her face, still smiling, her ear half-cocked for the sound of a voice that belonged to a child of her own.

Apron Strings Never Break

Continued from page 15

town were mighty nice; but it wasn't clean sheets an' jellies that she needed most. It was Bill she wanted, an' my step on the porch never failed to bring her sittin' up, her heart in her eyes.

"Day by day she got weaker until it was only a question of hours until the end. I was watchin' at her bedside this night, an' I must've dozed, for when I looked up Bill Devore was standin' over my chair. 'Keep 'em off when they come,' he whispered, 'an' I'll go quiet. But if anybody steps inside that door—'

" 'Willie.' Scarce more than a sigh it was, but he was across the room in a leap an' on his knees, his wolf head buried in the bedclothes. 'My boy! My little Willie. I knew you'd come.'

" 'I only jes' heard about you bein' sick,' he said. 'But you're goin' to get well now. You're goin' to get well, Ma.'

" 'My boy.' His shoulders were shakin' an' the taste of his tears was bitter in my own mouth. 'They've been sayin' terrible things about you, honey lamb?'

" 'All lies, Ma,' he said. 'Every one of 'em a lie.'

"She sank back on the pillow as if it was all she was waitin' to hear. Now an' then she waked up for a minute to touch Bill's face, an' once she seemed to think he was a boy again, an' he had to say his 'Now I lay me.' An' once she cried out, 'Did you hurt yourself?' an' held him close with her poor, weak hands. I saw his eyes, 'Lonzo, an' I knew that the law need never worry about Bill Devore bein' punished. God himself has no help for a man who kneels beside his dyin' mother with an IF tearin' at his throat.

"Suddenly she opened her eyes again. 'The fire must have gone out,' she said. 'It's cold. So cold.'

He caught her up in his arms with a cry that came from a soul in hell, an' he was still holdin' her when the sheriff an' his deputies tiptoed in an' led him away.

"Do you know who are the ten greatest men in the world?" abruptly exclaimed Uncle Henry.

"Why," faltered Mr. Stubbs, still caught in the story, "I—I—who—"

"Any *one* mother."

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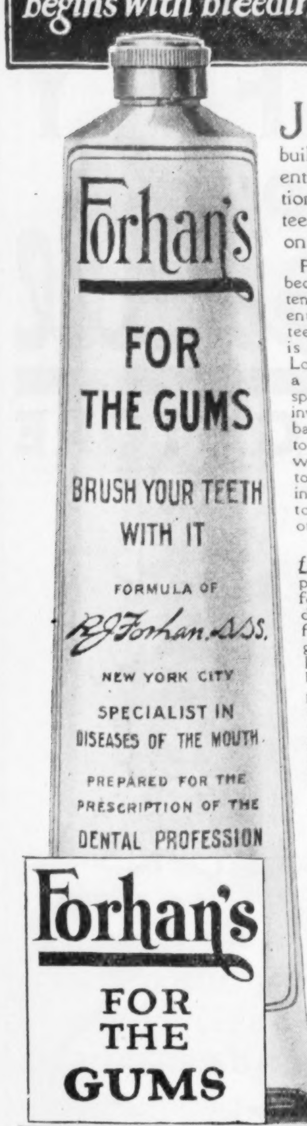

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result.. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks *four out of five* people who are over forty: And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

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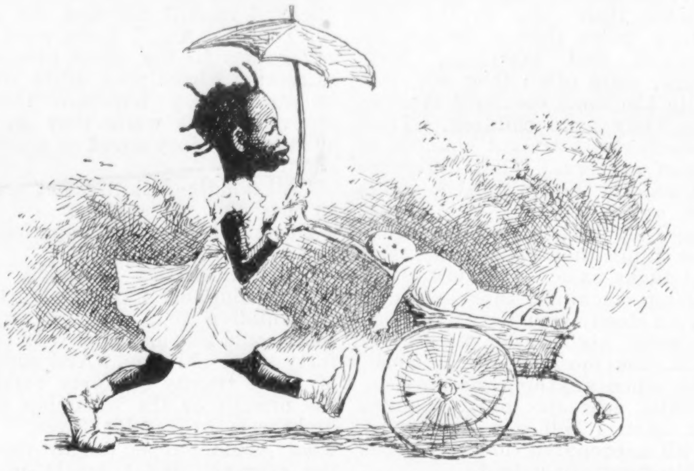
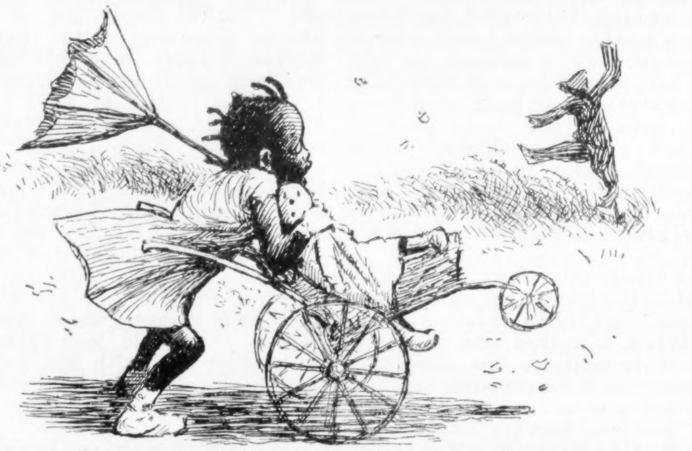
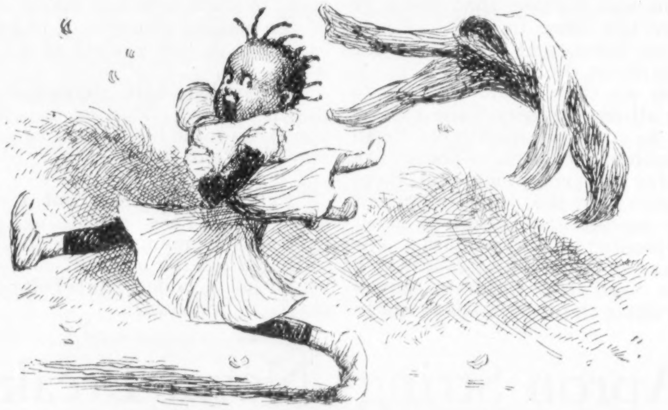
A DARK ADVENTURE



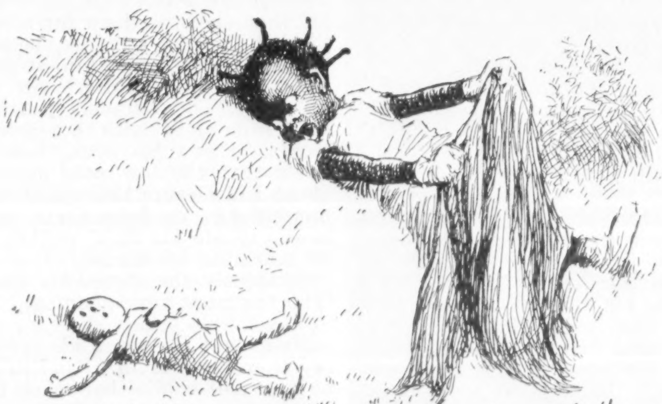
"Doan' git scared, Dolly; remember, I'se right heah"



"What dat low-down trash makin' movements lak dat fo'?"



"Golly! Oh, Golly! Somebody cum help!"



"Dolly! Ain't you-all 'shamed you'se'f, gittin' scared of dese ole scarecrow garments no-how?"

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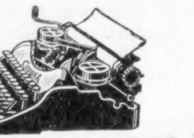

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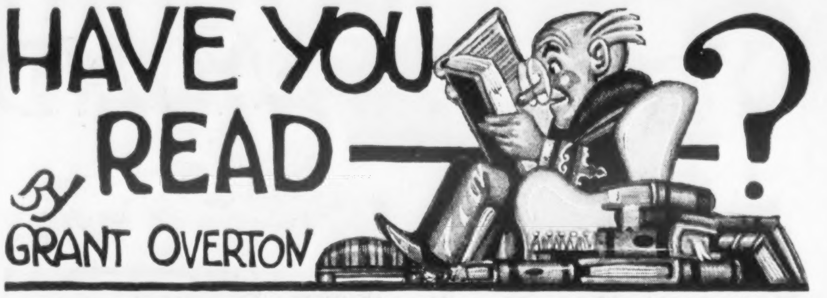


HAVE YOU READ—?

By GRANT OVERTON

TELLING people about books in a short piece is no cinch. Sometimes I think I ought to squeeze in as many books as I can. Other times I get the notion that most readers would appreciate a few pointers instead of the fourteen points.

I'm going to use a little space in commandments.

Read for enjoyment. When you cease to enjoy, shut the book, stop the radio and let the golf ball stay lost.

There is more fun in a good biography than in a poor novel.

A novel may misfire in every other direction, but if it has a man or a woman so well drawn that you instinctively say: "I know that fellow," or "I know a woman like *her*," you've got something for your time.

Except arithmetics, no book is worth your while unless it makes you feel rather strongly. Life is not a certain number of years on earth, it is what you live in 'em. The actual experiences of most of us are pretty confined; it is when we feel that we really live. But—

Don't mistake a "kick"—a nervous jolt—for an emotion.

Look out for bad feminine psychology in novels by men, and by some women. But to go off the deep end in this subject would take the rest of this article.

Jonah and the Whale Again

THE most popular novel of the spring, and deservedly, will be "The Painted Veil," by W. Somerset Maugham. It is meant to be read at one sitting. Its scenes are laid in Hongkong and a plague-stricken city of interior China; its people are English. Notice that it opens as if an invisible curtain has rolled up disclosing a scene on a stage; and that all the rest of the book is a series of dramatic scenes. This is often the best way of telling a story. There are two scenes in this book which some readers will want to censor, but they are essential to the story's significance. Maugham, who was trained as a surgeon, handles them with the clean, aseptic stroke of the operating-room. The feminine psychology here is marvelous.

If happiness meant the same for a woman that it means for a man, such novels as "The Painted Veil" and A. Hamilton Gibbs' "Soundings" could not be written. Mr. Gibbs, a brother of Philip Gibbs and Cosmo Hamilton, is a better novelist than either, in "Soundings." Nancy Hawthorne, daughter of an artist who made her his chum, takes the soundings of the title. It is a love story, of course, but it has freshness and sentiment without being sloshy, is frank without becoming offensive.

Sinclair Lewis' "Arrowsmith" is simply another "Main Street" with all the ins and outs of medicine instead of the details of the Jolly Seventeen. There is endless information about the United States, the West Indies, bacteriology and the human species (studied like animals as to plumage, nesting, cries, migrations and habitats). "Arrowsmith" is full of fascinating things and quite unreadable. If it had an index it would be a splendid encyclopedia.

There's one biography which sticks out among the spring books: "The Story of Irving Berlin," by Alexander Woollcott. Irving Berlin is just 37 years old. He was born in Russia and brought here at the age of four. As Izzy Baline he was a newsboy on New York's East Side. He had only two years' schooling and at nineteen he was serving drinks and singing songs in Nigger Mike's saloon in Chinatown. He wrote his first song then. "Untaught, a creative ignoramus, he can neither read nor transcribe a note of music, but it was given to him to weave such melodies and to fashion such rhythms as know no frontier," says the text on the book's jacket.

Woollcott does not know how to be dull. In one place he records Berlin's answer to the question as to what song in all the world he would most like to have written. Berlin said: "'The Rosary'"—and with that Woollcott is away for a paragraph about Nevin's song. "Doubtless," he observes, "you have heard ample Rhineland contraltos clasping their hands in a lyric agony over 'Mein Rosenkranz' or listened apprehensively while some slim French tenor started out with 'Nos heures intimes, ah ma cherie!'" Nevin made a present of the song to his wife and its sale of more than 4,000,000 copies "may be guessed to have brought her in something like $275,000 and would have brought in far more than that had not the phonographs had their way with this song long before the law intervened to give the composer some rights in the matter."

Robert Nathan's "Jonah" is, I suppose, not a book for everybody—what book ever was?—but if you like quiet humor, a gentile irony and a sense of poetry and beauty in description, you will like this. The book is a novelette. It tells the story of Jonah much as H. G. Wells might have told it if Mr. Wells were a poet. There is a love story—Jonah aspired to Judith but had small chance against her wealthy suitor, Hiram. And there are splendid conversations between Jonah and the whale, and God and the whale. The whale was reluctant to take Jonah aboard until the Lord explained to him how safe it was; and it appears that Jonah wasn't actually swallowed but just sat around in the whale's capacious maw. Thus, no doubt, nobly originated the expression, "a mouthful."

A Confession of Faith

"JONAH" does not seem to me an irreverent book, but as an offset perhaps I may suggest a volume called "Chaos and a Creed." The author uses the pen name "James Priceman." He is the author of four books in another field. I know no more about him; but I am frank to say that "Chaos and a Creed" is one of the best books on personal faith I know. Says the author: "I believe in Christianity because it has never been tried." The whole quality of the book is contained in one very striking paragraph, which perhaps I had better quote:

"Dust-grimed and disregarded, Jesus has been tramping the streets of this world for two thousand years, so that to-day there is no one of us who is not familiar with his figure. So well does every one of us know him that there is not one of us who does not know exactly what would be Jesus' reply to any question, personal, national, international. There is no problem before any one of us to which we cannot hear Jesus' answer, down to his very phrasing, his intonation, his ironic gaze. There is not one of us who does not know that the sole reason we do not follow Jesus' advice is that we are afraid to."

Which, I think, is the most honest thing I ever heard.

"The Painted Veil." By W. Somerset Maugham. George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

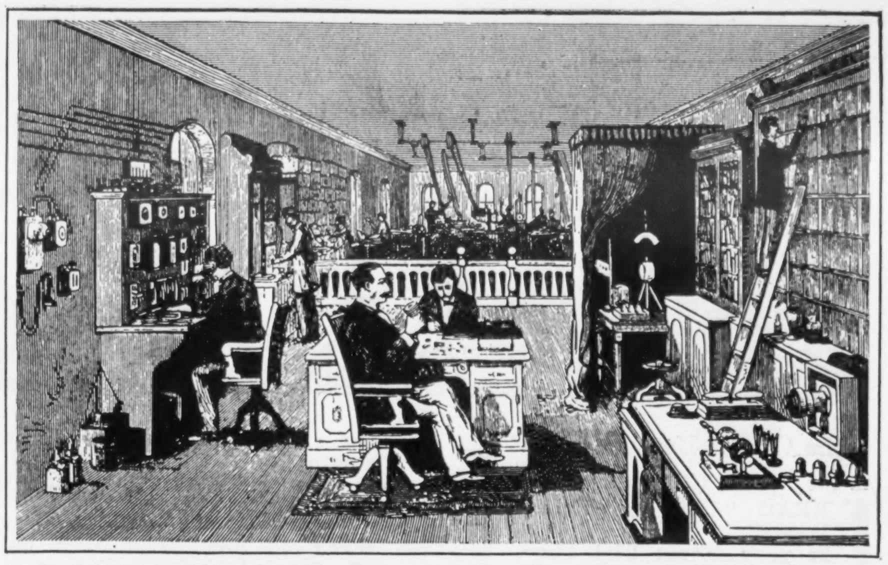
"Soundings." By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown & Company. $2.00.

"Arrowsmith." By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.00.

"The Story of Irving Berlin." By Alexander Woollcott. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

"Jonah." By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride & Company. $2.00.

"Chaos and a Creed." By James Priceman. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.



The Bell Telephone Laboratory in 1884. From an old wood engraving published in the "Scientific American"

Winning nature's secrets

Every day that passes records some new advance in the telephone art. Constant experiment and observation are winning new secrets of chemistry, of electricity and magnetism, and of matter. Nature's unseen quarry is yielding to the researches of the laboratory that exact scientific knowledge which is among the telephone engineer's most priceless resources. The workshop of the telephone engineer is a scientific laboratory. Here he studies and experiments with principles and laws of our physical environment and sets them to aid us in our daily lives.

Forty-nine years ago the telephone was born in a scientific laboratory—a very small laboratory, to be sure, as it numbered in its personnel none but Bell and his assistant. As the Bell System has grown that laboratory has grown, and as the laboratory has grown the telephone has grown in efficiency, in distance covered, in numbers, in perfection. Countless are the milestones marking progress in the telephone art that have come from the laboratory.

Today the laboratory numbers among its personnel 3000 employees, more than half of whom are skilled scientists and engineers. Headed by a vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, it is known as the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., and forms an indispensable department of the Bell System.

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

The Camels Haven't Come Yet

To the Editor of Collier's:

I READ "After the Bootlegger—What?" by William G. Shepherd, in your March 21st issue. The figures guoted were interesting but not convincing.

In 1922 I made a business trip covering many sections of the country. I saw very little drinking of either rye or Scotch. There was a thirst, to be sure, but it was quenched by very poor synthetic gin, for the most part; by white mule in the South, by horrible-tasting concoctions labeled "Rye" in the West. It looked as if prohibition was winning out, at least in the interior far from such ports as New York, Boston and other coast cities.

Three weeks ago, I made a similar business trip. What a change, Mr. Editor! Rye and Scotch were easily obtainable *everywhere.* So were champagne, wines and cordials. No fuss, no "inside" inquiries, no delay. Lots of it and at reasonable prices. The quality was not bad either.

It may be that industrial alcohol is finding its way to the bootlegger in more liberal quantities than in 1922; it may be that the bootleggers are becoming expert in redistilling; it may be that illicit alcohol is easier to make now, for necessity is still the mother of invention; it may be that *more people* are engaged in the profitable business of bootlegging; finally, it may be that a thousand and one more smugglers sneak their wares here and there on our coast lines between the watchful eyes of our Coast Guard. It may be one or all of these factors that keeps the nation wet. I do not know. I do know, however, that my own observations lead me to the conviction that these United States are not drying up. Quite the contrary. A smugness about it all seems to prevail. People are winking at prohibition. The thinking ones believe it to be a fallacy. PIERRE H. BOUCHERON,
Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Sunday Cinderellas

To the Editor of Collier's:

For the married woman the servant problem and outward religion are closely related.

Sunday is the hardest day of the week for the wife of the man with a modest income. The necessary housework must be finished and the children scrubbed and dressed for nine-fifteen Sunday school before Mother can don her Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. And if her children are too small to be left alone, how can she go? Take them with her? Try taking a four-year-old and see how you like it! Women may be losing their religion, but please remember that servants and *outward* religion are closely linked! A. F. W. E., Maplewood, N.J.

Mr. Edison Gets His Wish

To the Editor of Collier's:

Thomas Edison expressed his desire—through the medium of Collier's—to see motion pictures introduced into schools, to be used for educational purposes. Why, they are using them right now!

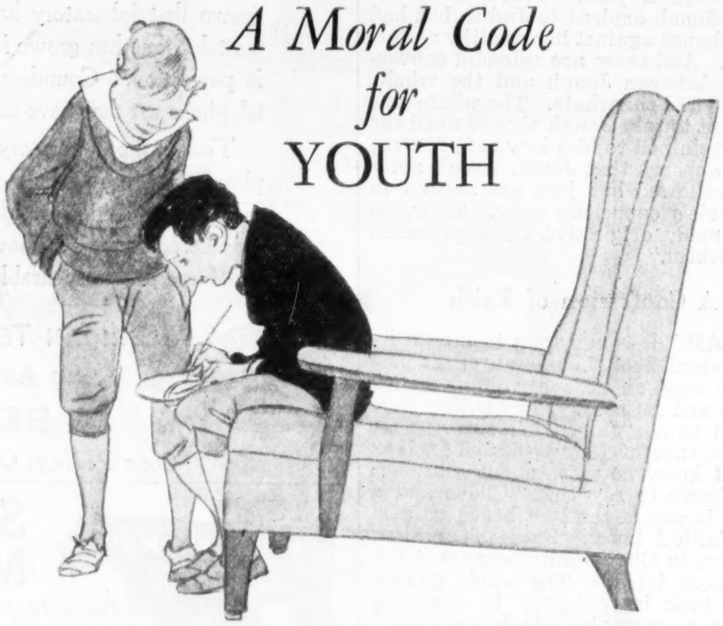
Almost every school in this city has a moving-picture machine and we have been marched down to the auditorium for the last two years to have our geography, science and English lessons thrown on the screen for us. It is a pity that mathematics is excepted. And it is the easiest thing in the world to learn that way because "seeing is believing." I am sure it must be easier for the teachers too.
A RISING LAWYER (Age 14),
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Is This Psychoanalysis?

To the Editor of Collier's:

As a horrid solution of the problem WHAT MAKES 'EM SPEED? I submit the thought first uttered a long time ago that we are all tyrants at heart. Most mortals strive for power, and in order to be a leader one must put on all the pressure possible to get ahead of the rest; therefore, they step on the gas. L. I. H., Chicago, Ill.

A Moral Code for YOUTH



WE HAVE been calling it a Moral Code for School Children. State departments of education of a score of states have adopted it as such; it is going on the classroom walls of thousands of schools. Demands for this Code compiled by Collier's are even coming from other countries: Canada, Cuba, Nicaragua, Germany.

The application of the Code has been broadened as a result of its wide distribution. For instance: "To my way of thinking there is no better body of moral doctrine for all men," writes Dr. E. C. Branson of the University of North Carolina. "Our only objection to the Code is the title, 'Moral Code for School Children'," writes the head of a boys' school in New York, who thinks boys in long pants may not be impressed by a code "for children."

Future editions of the Code will be imprinted "Moral Code for Youth." If you want to see the Code in the classrooms of your schools, write to the Editorial Extension Dept., Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Ave., for free copies handsomely printed in color.

Cradle or Career?

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am just of age and have been married over two years. My husband had, about six months before our marriage, been graduated from a university and was starting in the practice of a profession. He had no home and was living in one room and "eating out."

While I loved him very dearly, it was my desire that we remain single until he could get started and until we could have a home without my being obliged to earn a part of the living. After giving the matter serious consideration, however, and in accordance with his desires, we were married and went to light housekeeping in two furnished rooms. It was necessary, of course, that I keep on with the position I was holding prior to that time.

I do not want to keep on in the business world, but want babies and home life. I am willing to make sacrifices in order to obtain these things, but my husband is not of this mind. He has done well with his work, although of course his earnings are uncertain and rather undependable as yet.

I myself have not been able to think through the problem to my satisfaction, because I cannot get an unbiased viewpoint. I realize that the mere doctor and hospital bill for bringing a child into the world is in excess of $100 (even in a ward) and that this does not include the clothing or other expenses, and I also know that $100 is a goodly sum when it must be earned and saved. But reason can only argue with instinct and does not change the maternal desires. UNCERTAIN WIFE.

Exit the Escort

To the Editor of Collier's:

Will someone please tell me what is the matter with married women? Not newly-weds, but those that have been married from five to fifteen years.

I have a number of married friends, and they are always wondering why I don't call on them any more, but when I do, they absolutely refuse to allow their husbands to escort me to the street car, no matter how late the hour, or if they own a car, a ride home is out of the question. They give as an excuse that they are *so* afraid to stay in the house alone. Now that is not true, and they know it and so do their husbands.

Do they think they are flattering their husbands with this sort of attention? These girls have all gone to school with me, have known me practically all my life and why they act so silly is beyond me. POLLY OF WISCONSIN.

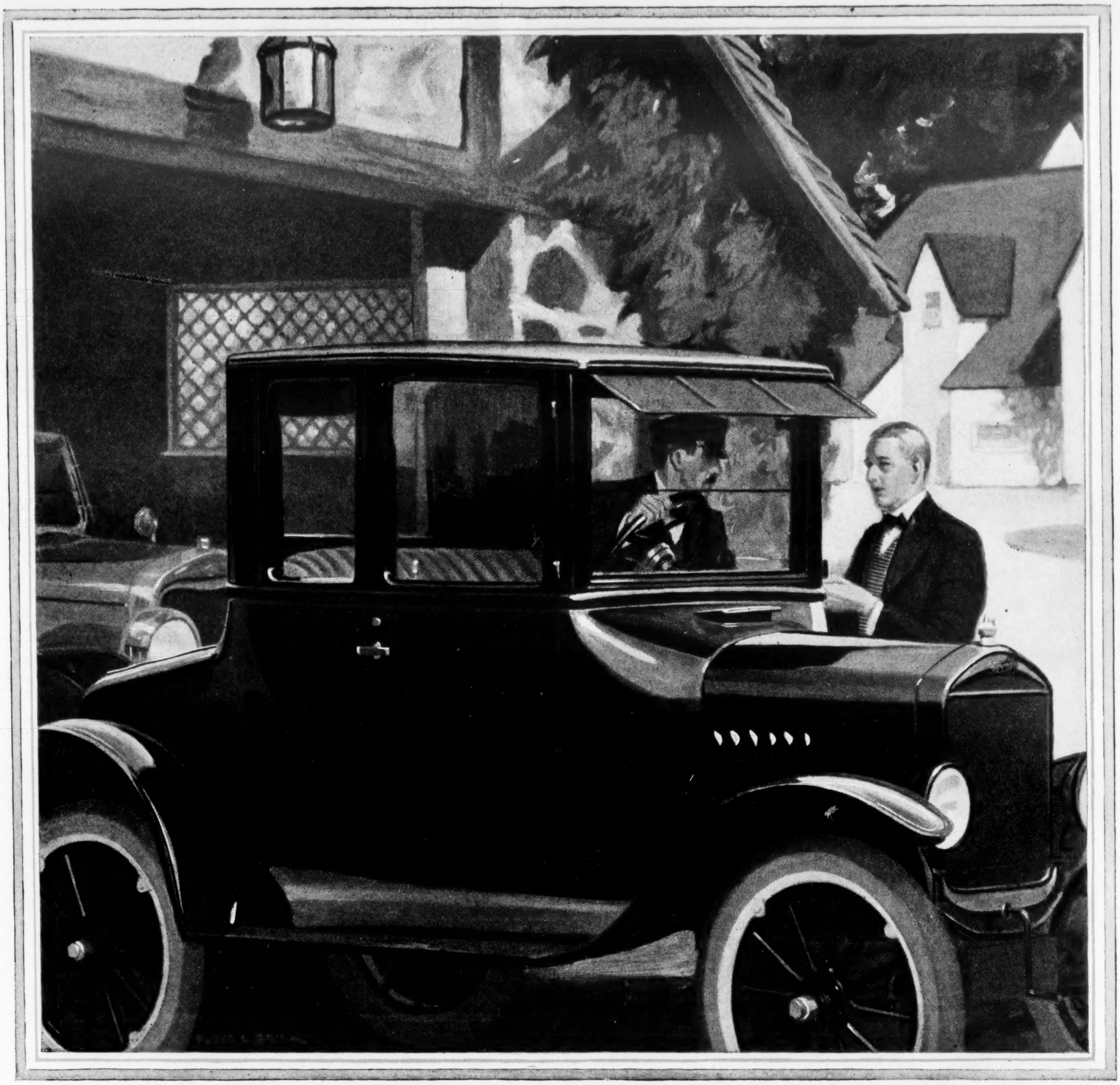
Flying Flivvers Soon?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why do we stay on the ground? Or, rather, why have we stayed on the ground? If the average American was as autoless as the average European he too would feel the need of a means of rapid transportation and take more readily to commercial flying and his government to military flying, the only kinds in which Europe is slightly ahead of America—at present.

The average American is an individualist, and when he takes to the air (as he certainly very soon will) he will do so in his own individual and family plane, even as he has taken to the road in his own car. This does not mean that commercial and military aviation will not develop apace, but it does mean that the great bulk of America's future millions of airplanes will be owned and operated individually.

Things are developed in answer to real needs. Now that the saturation point on automobiles is being reached and the speeding up of life is beginning to create a real need for a still more rapid means of transportation, especially for long distances, America will now begin the production of its fifteen million planes, profiting by Europe's experience. And it will no more need subsidies to accomplish the production of planes than of autos. America is both fortunate and wise in not resorting to an artificial stimulus in an attempt to force the adoption and production of the present type of plane, which shortly will be obsolete.
R. C. HUBBARD, Tucson, Ariz.



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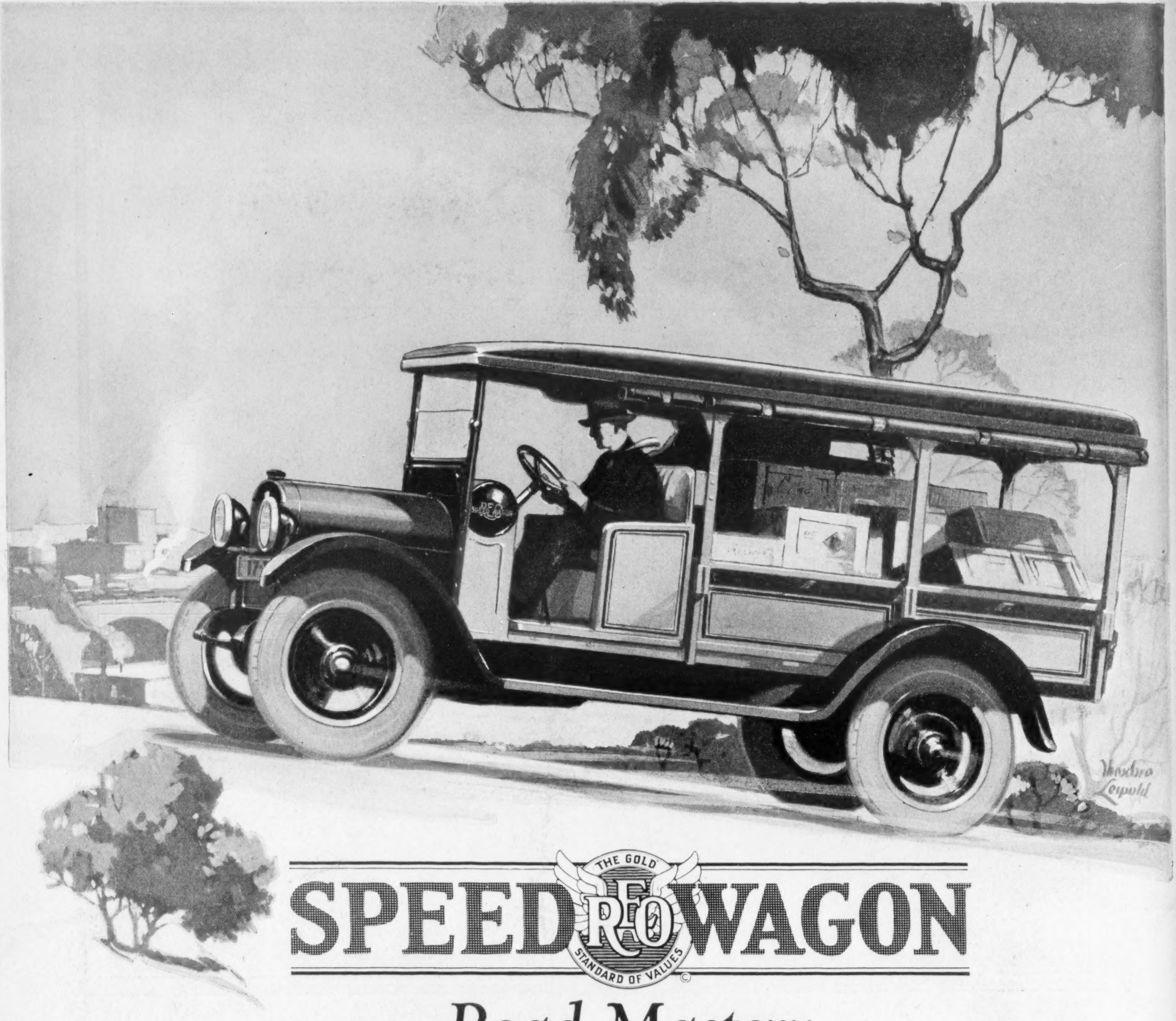

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